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THE COLLEGE ATHLETE

HOW COMMERCIALISM IS MAKING HIM A PROFESSIONAL

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

PART I—RECRUITING AND SUBSIDIZING

FOR the good of sport, a distinction is made between an amateur and a professional. This distinction does not in itself involve a moral question. It is a classification in the interest of fair play. The professional, having made something of a business of athletics, presumptively outclasses the amateur, who plays only for enjoyment and recreation. Therefore, contests in which professionals of any degree are pitted against amateurs are, as it has been well expressed, "unequal, if the facts are known; unfair, if the facts are concealed."

There was held at Brown University, February 18, 1898, the Conference on Intercollegiate Athletics, which "had for its object the discussion of questions arising out of intercollegiate contests and the objectionable features connected with them." Delegates, including professors, alumni, and undergraduates, were present representing Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. Of the Eastern colleges Yale was the notable absentee. The Conference adopted a comprehensive report containing this noteworthy declaration: "It is obvious that no student should be paid for his athletics. The practice of assisting young men through college in order that they may strengthen the athletic teams is degrading to amateur sport."

The Athlete's Code of Honor

The result of the deliberations of the Conference was a set of eligibility regulations, suggested for uniform adoption, which are known as the "Providence Rules." The most important of these rules is one which, in effect, defines a college amateur. This rule * minutely specifies those acts the commission of any one of which debars a student from further participation in intercollegiate sport. Simply stated, a student becomes ineligible who accepts compensation, "direct or indirect," for his athletic services. Every college participating in the Conference has adopted the Providence Rules, with

*Code. No student shall be allowed to represent the University in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who, either before or since entering the University, shall have engaged for money in any athletic competition, whether for a stake, or a money prize, or a share of the entrance fees or admission money; or who shall have taught or engaged in any athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; or who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect, with the single exception that he may have received from his college organization, or from any permanent amateur association of which he was at the time a member, the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceeded his ordinary expenses.

This rule shall be so construed as to disqualify a student who receives from any source whatever a pecuniary gain, or emolument, or position of profit, direct or indirect, in order to render it possible for him to participate in university athletics.

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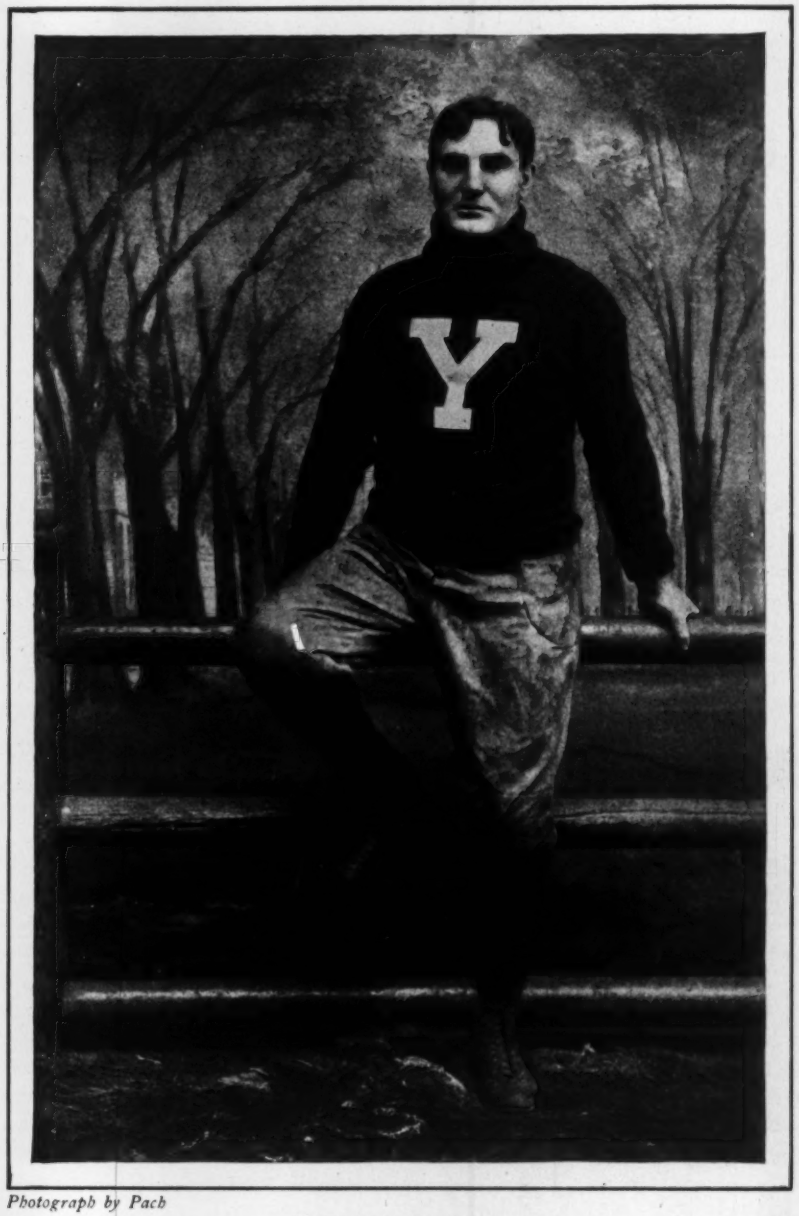


Photograph by Pach

JAMES J. HOGAN

Yale's football captain, the foremost college athlete of the day

immaterial modifications, as its athletic code. The Harvard-Yale agreement, which will hereafter serve as Yale's eligibility code, is based on the Conference rules. Moreover, most of the Conference colleges require candidates for athletic teams to sign a declaration certifying to their eligibility under the rules which they are required to read. Since 1898, therefore, intercollegiate athletics have been carried on, supposedly, in concordance with these strict standards of amateur sport. The college athlete's code of honor has been provided for him. Although he may think certain of its provisions unreasonable, by subscribing to its conditions he has accepted the code for the good of college sport. How has he kept faith with the rules, with his college, with himself?

Col. Norris G. Osborn, editor of the *New Haven Register*, a loyal Yale man who was a classmate of Walter Camp, is of the opinion that "college athletics are honeycombed

Photograph by Pach

JAMES L. COONEY

Princeton's great baseball and football "star"

with commercialism." This is a serious charge. A growth of commercialism in college sport is a trend from amateurism to professionalism.

Winning at Any Cost

A well-informed alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania had been discussing with remarkable frankness the athletic situation at his own college. He was willing that the truth should out because he is sincerely desirous of seeing purer sport prevail. "We were all right at Pennsylvania two years ago," he said, "but undergraduates and alumni felt that we had to do *as the other colleges were doing*. It is all summed up in these words: *Couldn't stand losing*."

Well, who can blame the college man for harboring the desire to win? No one. But it is more than that: to win *at any cost* — that is the source of the present deplorable condition of intercollegiate athletics.

The paid coach *has* to win. If he develops a winning team, his services will be retained; if his team meets with defeat, there is something radically wrong with his methods. He has not "delivered the goods." Primarily he has failed to produce — which too often means *procure* — winning material. A successful coach *gets* good material.

In 1899 Columbia determined to go in for football. There had been no eleven for eight years, during which time the athletic energies of the university had been devoted mainly to rowing — the cleanest of all the sports. Columbia saw greater advertising possibilities in football — successful football, of course. Played in New York, the games would attract large crowds, and sufficient revenue would result to support athletics in general. A coach was engaged at a salary which the average college professor accepts gladly. A Yale athlete, George Foster Sanford by name, was the fortunate man. He knew the secrets of Yale's success, and was willing to teach them to a rival college for a proper consideration. But before he could teach football he had to have apt pupils. The game as developed requires men of weight and muscle. Such men, to the number of *eleven*, he could not find matriculated at Columbia, which then had over twenty-one hundred male students, or almost as many as Yale. So this enterprising coach got several "stars" outside — or rather had the manager of the team hire them. He put them in Columbia uniforms, and they beat Yale. After the season was over the explanation of Columbia's meteoric rise in the football world "leaked out." A scapegoat was sought, and the youthful manager was the unfortunate man. As one of Columbia's professors now says, "the manager and captain are as clay in the hands of the potter — and the coach is the potter;" but one scapegoat was enough, and the manager was forced to leave college.

Sanford remained. He had beaten Yale. His salary was raised to $5,000 per year. He responded by "licking" Princeton. Again a scandal. The athletic association woke up to find itself $10,000 in debt — and this with football receipts of $36,000! Pretty expensive advertising, football. But Sanford had defeated another one of the "Big Four," and he was retained a third season. His team won from Pennsylvania. Penn turned out to be weak, however, and the association cried, enough. Sanford was given an "honorable discharge."

This illustrates the spirit that actuates the paid coach—the college graduate who barters the skill taught him by his university. Now for the effect of victory, no matter how dearly bought, on alumni and undergraduates.

The night before the Princeton-Columbia football game in 1902, Princeton protested Thomas J. Thorp, one of Columbia's best men. Columbia returned the compliment by protesting Davis, Princeton's captain and end-rush. As is often done, one protest was allowed to offset the other, and both men were permitted to play. After the game, the Columbia athletic committee, whose control was then in the hands of the faculty, took up the Thorp case and found that, in the preceding fall, Thorp, when a student at De La Salle Institute (a preparatory school) played football for Manhattan College, in college games, ***under an assumed name***. The Columbia rules, in harmony with the Providence Rules, demand one year's residence of every "student who has ever represented another college or university in an intercollegiate contest" (whether or not a *student* of said college or university makes no difference; this is the interpretation of the "one year's residence" and the "four year's competition" rules accepted by Harvard and Yale). The rules of the Inter-Collegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America declare that an athlete has "become a *professional*" for "ever having competed under a false name in any athletic exercise."

On the evidence presented, Thorp was declared ineligible. He had played a large part of the season, it is to be noted. And if control had remained in the faculty, Thorp would never have played again. He had signed a certificate of eligibility, had deceived the faculty members of the committee when confronted with the charges, and when overwhelmed by the evidence, had endeavored to put the load on a younger brother.

Before the following season, questions of eligibility were placed in the hands of a committee of alumni and undergraduates. Of this committee Francis S. Bangs, '78, is chairman. He is a trustee of Columbia University, and is chairman of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. Certainly from Mr. Bangs the highest order of sportsmanship is to be expected. Notwithstanding the character of Thorp as disclosed in the

ANDREW L. SMITH

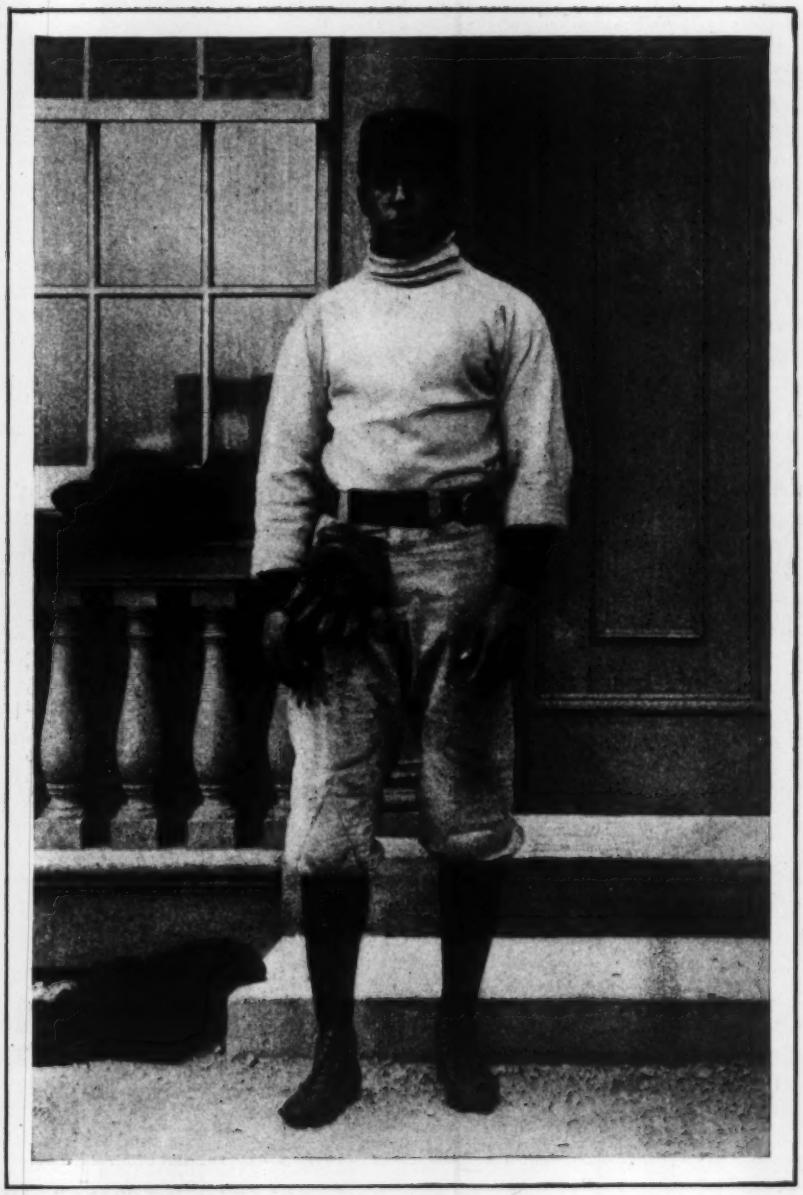
Pennsylvania's famous full-back

investigation, the committee allowed him to play in 1903 and in 1904, thus giving him four years (the prescribed limit) of intercollegiate football. Nevertheless the committee — presumably to win — proposes to let him play a fifth year of college football, and has approved his selection as captain of the eleven for next season. This action is justified by Mr. Bangs on the theory that, as Thorp was not a student at Manhattan when he "represented" that college, it does not count as a year of college football. Such an interpretation is in violation of the letter as well as the spirit of Columbia's own rule.*

Undermining the Schoolboy's Character

Visit Exeter and Andover and one will find the evils of college athletics cropping out

*No student shall represent Columbia in intercollegiate athletics for a longer period than four years in any one branch of sport, or more than four years diminished by the number of years during which he has *represented* another college or university in such branch of sport.



Photograph by Pach

WILLIAM C. MATTHEWS

Harvard's best baseball player

in the sports of youngsters, and this notwithstanding the efficient watchfulness of Mr. Harlan Page Amen and Mr. Alfred E. Stearns, principals of these typical American preparatory schools. At Exeter and Andover are found evidences of the most demoralizing feature of modern athletics — the common process of proselyting, or the recruiting to which preparatory school athletes are continually subjected. "The proselyting evil is one of the most corrupting influences to which a young boy can be subjected," said Principal Stearns, who was a famous athlete. "It acts not merely on his athletic standards; it undermines his whole moral make-up, and gives him false and superficial views of life and his position in the world, which are pretty sure to crush his independence and balk all chances for a normal and manly growth and development. It is high time that the public were made to realize the extent and the viciousness of this practice."

For this the colleges are to be held strictly accountable. Through their alumni, their undergraduates, their coaches, and their professional trainers, the colleges are ruining certain of these boys.

There was a student at Exeter last year by the name of Edward L. Greene. Hailing from New Haven, Connecticut, he was known as a protégé of Mike Murphy, the Yale trainer. Although warned by the Exeter faculty, Greene joined the Greater New York Irish Athletic Association, traveled to St. Louis at the expense of the club, and competed in some open games at the Exposition. He wrote a "full explanation" to members of the faculty, expressing a desire to return to Exeter last fall, but the faculty discouraged him; plain education without athletics has no charm for such a student as Greene. He went to the University of Pennsylvania instead of to preparatory school, was matriculated in the course of Architecture, and played half-back on the 'varsity football team.

Greene made a visit to Exeter at Thanksgiving time, and returned to Philadelphia with two promising Exeter football players, Henry R. Bankart, the centre-rush, and Edward J. Hart, a half-back. Pennsylvania had invited the entire Exeter team to witness the Cornell-Pennsylvania game, but the faculty refused the boys permission. They did not see their way clear, during a vacation, to prohibit Hart and Bankart taking the trip as friends of Greene. Hart, who is a boy of seventeen, is of most humble birth. His father labors in a foundry, and Hart has to work his way through preparatory school. He is typical of the class that the colleges are corrupting — boys whose ethical standards are barely in the making. When the lad told of his trip, his eyes fairly bulged. He had never seen so much money before.

"They certainly gave us a slick time," said the lad. "Why our dinner cost *nine dollars!* They must have spent $200 setting us up. I tell you they are good to the fellows at Penn. It ain't just the students, either. The city folks take an interest in the boys. One man offered Greene his room and board, and he bought him a sixty-dollar overcoat. Greene's got along well there. He told me he got to Penn with twenty-seven cents."

Hart is to-day one of the best prep football players in the East. His future will be worth following. If he steers a straight course, it will be because a kind Providence watches over fledgling athletes, and does not leave them entirely to the mercy of those who have taken courses in moral philosophy.

The other victim of Pennsylvania's hospitality is a somewhat older youth, in whom the commercial spirit is well developed. He has received letters from Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, and Williams. The letter from the Williams football captain, written on the official stationery of the association, contains these promises:

"There are several positions for next year's football team vacant, and I have in mind certain men to fill them. If you are in need of financial aid, there are plenty of scholarships here to be had for the asking. There are good jobs about town, and *no money matters will worry anybody.*"

Williams is regarded as one of the "cleanest" colleges in the East.

At Andover, Robert C. Brown, catcher of the baseball nine which in 1904 beat Yale and end-rush of the football eleven, is having some difficulty in selecting a college. This schoolboy, although of the class singled out by proselytizers, has clear ideas about the acceptance of "inducements."

"When I graduate," he said, "I want to feel that I've earned what I got. A fellow can't feel that way if he goes to Princeton, where they certainly pass it out to you. And I want to go where my college friends will help me in business."

Brown's home is in Medford, Massachusetts, and he intends to enter business in Boston. Harvard is rather the natural place for him to go, as he seems to realize.

Recruiting Sergeants in Sport

Collegians other than graduates show no delicacy about visiting a preparatory school with which they have no proper relation. College football captains journey to receive yearly homage from schoolboy athletes. The "great De Witt," captain of Princeton's winning eleven of 1903, made a five days' tour of the leading preparatory schools. On his return to college he objected to the faculty's altogether proper requirement that he make up the work lost by his journey "for the cause." Last season Pell and Poe, former Princeton "stars," assisted in the coaching at Exeter (although there was an efficient head coach), and ate at the training table with the boys. Except for the board

of these volunteers, this coaching cost Exeter nothing. Unwittingly the academy was making proselytizers welcome at her own board. They did their work well, these coaches. "Princeton helps us out," say certain Exeter athletes now. "Harvard doesn't take any interest in us any more." Some Harvard men favor a more "considerate policy" toward Exeter in respect to volunteer coaching, but this would be a backward step. Yale, seeing the unwisdom of the practice, refused last season to send coaches to Andover; according to high authority, "this attitude has done more to increase the good opinion of Yale at Andover, especially among the better class of fellows, than anything else has done."

Alumni who are not athletes, likewise not graduates of the schools, visit academies in search of material. One of these offenders, the type of recruiting sergeant, was not an athlete. Charles E. Patterson was a student at Princeton in the 'eighties, but did not graduate. He returned to college subsequently, being known as the "oldest living undergraduate," and in 1901, after satisfactory work in residence, Princeton gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. He is a lover of the various college games — in fact, has written much on *amateur* sport. His great desire was to see Princeton win, and he proposed to give her the material with which to win. His business took him to the neighborhood of Andover and Exeter, and he made frequent visits to the schools. He would go to the hotel, open his recruiting station, and send for the athletes of promise and achievement. When necessary he would call upon the boys in their rooms. He did not confine himself entirely to athletes. Their less robust fellows were treated with consideration by Patterson. His aim was that Princeton should get a strong hold on Exeter and Andover boys. The non-athletic room-mate may be a fellow of influence, particularly with his chum the "star." Many of these boys heard the praises of Princeton enthusiastically sung; some of them received direct offers of "inducements."

Poor boys at Exeter have to work hard for their education, as they do at Andover. Waiting on table in the commons gives a lad only half of his board. Cleaning recitation rooms is paid for at the rate of fifteen cents per hour. Scholarships are allotted entirely on rank; the boy whose stand is low gets no scholarship; to the lad who stands fairly well, only part of his tuition is abated. It was, therefore, a temptation to an athlete of no resources to be told that at Princeton the managership of an eating club, carrying with it full board, and entailing little work, would be "reserved" for him; that a scholarship abating all tuition could be had, and that opportunities for making "good money" would be found for him. Very important, too, was the assurance that the athlete would not lose caste with his fellows by accepting these favors. "They all do it," he was told. Of course, such promises were not made by authority, or with the knowledge of the Princeton faculty.

"Patterson made such offers right and left," said a professor at Exeter, who is particularly intimate with the athletic students. Patterson repeated them at Andover, and he sent into the Princeton entrance examinations boys one, two, even three years away from college. "Go in and try it," he told them. "There's no harm in trying; you might get through."

Proselyting and Cribbing

Patterson's connection with the famous Andover-Princeton cribbing affair of 1902 has never been written. It is time that it was published, as it bears directly on the proselyting evil. Patterson visited Andover prior to the holding of the entrance examinations, and his work with the boys swelled the number of candidates to thirty-one, only four of whom bore the academy's stamp of fitness. In vain did Andover's principal protest against the admittance to the examination of boys not ripe for college. The Princeton assistant professor sent to conduct the examination had "no authority to exclude candidates." But finally he agreed to send from the examination room four boys whom the principal could not recommend in a single subject. As proof of the laxity of the professor's supervision, all four of these boys returned unobserved to the examination, and three of them were afterwards rejected for cribbing. The net result of the examination was seventeen men whose papers were thrown out by Princeton for cheating. Discussion following in the press divided the blame between Princeton and Andover. The professor who, through ineffectual supervision, made it possible for the boys to crib, did not reap the discredit he deserved. And Patterson, who was primarily responsible for the presence in the

examination of many unprepared boys, escaped notoriety in the unsavory incident. His responsibility was attested by the remarks of one Andover athlete. In response to the principal's inquiry, "What were you doing in the examination; you are a long way from college?" the boy laughingly said:

"Well, professor, I put on my "A" sweater and walked in front of the proctor several times. At the top of my paper I wrote my weight — 205 pounds. I guess I'll *pass* all right. Patterson said I would." As a matter of fact, he did pass; but he went to Yale.

Responsibility of Parents

The only conclusion to be drawn is that, thanks to the influence of the colleges, there is growing up a class of students tainted with commercialism. They may not go to college merely to engage in athletics. They really desire an education, many of them — desire it because it will help them to success in life. But they are resolved that their athletic ability shall put them through college, and they propose to go to the institution offering the best "opportunities" — a gentle word, elastic and covering many sins. To what is the susceptibility of these victimized school athletes due? Said Professor Hollis, for seven years chairman of the Harvard Athletic Committee:

"The evils of college athletics are the evils of every-day life. Commercialism is a characteristic of American life. Sad to say, the boy goes to school and college tainted with it. He gets it at home. The teaching of American homes is primarily responsible."

The American lad should be taught *at home* to regard offers of inducements to enter certain colleges as an insult to his young manhood. He should learn before entering preparatory school that his athletic skill is something to be cherished as a precious possession; that under only the most urgent need should it be parted with for money or "indirect" compensation — and then done openly and with the manliness to sacrifice amateur standing.

Yale, within recent years, furnished an instance in point. A New England youth — Johnson is his name — in order to aid in the support of his family, played baseball for money in the Connecticut league. Financial conditions improved, and he went to the university for an education. He did not attempt to engage in intercollegiate sports, realizing that he had forfeited his amateur standing. With a spirit that was admirable, he willingly gave of his time to coach the Yale 'varsity baseball team.

When the Princeton nine played at New Haven, Johnson was surprised to find an old acquaintance with that team. Hutchinson, an in-fielder, had played in the same league with Johnson who could not refrain from calling out:

"How do you happen to be playing, Hutch? You used to get your pay envelope just ahead of me, you remember."

Hutchinson was absorbed in fielding a difficult ground ball.

"Opportunities" at Prep School and College Contrasted

The commercial class of prep school athletes admire their prototypes in the colleges. "Hogan and Cooney are getting on," say boys of this class. For purposes of illustration, therefore, three prominent football "stars" will be named. Many school lads look to them as the incarnation of successful college men. They are. They live well in college. And each of the three was selected for the various "All-America" football elevens — paper teams chosen by sporting experts as representative of the college world. Of publicity, then, they have had their full share: praise, hero-worship, idolatry have fallen to their lot. But the men themselves — what athletic success has done for them, what it means to them, what the men really are — perhaps they may be made to stand before the preparatory school boy in a new and true light — provided the "lime-light" can be temporarily extinguished. Their names: James J. Hogan, captain and right-tackle of the Yale eleven; James L. Cooney, captain-elect and left-tackle of the Princeton football team; and Andrew L. Smith, who has played full-back for the University of Pennsylvania eleven two seasons. No more notable examples could be found at the present time, although many more flagrant violators of eligibility standards than the Yale and Princeton men are readily namable.

Hogan entered Exeter, a poor boy, at the age of twenty-three. That was over eight years ago. He had been earning his own living when he set about to complete his education. His ambition was praiseworthy, and Exeter gave him the chance to work his way through the school. Hogan maintained a high rank in his studies, therefore he received

a scholarship which considerably more than paid his tuition. He took care of the furnace and grounds of a private house in town, for which he was given a room free of rent. For his board he waited on table in a private boarding-house. Part of the money he earned was paid him for cleaning recitation rooms, the rate being fifteen cents an hour. His popularity in the school was not due alone to his exceptional athletic skill. He compelled admiration and he commanded respect. He was highly regarded by the faculty of Exeter, who considered him a student of fine character and of marked ability. Not a sympathetic subject for proselyting, one would say. He was more "sought after," however, than any school athlete of his day.

Hogan took his preliminary entrance examinations for Harvard, therefore interest in the Exeter man was stimulated at Cambridge. Harvard joined Yale and Princeton in competition for this great prep athlete. Claim is now made at Cambridge that Harvard lost him because no definite promises would be made. As proof of this contention are cited the facts that Hogan passed all of his Harvard entrance examinations satisfactorily, and that he applied for and was assigned a Price Greenleaf Aid (a scholarship paying about $200 the freshman year, and allotted upon the recommendation of the secondary schools; recipients are called on for service as monitors or assistants four hours per week). Hogan went to Yale, which is not far from his home — Torrington, Conn. He was certainly old enough to know his own mind, for he matriculated at the age of twenty-seven.

The career of this athlete at the university has been one of marked success. Hogan, with his room-mate, Rockwell (the "star" quarter-back), occupies a suite in Vanderbilt Hall — the most luxurious of the Yale dormitories, which is the "hang-out" for Seniors. Hogan has forsaken the eating club he formed in his freshman year. He takes his meals at the University Club. This is an expensive undergraduate organization similar to any social club. The initiation fee and dues are remitted in special cases, however. After the football season of 1903, Mike Murphy (the Yale trainer), who was in poor health, with Hogan, then captain-elect of the Yale eleven, as a traveling companion, made a ten-day trip to Cuba. The athletic association paid for the excursion, which cost $500 — or $25 per day for Murphy, and $25 per day for Hogan.

Obviously the "opportunities" at Yale are far superior to those at Exeter. In what they consist is not altogether clear, but some things are known. Hogan receives $100 a year, the income of the John Bennetto Scholarship. In addition, according to the dean, his entire tuition is abated. The baseball association gives to Hogan, Rockwell and another athlete the score-card privilege. From the sale of the cards at the intercollegiate games and from the advertising, these athletes take the entire proceeds; the athletic association gets nothing.

Bartering a Reputation

Hogan's income is further augmented by commissions paid him by The American Tobacco Company, whose agent he is. It is well known about the campus that, through the influence of the Yale captain, the "Egyptian Deities" and the "Turkish Mogul" cigarettes were placed on sale at "Mory's" (a New Haven grill-room, frequented by Yale men for many years). These brands are spoken of at Yale as "Hogan's cigarettes." Which certifies to the business sagacity of Mr. J. T. Wilcox, assistant secretary of The American Tobacco Company. Mr. Wilcox said:

"College men are great cigarette smokers. When they graduate they go to different parts of the country, carrying with them a taste for some brand of cigarettes. Naturally we want them to acquire a taste for our cigarettes, and to carry the taste to their friends at home. That is why we engaged Mr. Hogan. He is a popular fellow, well known — captain of this year's football team — and we picked him out as a good agent. He *did* get our cigarettes put on sale at 'Mory's.' But his efforts did not end there. He talks the cigarettes to his friends. They appreciate and like him; they realize he is a poor fellow, working his way through college, and they want to help him. So they buy our cigarettes, knowing that Hogan gets a commission on every box sold in New Haven. We are satisfied with our arrangement, and I am sure Hogan is."

"Do you have similar arrangements with men in other colleges?" was asked.

"No; this was an experiment. But it has proved so successful that I believe we shall extend it to other colleges."

It is not to be argued that this employment affects Hogan's amateur standing.

The "business arrangement" is important only as showing the growth of commercialism in collegiate sport. Hogan entered Yale a skilful player. College coaching made of him a "star." He was selected as captain of the 'varsity football team, which added greatly to his popularity, practically insuring him election to a senior society. The success of the eleven gave him a wide reputation. This reputation and popularity — largely a gift of the university — have been bartered, doubtless unconsciously on Hogan's part, for dollars and cents — money spent by sympathetic fellow students in acquiring a taste for certain brands of cigarettes.

Cooney, the son of a miner at Scranton, Pennsylvania, enrolled at Exeter when twenty-one years old. Although not of Hogan's mental ability, he stood well in his courses and never received, by way of scholarship, less than the amount of his tuition. His board was given him for his services as waiter in a private boarding-house. He did work about the school grounds — manual labor, for which he was paid very little. Cooney was considered a very conscientious fellow, and his sudden departure for Princeton was something of a surprise to his Exeter friends. For a part of his school career, Cooney talked of going to Princeton. Nevertheless, the aforesaid Patterson considered it necessary to "work" with the Exeter athlete — a baseball as well as a football player. According to Cooney's room-mate, Patterson "pestered" the youth with offers. The managership of an eating club at Princeton, a scholarship, and "opportunities" to earn money "on the side" — all the changes were rung on these "inducements." The room-mate received offers, also, in return for which he was expected to influence the "star."

Cooney passed his entrance examinations for Harvard. As far as known, no inducements were held out to him at Cambridge. His desire to be near his youngest brother, who was about to enter Exeter, may have influenced him in his decision to go to Cambridge. Two or three days before he entered Princeton, Cooney told Exeter friends that he was going to Harvard. He went to Princeton. Holt, one of the football coaches, has asserted that a tackle was badly needed at Princeton, and that he "landed" Cooney. It is believed at Exeter, however, that Patterson should have the "credit" for this acquisition. Patterson "planted" Princeton at Exeter. Cooney is a member of an Exeter secret society, which goes in for athletes, and these men are now drawn to Princeton. The freshmen athletes, Cook, Heim, and McCormick are "brothers" of Cooney. Patterson's work is done. Upon younger shoulders, and upon Trainer Robinson, has devolved the task of proselyting. Mention recruiting to the officials of Princeton, and they are the first to speak Patterson's name. Then they bitterly decry his bald methods, declaring that he has "done Princeton incalculable injury."

Cooney has proved himself a successful collegian. He receives a scholarship, and he gets his board from an eating club of which he is manager. A word about these eating clubs. Theoretically, a freshman gets together a certain number of fellow students; they form a club, often adopting the name of their preparatory school, and they eat regularly at a town house, the enterprise being conducted by some individual as a private venture. The freshman promoter receives for his services board free of charge. This is the *theory* of it. In practice these managerships are largely in the hands of the coaches, who distribute them to sub-freshmen athletes — to them "belong the spoils." There was a recent case at Princeton where a worthy fellow, not an athlete, by diligent work got together a number of men and formed an eating club, only to lose most of them to a "star" athlete. There are also the upper-classmen's clubs, corresponding to the secret societies of other colleges. They have regular stewards, besides a retinue of help, but they too have "managers." What serious labor these undergraduate office-holders perform, is left to the imagination. One of the upper-class clubs, Tiger Inn, has *six* of these so-called managers — all of them *athletes*.

"*Indirect Emolument*" *from the Athletic Association*

One of Cooney's "opportunities" is the baseball score-card privilege, which he holds with Reid, a member of the nine. Just what this perquisite is worth, the Princeton athletic association would not say. This much was admitted: the football score-card privilege is "sold to a New York expert;" it is worth, to the association, "$1,500 to $2,000 a season;" the track program privilege is also sold to an outsider; but the

baseball score-card privilege is *given to athletes*. Hillebrand and Palmer had it; after them Davis and Cosgrave, and now Cooney and Reid. It is undoubtedly a valuable concession — one that would considerably increase the athletic earnings — nevertheless the association gives it away and to prominent athletes.

At Yale the football and baseball score-card privileges are regarded as a "sort of scholarship for athletes." Daly, the oarsman, it is said, could not have completed his college course without the aid of the football "scholarship." As the crew runs far behind in expenses, the boating program has always been sold for adequate compensation. The baseball score-card concession is not called a scholarship at Princeton; this is honest, for it is nothing less than a subsidy, and the players who accept it are *subsidized*. The fact that the athlete has to work to obtain advertisements does not alter the nature of the gift. On this point it is to be borne in mind that the athlete works on the sympathies of graduates and friends of the college to obtain advertisements from them. The advertising is for an official college program, and the revenues therefrom belong to the association, not to any athlete. When the association gives away this privilege, it puts its hand in its pocket and *pays the athletes*. There is, in the matter of these score-card "scholarships," apparently a dawning appreciation of their character at New Haven. A plan has been proposed to give one of the college periodicals charge of the various programs, with the understanding that the athletic association is to receive proper remuneration.

They are wiser at the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia advertisers were so liberal that several old athletes made thousands of dollars from the score-card privileges, with the result that this form of graft became so notorious that the college authorities took all of the advertising into their own hands. Now the athletic association gets all of the proceeds. At Harvard no advertising is permitted on score-cards.

Hogan and Cooney then, victims of a vicious system, subsidized through no primary fault of theirs, stand before preparatory school boys as successful college men. Good students, men of high character, born leaders, and possessed of the energy and resourcefulness to work their way through any college, as they did through Exeter, they are, nevertheless, tainted with commercialism. The fact that they are men of exceptional worth — "leading citizens" in the making — renders their commercialism all the more regrettable. They have acquired in college an intimate knowledge of those means by which a short cut to material "success" in life can be gained. If the schoolboy, and more particularly his parents, are not moved by this every-day life characteristic, let them bear in mind that Hogan and Cooney are subsidized athletes, and according to the athletic code have no proper place on college teams.

The Tramp Athlete

As a type, Smith, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, differs from Hogan and Cooney. His commercialism is entirely unrelieved by the qualifications that commend his two rivals to their fellows. Although a "star" athlete, he was one of the "dirtiest" players on the gridiron. Smith is the man who goes to college with the *one idea* of engaging in athletics. Here is his record: As full-back of the eleven of Pennsylvania State College, he played a "magnificent game" against the University of Pennsylvania, October 4, 1902. The following Monday he was practising with the University of Pennsylvania second eleven, and had signified his intention of migrating to the university. In fact, he immediately began to attend classes, through an arrangement with the dean of the University of Pennsylvania, although his formal letter of dismissal from Penn State was not voted by that institution until November 7th. The following fall, in 1903 (under the rule requiring one year's residence he could not play for the University of Pennsylvania in the season of 1902), he played for his new college — played against Harvard. Then it became known that, between October 4th and November 7th, 1902, when practising with the "scrub" and attending classes at the University of Pennsylvania, he played three games (against Yale, Susquehanna, and Annapolis) for *Penn State*. Smith was thereupon (the season was nearly over) declared ineligible. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* demanded that he "should forever be debarred from Pennsylvania athletics . . . and should be expelled from the university."

Smith claimed that he was "not in college" when he played for Penn State. He had not matriculated, but University of Pennsylvania

professors and instructors were ready to make affidavits that he was attending classes regularly. Yet this man was permitted to represent Pennsylvania on the gridiron last fall (1904), and to the victory over Harvard he contributed greatly. Afterwards, in the middle of his senior year, he was dropped from college. His football days were over, and he was no longer a useful member of the college community. Although his means of livelihood were not known, he was regarded among Pennsylvania men as a student who was "helped on the side."

The Smith case illustrates the sad feature of Pennsylvania athletics. There is no playground at the university — nothing but the confined space of Franklin Field, where only one team can practise at a time. True, there is a new muscle-palace costing over half a million, but it was recently opened. There are no facilities, therefore, for developing athletes. Pennsylvania has to draft players from schools and colleges, as was done in the case of Smith. Drake, left-end, played five years at Middlebury College, Vermont, and has now played two years at Pennsylvania. Lamson was, for three years, a member of the 'varsity of Colorado College, of the Lafayette 'varsity two seasons, and has played one year for Pennsylvania. He is "eligible" for another season. Ziegler played for Ursinus College, and then competed for Pennsylvania without a year's residence intervening. Piekarski, the "All American" guard, has enjoyed his four years of football, therefore his important position must be filled next season. Pennsylvania has already made provision to fill the hole in the line. William H. Ellor was taken last fall from The Peddie Institute (a preparatory school), was enrolled in the Pennsylvania Dental School (no entrance examinations required), and subsequently transferred, without examination, to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, in which Stevenson, the "All American" quarter-back, who failed to pass his entrance examinations for Cornell, is also a student. Concerning Ellor's sudden departure in term time, one of the officers of The Peddie Institute said:

"Only last week our best football player was kidnapped by the University of Pennsylvania coach, although he is only entering his junior year with us, and has one second year condition. This boy told me that he had been offered at Princeton a summer's board and tutoring, if he would come there next year. One can imagine what the University of Pennsylvania coach must have offered."

Harvard's Self-Righteous Contentment

The only justification of Pennsylvania's unsportsmanlike behavior is found in Harvard's attitude toward this sister institution. For a year prior to last season's football contest, it was noised about that Harvard would "drop Penn" if a decisive victory was won in 1904. Pennsylvania, therefore, in order to continue in the competitions of the "Big Four," *had* to produce a winning team. Pennsylvania also knows, from well-founded rumors, that she must win again next fall from Harvard, or otherwise be dropped from the Crimson schedule. Pennsylvania athletics are bad, but sport at Harvard is not above criticism. And at Harvard there is an unmistakable air of self-satisfaction or smug self-righteousness — a "holier than thou" contentment — which is naturally annoying to men of other institutions. Particularly is this so because Harvard, with all her upright professions, has played on her baseball nine athletes widely known as semi-professionals. Reference is made to Walter C. Clarkson, last year's captain and pitcher, and to his successor in the captaincy, Proctor Carr, who played third base. Harvard claims that "satisfactory evidence" against these men could not be obtained, and yet Pennsylvania debarred Leary for playing with a team obviously professional in character, of which Clarkson was also a member. Carr's playing in the White Mountains is clearly established.

That at Cambridge practice does not square with precept, is contended at the writer's own college. Much is heard about the wealthy alumnus or undergraduate who unostentatiously puts the athlete through Harvard. Undoubtedly there have been such cases at Harvard as well as other colleges: instances where athletes were "loaned" money to meet college bills, and the practice has not died out. But if athletes receive "indirect" assistance to any extent, it is strange that some of the prominent players have to work so hard to get along. Karl F. Brill, one of the best football players, is a good example. He holds no scholarship. For his board, he acts as "screen boy" at Memorial Hall (the university commons) — that is, he gets food ready, behind the screen, for the colored waiters. Such

work is paid for at the "union rate" of twenty-five cents an hour, and Brill has to work a sufficient number of hours per week to equal the cost of his table-board. It differs slightly from the managership of an eating club.

An Example and a Moral

There is a little colored chap at Harvard of whom the *Boston Globe* made this announcement:

"One of the most interesting features of the recent election of its class-day officers and committees by the seniors at Harvard was the appointing of William Clarence Matthews, the young colored student, who is best known to the public as short-stop on the 'varsity nine for three years, and as an end-rush in the last football game against Yale, to the important position as a member of the committee which will conduct the business department of class-day next June.

"This honor, however, did not come to Matthews as a reward for his abilities as an athlete, or for the important parts he has taken in Harvard's baseball successes, but comes to him rather as a signal recognition by his fellow-classmen of the place he has made for himself during his four years at Harvard.

"Matthews is the first colored man the seniors of the university have chosen to a place on one of the honorary class committees. And this distinction has come to him as a real reward of merit. He has worked his way through the university, practically completing his four years' course in three years; and when he is graduated with his class next June, he will have completed a year's work in the Harvard law school. By being placed on the committee he has been made to feel that Harvard has treated him as a man, not as a white man, not as a black man, but as a man, no more, no less, and given him what he earned."

Matthews is a product of Tuskegee, where he fitted himself for Phillips Andover. At preparatory school he had to work hard to earn his way, yet he found time to play both football and baseball, and was captain of the nine his senior year. At Harvard he had a Price Greenleaf Aid, paying $200 his freshman year, but since then has had no scholarship. As at Andover he has worked his way, doing what he could during the college year, acting as "screen boy" in Memorial Hall, and working steadily during the summer in hotels, or on Pullman sleeping cars. This year he has taught in one of the North Cambridge night-schools. For seven seasons he could have earned much money by playing with semi-professional teams, but this he has refused to do.

Here is a man who, to maintain his standing as an amateur, has repeatedly refused offers of forty dollars per week and board to play semi-professional baseball in summer. He had the example of many contemporaneous college ball players, who were accepting "indirect" compensation in an underhand way. But he has kept his record clean, and his, it is sad to state, is an exceptional case. From the time he arrived as an athlete, he might have made $1,500 by his athletic ability — as other college "amateurs" have done; but he chose instead hard work, with much less compensation, and remains an amateur to-day.

Moreover, he has not been the recipient of "inducements" to enter, or remain in, college, and he has worked for what he has received. He does not believe in the practice of assisting athletes, as these words prove:

"The trouble with accepting favors of this kind to help one through college is, that in the end you find they have *made you dependent.*"

Here is the answer to those who advocate the indirect subsidizing of athletes.

"Mr. Washington taught us at Tuskegee," Matthews continued, "that the best help a man can get is an opportunity to help himself."

(The concluding article, which will discuss "summer ball," gate money, and "unnecessary roughness" in football — evils which destroy sport for sport's sake — will appear in the July number.)

"'No!' roared Uncle Billy. 'No, there wasn't, by gum!'"

BARGAIN DAY AT TUTT HOUSE

BY

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. GARDNER-SOPER

I

JUST as the stage rumbled over the rickety old bridge creaking and groaning, the sun came from behind the clouds that had frowned all the way, and the passengers cheered up a bit. The two richly-dressed matrons, who had been so utterly and unnecessarily oblivious to the presence of each other, now suspended hostilities for the moment by mutual and unspoken consent, and viewed with relief the little, golden-tinted valley and the tree-clad road just beyond. The respective husbands of these two ladies exchanged a mere glance, no more, of comfort. They, too, were relieved, though more by the momentary truce than by anything else. They regretted very much to be compelled to hate each other, for each had

reckoned up his *vis-à-vis* as a rather proper sort of fellow, probably a man of some achievement, used to good living and good company.

Extreme iciness was unavoidable between them, however. When one stranger has a splendidly-preserved blonde wife and the other a splendidly-preserved brunette wife, both of whom have won social prominence by years of hard fighting and aloofness, there remains nothing for the two men but to follow the lead, especially when directly under the eyes of the leaders.

"the other matron had the ineffable satisfaction of being kept waiting"

The son of the blonde matron smiled cheerfully as the welcome light flooded the coach.

He was a nice looking young man, of about twenty-two one might judge, and he did his smiling, though in a perfectly impersonal and correct sort of manner, at the pretty daughter of the brunette matron. The pretty daughter also smiled, but her smile was demurely directed at the trees outside, clad as they were in all the flaming glory of their autumn tints, glistening with the recent rain and dripping with gems that sparkled and flashed in the noonday sun as they fell.

It is marvelous how much one can see out of the corner of the eye, while seeming to view mere scenery.

The driver looked down, as he drove safely off the bridge, and shook his head at the swirl of water that rushed and eddied, dark and muddy, close up under the rotten planking; then he cracked his whip, and the horses sturdily attacked the little hill.

Thick, overhanging trees on either side now dimmed the light again, and the two plump matrons once more glared past the opposite shoulders, profoundly unaware of each other. The husbands took on the politely surly look required of them. The blonde son's eyes still sought the brunette daughter, but it was furtively done and quite unsuccessfully, for the daughter was now doing a little glaring on her own account. The blonde matron had just swept her eyes across the daughter's skirt, estimating the fit and material of it with contempt so artistically veiled that it could almost be understood in the dark.

II

The big bays swung to the brow of the hill with ease, and dashed into a small circular clearing, where a quaint little two-story building, with a mossy watering-trough out in front, nestled under the shade of majestic old trees that reared their brown and scarlet crowns proudly into the sky. A long, low porch ran across the front of the structure, and a complaining sign hung out announcing, in dim, weather-flecked letters on a cracked board, that this was the "Tutt House." A gray-headed man, in brown overalls and faded blue jumper, stood on the porch and shook his fist at the stage as it whirled by.

"'It makes a perfectly fascinating suite,' observed Mrs. Van Kamp, in a pleasantly conversational tone that could be easily overheard by anyone impolite enough to listen."

"What a delightfully old-fashioned inn!" exclaimed the pretty daughter. "How I should like to stop there over night!"

"You would probably wish yourself away before morning, Evelyn," replied her mother indifferently. "No doubt it would be a mere siege of discomfort."

The blonde matron turned to her husband. The pretty daughter had been looking at the picturesque "inn" between the heads of this lady and her son.

"Edward, please pull down the shade behind me," she directed. "There is quite a draught from that broken window."

The pretty daughter bit her lip. The brunette matron continued to stare at the shade in the exact spot upon which her gaze had been before directed, and she never quivered an eyelash. The young man seemed very uncomfortable, and he tried to look his apologies to the pretty daughter, but she could not see him now, not even if her eyes had been all corners.

They were bowling along through another avenue of trees when the driver suddenly shouted, "Whoa there!"

The horses were brought up with a jerk that was well nigh fatal to the assortment of dignity inside the coach. A loud roaring could be heard, both ahead and in the rear, a sharp splitting like a fusillade of pistol shots, then a creaking and tearing of timbers. The driver bent suddenly forward.

"Gid ap!" he cried, and the horses sprang forward with a lurch. He swung them around a sharp bend with a skillful hand and

poised his weight above the brake as they plunged at terrific speed down a steep grade. The roaring was louder than ever now, and it became deafening as they suddenly emerged from the thick underbrush at the bottom of the declivity.

"Caught, by gravy!" ejaculated the driver, and, for the second time, he brought the coach to an abrupt stop.

"Do see what is the matter, Ralph?" said the blonde matron impatiently.

Thus commanded, the young man swung out and asked the driver about it.

"Paintsville dam's busted," he was informed. "I been a lookin' fer it this many a year, an' this here freshet done it. You see the holler there? Well, they's ten foot o' water in it, an' it had ort to be stone dry. The bridge is tore out behind us, an' we're stuck here till that water runs out. We can't git away till to-morry, anyways."

He pointed out the peculiar topography of the place, and Ralph got back in the coach.

"We're practically on a flood-made island," he exclaimed, with one eye on the pretty daughter, "and we shall have to stop over night at that quaint, old-fashioned inn we passed a few moments ago."

The pretty daughter's eyes twinkled, and he thought he caught a swift, direct gleam from under the long lashes — but he was not sure.

"Dear me, how annoying," said the blonde matron, but the brunette matron still stared, without the slightest trace of interest in anything else, at the infinitesimal spot she had selected on the affronting window-shade.

The two men gave sighs of resignation, and cast carefully concealed glances at each other, speculating on the possibility of a cigar and a glass, and maybe a good story or two, or possibly even a game of poker after the evening meal. Who could tell what might or might not happen?"

"'Make it a hundred and twenty-five, an' I'll go ye'"

III

When the stage drew up in front of the little hotel, it found Uncle Billy Tutt prepared for his revenge. In former days the stage had always stopped at the Tutt House for the noonday meal. Since the new railway was built through the adjoining county, however, the stage trip became a mere twelve-mile, cross-country transfer from one railroad to another, and the stage made a later trip, allowing the passengers plenty of time for "dinner" before they started. Day after day, as the coach flashed by with its money-laden passengers, Uncle Billy had hoped that it would break down. But this was better, much better. The coach might be quickly mended, but not the flood.

"I'm agoin' t'charge 'em till they squeal," he declared to the timidly protesting Aunt Margaret, "an' then I'm goin' t'charge 'em a least mite more, drat 'em!

He retreated behind the rough wooden counter that did duty as a desk, slammed

"She was reaching up for some brilliantly-colored maple leaves, and was entirely unconscious of his presence, especially after she had seen him"

open the flimsy, paper-bound "cash book" that served as a register, and planted his elbows uncompromisingly on either side of it.

"Let 'em bring in their own traps," he commented, and Aunt Margaret fled, ashamed and conscience-smitten, to the kitchen. It seemed sinful.

The first one out of the coach was the husband of the brunette matron, and, proceeding under instructions, he waited neither for luggage nor women folk, but hurried straight into the Tutt House. The other man would have been neck and neck with him in the race, if it had not been that he paused to seize two suit cases and had the misfortune to drop one which burst open and scattered a choice assortment of lingerie from one end of the dingy coach to the other.

In the confusion of rescuing the fluffery, the owner of the suit case had to sacrifice her hauteur and help her husband and son block up the aisle, while the other matron had the ineffable satisfaction of being *kept waiting*, at last being enabled to say, sweetly and with the most polite consideration:

"Will you kindly allow me to pass?"

The blonde matron raised up and swept her skirts back perfectly flat. She was pale but collected. Her husband was pink but collected. Her son was crimson and uncollected. The brunette daughter could not have found an eye anywhere in his countenance as she rustled out after her mother.

"I do hope that Belmont has been able to secure choice quarters," the triumphing matron remarked as her daughter joined her on the ground. "This place looks so very small that there can scarcely be more than one comfortable suite in it."

It was a vital thrust. Only a splendidly cultivated self-control prevented the blonde matron from retaliating upon the unfortunate who had muddled things. Even so, her eyes spoke whole shelves of volumes.

The man who first reached the register wrote, in a straight, black scrawl, "J. Belmont Van Kamp, wife, and daughter." There being no space left for his address, he put none down.

"I want three adjoining rooms, en suite if possible," he demanded.

"Three!" exclaimed Uncle Billy, scratching his head. "Won't two do ye? I ain't got but six bedrooms in th' house. Me an' Marge't sleeps in one, an' we're a gittin' too old fer a shake down on th' floor. I'll have t'save one room fer th' driver, an' that leaves four. You take two now —"

Mr. Van Kamp cast a hasty glance out of the window. The other man was getting out of the coach. His own wife was stepping on the porch.

"What do you ask for meals and lodging until this time to-morrow?" he interrupted.

The decisive moment had arrived. Uncle Billy drew a deep breath.

"Two dollars a head!" he defiantly announced. There! It was out! He wished Margaret had staid to hear him say it.

The guest did not seem to be seriously shocked, and Uncle Billy was beginning to be sorry he had not said three dollars, when Mr. Van Kamp stopped the landlord's own breath.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for the three best rooms in the house," he calmly said, and landlord Tutt gasped as the money fluttered down under his nose.

"Jis' take yore folks right on up, Mr. Kamp," said Uncle Billy, pouncing on the money. "Th' rooms is th' three right along th' hull front o' th' house. I'll be up and make on a fire in a minute. Jis' take th' *Jonesville Banner* an' th' *Uticky Clarion* along with ye."

As the swish of skirts marked the passage of the Van Kamps up the wide hall stairway, the other party swept into the room.

The man wrote, in a round flourish, "Edward Eastman Ellsworth, wife, and son."

"I'd like three choice rooms, en suite," he said.

"Gosh!" said Uncle Billy, regretfully. "That's what Mr. Kamp wanted, fust off, an' he got it. They hain't but th' little room over th' kitchen left. I'll have to put you an' your wife in that, an' let your boy sleep with th' driver."

The consternation in the Ellsworth party was past calculating by any known standards of measurement. The thing was an outrage! It was not to be borne! They would not submit to it!

Uncle Billy, however, secure in his mastery of the situation, calmly quartered them as he had said: "An' let 'em splutter all they want to," he commented comfortably to himself.

IV

The Ellsworths were holding a family indignation meeting on the broad porch when the Van Kamps came contentedly down for a

walk, and brushed by them with unseeing eyes.

"It makes a perfectly fascinating suite," observed Mrs. Van Kamp, in a pleasantly conversational tone that could be easily overhead by anyone impolite enough to listen. "That delightful old-fashioned fireplace in the middle apartment makes it an ideal sitting-room, and the beds are so roomy and comfortable."

"I just knew it would be like this!" chirruped Miss Evelyn. "I remarked as we passed the place, if you will remember, how charming it would be to stop in this dear, quaint old inn over night. All my wishes seem to come true this year."

These simple and, of course, entirely unpremeditated remarks were as vinegar and wormwood to Mrs. Ellsworth, and she gazed after the retreating Van Kamps with a glint in her eye that would make one understand Lucretia Borgia at last.

Her son also gazed after the retreating Van Kamp. She had an exquisite figure, and she carried herself with a most delectable grace. As the party drew away from the inn she dropped behind the elders and wandered off into a side path to gather autumn leaves.

Ralph, too, started off for a walk, but naturally not in the same direction.

"Edward!" suddenly said Mrs. Ellsworth. "I want you to turn those people out of that suite before night!"

"Very well," he replied with a sigh, and got up to do it. He had wrecked a railroad and made one, and had operated successful corners in nutmegs and chicory. No task seemed impossible. He walked in to see the landlord.

"What are the Van Kamps paying you for those three rooms?" he asked.

"Fifteen dollars," Uncle Billy informed him, smoking one of Mr. Van Kamp's good cigars, and twiddling his thumbs in huge content.

"I'll give you thirty for them. Just set their baggage outside and tell them the rooms are occupied."

"Mrs. Van Kamp gasped and clutched the arm of her husband"

"but this — this was the last bale of straw. She sat down on a suit case and cried!"

'No sir-ree!" rejoined Uncle Billy. "A bargain's a bargain, an' I allus stick to one I make."

Mr. Ellsworth withdrew, but not defeated. He had never supposed that such an absurd proposition would be accepted. It was only a feeler, and he had noticed a wince of regret in his landlord. He sat down on the porch and lit a strong cigar. His wife did not bother him. She gazed complacently at the flaming foliage opposite, and allowed him to think. Getting impossible things was his business in life, and she had confidence in him.

"I want to rent your entire house for a week," he announced to Uncle Billy a few

minutes later. It had occurred to him that the flood might last longer than they anticipated.

Uncle Billy's eyes twinkled.

"I reckon it kin be did," he allowed. "I reckon a *ho*-tel man's got a right to rent his hull house ary minute."

"Of course he has. How much do you want?"

Uncle Billy had made one mistake in not asking this sort of folks enough, and he reflected in perplexity.

"Make me a offer," he proposed. "Ef it hain't enough I'll tell ye. You want to rent th' hull place, back lot an' all?"

"No, just the mere house. That will be enough," answered the other with a smile. He was on the point of offering a hundred dollars, when he saw the little wrinkles about Mr. Tutt's eyes, and he said seventy-five.

"Sho, ye're jokin'!" retorted Uncle Billy. He had been considered a fine horse-trader in that part of the country. "Make it a hundred and twenty-five, an' I'll go ye."

Mr. Ellsworth counted out some bills.

"Here's a hundred," he said. "That ought to be about right."

"Fifteen more," insisted Uncle Billy.

With a little frown of impatience the other counted off the extra money and handed it over. Uncle Billy gravely handed it back.

"Them's the fifteen dollars Mr. Kamp give me," he explained. "You've got the hull house fer a week, an' o' course, all th' money that's tooken in is your'n. You kin do as ye please about rentin' out rooms to other folks, I reckon. A bargain's a bargain, an' I allus stick to one I make."

V

Ralph Ellsworth stalked among the trees, feverishly searching for squirrels, scarlet leaves, and the glint of a brown walking-dress, this last not being so easy to locate in sunlit autumn woods. Time after time he quickened his pace, only to find that he had been fooled by a patch of dogwood, a clump of haw bushes or even a leaf-strewn knoll, but as last he unmistakably saw the dress, and then he slowed down to a careless saunter.

She was reaching up for some brilliantly-colored maple leaves, and was entirely unconscious of his presence, especially after she had seen him. Her pose showed her pretty figure to advantage, but, of course, she did not know that. How should she?

Ralph admired the picture very much. The hat, the hair, the gown, the dainty shoes, even the narrow strip of silken hose that was revealed as she stood a tip toe, were all of a deep, rich brown that proved an exquisite foil for the pink and cream of her cheeks. He remembered that her eyes were almost the same shade, and wondered how it was that women-folk happened on combinations in dress that so well set off their natural charms. The fool!

He was about three trees away, now, and a panic akin to that which hunters describe as "buck ague" seized him. He decided that he really had no excuse for coming any nearer. It would not do, either, to be seen staring at her if she should happen to turn her head, so he veered off, intending to regain the road. It would be impossible to do this without passing directly in her range of vision, and he did not intend to try to avoid it. He had a fine, manly figure of his own.

He had just passed the nearest radius to her circle and was proceeding along the tangent that he had laid out for himself, when the unwitting maid looked carefully down and saw a tangle of roots at her very feet. She was so unfortunate, a second later, as to slip her foot in this very tangle and give her ankle ever so slight a twist.

"Oh!" cried Miss Van Kamp, and Ralph Ellsworth flew to the rescue. He had not been noticing her at all, and yet he had started to her side before she had even cried out, which was strange. She had a very attractive voice.

"May I be of assistance?" he anxiously inquired.

"I think not, thank you," she replied, compressing her lips to keep back the intolerable pain, and half-closing her eyes to show the fine lashes. Declining the proffered help, she extricated her foot, picked up her autumn branches, and turned away. She was intensely averse to anything that could be construed as a flirtation, even of the mildest, he could certainly see that. She took a step, swayed slightly, dropped the leaves, and clutched out her hand to him.

"It is nothing," she assured him in a moment, withdrawing the hand after he had held it quite long enough. "Nothing whatever. I gave my foot a slight wrench, and turned the least bit faint for a moment."

"You must permit me to walk back, at least to the road, with you," he insisted, gathering up her arm-load of branches.

"I couldn't think of leaving you here alone."

As he stooped to raise the gay woodland treasures he smiled to himself, ever so slightly. This was not *his* first season out, either.

"Delightful spot, isn't it?" he observed as they regained the road and sauntered in the direction of the Tutt House.

"Quite so," she reservedly answered. She had noticed that smile as he stooped. He must be snubbed a little. It would be so good for him.

"You don't happen to know Billy Evans, of Boston, do you?" he asked.

"I think not. I am but very little acquainted in Boston."

"Too bad," he went on. "I was rather in hopes you knew Billy. All sorts of a splendid fellow, and knows everybody."

"Not quite, it seems," she reminded him, and he winced at the error. In spite of the sly smile that he had permitted to himself, he was unusually interested.

He tried the weather, the flood, the accident, golf, books and three good, substantial, warranted jokes, but the conversation lagged in spite of him. Miss Van Kamp would not for the world have it understood that this unconventional meeting, made allowable by her wrenched ankle, could possibly fulfill the functions of a formal introduction.

"What a ripping, queer old building that is!" he exclaimed, making one more brave effort as they came in sight of the hotel.

"It is, rather," she assented. "The rooms in it are as quaint and delightful as the exterior, too."

She looked as harmless and innocent as a basket of peaches as she said it, and never the suspicion of a smile deepened the dimple in the cheek toward him. The smile was glowing cheerfully away inside, though. He could feel it, if he could not see it, and he laughed aloud.

"Your crowd rather got the better of us there," he admitted with the keen appreciation of one still quite close to college days.

"Of course, the mater is furious, but I rather look on it as a lark."

She thawed like an April icicle.

"It's perfectly jolly," she laughed with him. "Awfully selfish of us, too, I know, but such loads of fun."

They were close to the Tutt House now, and her limp, that had entirely disappeared as they emerged from the woods, now became quite perceptible. There might be people looking out of the windows, though it is hard to see why that should affect a limp.

Ralph was delighted to find that a thaw had set in, and he made one more attempt to establish at least a proxy acquaintance.

"You don't happen to know Peyson Kingsley, of Philadelphia, do you?"

"I'm afraid I don't," she replied. "I know so few Philadelphia people, you see." She was rather regretful about it this time. He really was a clever sort of a fellow, in spite of that smile.

The center window in the second floor of the Tutt House swung open, its little squares of glass flashing jubilantly in the sunlight. Mrs. Ellsworth leaned out over the sill, from the quaint old sitting-room of the *Van Kamp apartments!*

"Oh, Ralph!" she called in her most dulcet tones. "Kindly excuse yourself and come right on up to our suite for a few moments!"

VI

It is not nearly so easy to take a practical joke as to perpetrate one. Evelyn was sitting thoughtfully on the porch when her father and mother returned. Mrs. Ellsworth was sitting at the center window above, placidly looking out. Her eyes swept carelessly over the Van Kamps, and unconcernedly passed on to the rest of the landscape.

Mrs. Van Kamp gasped and clutched the arm of her husband. There was no need. He, too, had seen the apparition. Evelyn now, for the first time, saw the real humor of the situation. She smiled as she thought of Ralph. She owed him one, but she never worried about her debts. She always managed to get them paid, principal and interest.

Mr. Van Kamp suddenly glowered and strode into the Tutt House. Uncle Billy met him at the door, reflectively chewing a straw, and handed him an envelope. Mr. Van Kamp tore it open and drew out a note. Three five-dollar bills came out with it and fluttered to the porch floor. This missive confronted him:

Mr. J. Belmont Van Kamp.

Dear Sir:—This is to notify you that I have rented the entire Tutt House, for the ensuing week, and am compelled to assume possession of the three second-floor front rooms. Herewith I am enclosing the fifteen dollars you paid to secure the suite. You are quite welcome to make use, as my guest, of the small room over the kitchen. You will find your luggage in that room. Regretting

any inconvenience that this transaction may cause you, I am

Yours Respectfully,
EDWARD EASTMAN ELLSWORTH.

Mr. Van Kamp passed the note to his wife and sat down on a large chair. He was glad that the chair was comfortable and roomy. Evelyn picked up the bills and tucked them into her waist. She never overlooked any of her perquisites. Mrs. Van Kamp read the note, and the tip of her nose became white. She also sat down, but she was the first to find her voice.

"Atrocious!" she exclaimed. "Atrocious! Simply atrocious, Belmont. This is a house of public entertainment. They *can't* turn us out in this high-minded manner! Isn't there a law or something to that effect?"

"It wouldn't matter if there was," he thoughtfully replied. "This fellow Ellsworth would be too clever to be caught by it. He would say that the house was not a hotel but a private residence during the period for which he has rented it."

Personally, he rather admired Ellsworth. Seemed to be a resourceful sort of chap who knew how to make money behave itself, and do its little tricks without balking in the harness.

"Then you can make him take down the sign!" his wife declared.

He shook his head decidedly.

"It wouldn't do, Belle," he replied. "It would be spite, not retaliation, and not at all sportsmanlike. The course you suggest would belittle us more than it would annoy them. There must be some other way."

He went in to talk with Uncle Billy.

"I want to buy this place," he stated. "Is it for sale?"

"It sartin is!" replied Uncle Billy. He did not merely twinkle this time. He grinned.

"How much?"

"Three thousand dollars." Mr. Tutt was used to charging by this time, and he betrayed no hesitation.

"I'll write you out a check at once," and Mr. Van Kamp reached in his pocket with the reflection that the spot, after all, was an ideal one for a quiet summer retreat.

"Air you a goin' t'scribble that there three thousan' on a piece o' paper?" inquired Uncle Billy, sitting bolt upright. "Ef you air a figgerin' on that, Mr. Kamp, jis' you save yore time. I give a man four dollars fer one o' them check things oncet, an' I owe myself them four dollars yit."

Mr. Van Kamp retired in disorder, but the thought of his wife and daughter waiting confidently on the porch stopped him. Moreover, the thing had resolved itself rather into a contest between Ellsworth and himself, and he had done a little making and breaking of men and things in his own time. He did some Gatling-gun thinking out by the newel-post, and presently rejoined Uncle Billy.

"Mr. Tutt, tell me just exactly what Mr. Ellsworth rented, please," he requested.

"Th' hull house," replied Billy, and then he somewhat sternly added: "Paid me spot cash fer it, too."

Mr. Van Kamp took a wad of loose bills from his trousers pocket, straightened them out leisurely, and placed them in his bill book, along with some smooth yellowbacks of eye-bulging denominations. Uncle Billy sat up and stopped twiddling his thumbs.

"Nothing was said about the furniture, was there?" suavely inquired Van Kamp.

Uncle Billy leaned blankly back in his chair. Little by little the light dawned on the ex-horse-trader. The crow's feet reappeared about his eyes, his mouth twitched, he smiled, he grinned, then he slapped his thigh and haw-hawed.

"No!" roared Uncle Billy. "No, there wasn't, by gum!"

"Nothing but the house?"

"His very own words!" chuckled Uncle Billy. "'Jis' th' mere house,' says he, an' he gits it. A bargain's a bargain, an' I allus stick to one I make."

"How much for the furniture for the week?"

"Fifty dollars!" Mr. Tutt knew how to do business with this kind of people now, you bet.

Mr. Van Kamp promptly counted out the money.

"Drat it!" commented Uncle Billy to himself. "I could a got more!"

"Now, where can we make ourselves comfortable with this furniture?"

Uncle Billy chirked up. All was not yet lost.

"Wall," he reflectively drawled, "there's th' new barn. It hain't been used for nothin' yit, senct I built it two years ago. I jis' hadn't th' heart t'put th' critters in it as long as th' ole one stood up."

The other smiled at this flash-light on Uncle Billy's character, and they went out to look at the barn.

VII

Uncle Billy came back from the "Tutt House Annex," as Mr. Van Kamp dubbed the barn, with enough more money to make him love all the world until he got used to having it. Uncle Billy belongs to a large family.

Mr. Van Kamp joined the women on the porch, and explained the attractively novel situation to them. They were chatting gaily when the Ellsworths came down the stairs. Mr. Ellsworth paused for a moment to exchange a word with Uncle Billy.

"Mr. Tutt," said he laughing, "if we go for a bit of exercise will you guarantee us the possession of our rooms when we come back?"

"Yes-sir-ree!" Uncle Billy assured him. "They shan't nobody take them rooms away from you fer money, marbles, ner chalk. A bargain's a bargain, an' I allus stick to one I make," and he virtuously took a chew of tobacco while he inspected the afternoon sky with a clear conscience.

"I want to get some of those splendid autumn leaves to decorate our cozy apartments," Mrs. Ellsworth told her husband as they passed in hearing of the Van Kamps. "Do you know those old-time rag-rugs are the most oddly decorative effects that I have ever seen. They are so rich in color and so exquisitely blended."

There were reasons why this poisoned arrow failed to rankle, but the Van Kamps did not trouble to explain. They were waiting for Ralph to come out and join his parents. Ralph, it seemed however, had decided not to take a walk. He had already fatigued himself, he had explained, and his mother had favored him with a significant look. She could readily believe him, she had assured him, and had then left him in scorn.

The Van Kamps went out to consider the arrangement of the barn. Evelyn returned first and came out on the porch to find a handkerchief. It was not there, but Ralph was. She was very much surprised to see him, and she intimated as much.

"It's dreadfully damp in the woods," he explained. "By the way, you don't happen to know the Whitleys, of Washington, do you? Most excellent people."

"I'm quite sorry that I do not," she replied. "But you will have to excuse me. We shall be kept very busy with arranging our apartments."

Ralph sprang to his feet with a ludicrous expression.

"Not the second floor front suite!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no! Not at all," she reassured him.

He laughed lightly.

"Honors are about even in that game," he said.

"Evelyn," called her mother from the hall. "Please come and take those front suite curtains down to the barn."

"Pardon me while we take the next trick," remarked Evelyn with a laugh quite as light and gleeful as his own, and disappeared into the hall.

He followed her slowly, and was met at the door by her father.

"You are the younger Mr. Ellsworth, I believe," politely said Mr. Van Kamp.

"Ralph Ellsworth. Yes, sir."

"Here is a note for your father. It is unsealed. You are quite at liberty to read it."

Mr. Van Kamp bowed himself away, and Ralph opened the note, which read:

Edward Eastman Ellsworth, Esq.

Dear Sir:—This is to notify you that I have rented the entire furniture of the Tutt House for the ensuing week, and am compelled to assume possession of that in the three second floor front rooms, as well as all the balance not in actual use by Mr. and Mrs. Tutt and the driver of the stage. You are quite welcome, however, to make use of the furnishings in the small room over the kitchen. Your luggage you will find undisturbed. Regretting any inconvenience that this transaction may cause you, I remain

Yours Respectfully,

J. Belmont Van Kamp.

Ralph scratched his head in amused perplexity. It devolved upon him to even up the affair a little before his mother came back. He must support the family reputation for resourcefulness, but it took quite a bit of scalp irritation before he aggravated the right idea into being. As soon as the idea came, he went in and made a hide-bound bargain with Uncle Billy, then he went out into the hall and waited until Evelyn came down with a huge arm-load of window curtains.

"Honors are still even," he remarked. "I have just bought all the edibles about the place, whether in the cellar, the house or any of the surrounding structures, in the ground, above the ground, dead or alive, and a bargain's a bargain as between man and man."

"Clever of you, I'm sure," commented Miss Van Kamp, reflectively. Suddenly her lips parted with a smile that revealed a double row of most beautiful teeth. He meditatively watched the curve of her lips.

"Isn't that rather a heavy load?" he suggested. "I'd be delighted to help you move the things, don't you know."

"It is quite kind of you, and what the men would call 'game,' I believe, under the circumstances," she answered, "but really it will not be necessary. We have hired Mr. Tutt and the driver to do the heavier part of the work, and the rest of it will be really a pleasant diversion."

"No doubt," agreed Ralph, with an appreciative grin. "By the way, you don't happen to know Maud and Dorothy Partridge, of Baltimore, do you? Stunning pretty girls, both of them, and no end of swells."

"I know so very few people in Baltimore," she murmured, and tripped on down to the barn.

Ralph went out on the porch and smoked. There was nothing else that he could do.

VIII

It was growing dusk when the elder Ellsworth returned, almost hidden by great masses of autumn boughs.

"You should have been with us, Ralph," enthusiastically said his mother. "I never saw such gorgeous tints in all my life. We have brought nearly the entire woods with us."

"It was a good idea," said Ralph. "A stunning good idea. They may come in handy to sleep on."

Mrs. Ellsworth turned cold.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Ralph," sternly demanded his father, "you don't mean to tell us that you let the Van Kamps jockey us out of those rooms after all?"

"Indeed no," he airily responded. "Just come right on up and see."

He led the way into the suite and struck a match. One solitary candle had been left upon the mantel shelf. Ralph thought that this had been overlooked, but his mother afterwards set him right about that. Mrs. Van Kamp had cleverly left it so that the Ellsworths could see how dreadfully bare the place was. One candle in three rooms is drearier than darkness anyhow.

Mrs. Ellsworth took in all the desolation, the dismal expanse of the now enormous apartments, the shabby walls, the hideous bright spots where pictures had hung, the splintered flooring, the great, gaunt windows — and she gave in. She had met with snub after snub, and cut after cut, in her social climb, she had had the cook quit in the middle of an important dinner, she had had every disconcerting thing possible happen to her, but this — this was the last *bale* of straw. She sat down on a suit case, in the middle of the biggest room, and cried!

Ralph, having waited for this, now told about the food transaction, and she hastily pushed the last-coming tear back into her eye.

"Good!" she cried. "They will be up here soon. They will be compelled to compromise, and they must not find me with red eyes."

She cast a hasty glance around the room, then, in a sudden panic seized the candle and explored the other two. She went wildly out into the hall, back into the little room over the kitchen, down-stairs, everywhere, and returned in consternation.

"There's not a single mirror left in the house!" she moaned.

Ralph heartlessly grinned. He could appreciate that this was a characteristic woman trick, and wondered admiringly whether Evelyn or her mother had thought of it. However, this was a time for action.

"I'll get you some water to bathe your eyes," he offered, and ran into the little room over the kitchen to get a pitcher. A cracked shaving-mug was the only vessel that had been left, but he hurried down into the yard with it. This was no time for fastidiousness.

He had barely creaked the pump handle when Mr. Van Kamp hurried up from the barn.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Van Kamp, "but this water belongs to us. My daughter bought it, all that is in the ground, above the ground, or that may fall from the sky upon these premises."

IX

The mutual siege lasted until after seven o'clock, but it was rather one-sided. The Van Kamps could drink all the water they liked, it made them no hungrier. If the Ellsworths ate anything, however, they grew thirstier, and, moreover, water was necessary if anything worth while was to be cooked. They knew all this, and resisted until Mrs. Ellsworth was tempted and fell. She ate a sandwich and choked. It was heartbreaking, but Ralph

had to be sent down with a plate of sandwiches and an offer to trade them for water.

Half way between the pump and the house he met Evelyn coming with a small pail of the precious fluid. They both stopped stock still; then, seeing that it was too late to retreat, both laughed and advanced.

"Who wins now?" bantered Ralph as they made the exchange.

"It looks to me like a misdeal," she gaily replied, and was moving away when he called her back.

"You don't happen to know the Gately's, of New York, do you?" he was quite anxious to know.

"I am truly sorry, but I am acquainted with so few people in New York. We are from Chicago, you know."

"Oh," said he blankly, and took the water up to the Ellsworth suite.

Mrs. Ellsworth cheered up considerably when she heard that Ralph had been met half way, but her eyes snapped when he confessed that it was Miss Van Kamp who had met him.

"I hope you are not going to carry on a flirtation with that over-dressed creature," she blazed.

"Why mother," exclaimed Ralph, shocked beyond measure. "What right have you to accuse either this young lady or myself of flirting? Flirting!"

Mrs. Ellsworth suddenly attacked the fire with quite unnecessary energy.

X

Down at the barn, the wide threshing floor had been covered with gay rag-rugs, and strewn with tables, couches, and chairs in picturesque profusion. Roomy box-stalls had been carpeted deep with clean straw, curtained off with gaudy bed-quilts, and converted into cozy sleeping apartments. The mow and the stalls had been screened off with lace curtains and blazing counterpanes, and the whole effect was one of Oriental luxury and splendor. Alas, it was only an "effect!" The red-hot parlor stove smoked abominably, and the pipe carried other smoke out through the hay-mow window, only to let it blow back again. Chill cross-draughts whistled in from cracks too numerous to be stopped up, and the miserable Van Kamps could only cough and shiver, and envy the Tutts and the driver, non-combatants who had been fed two hours before.

Up in the second floor suite there was a roaring fire in the big fireplace, but there was a chill in the room that no mere fire could drive away — the chill of absolute emptiness.

A man can outlive hardships that would kill a woman, but a woman can endure discomforts that would drive a man crazy.

Mr. Ellsworth went out to hunt up Uncle Billy, with an especial solace in mind. The landlord was not in the house, but the yellow gleam of a lantern revealed his presence in the woodshed, and Mr. Ellsworth stepped in upon him just as he was pouring something yellow and clear into a tumbler from a big jug that he had just taken from under the flooring.

"How much do you want for that jug and its contents?" he asked, with a sigh of gratitude that this supply had been overlooked.

Before Mr. Tutt could answer, Mr. Van Kamp hurried in at the door.

"Wait a moment!" he cried. "I want to bid on that!"

"This here jug hain't fer sale at no price," Uncle Billy emphatically announced, nipping all negotiations right in the bud. "It's too pesky hard to sneak this here licker in past Marge't, but I reckon it's my treat, gents. Ye kin have all ye want."

One minute later Mr. Van Kamp and Mr. Ellsworth were seated, one on a saw-buck and the other on a nail-keg, comfortably eyeing each other across the work bench, and each was holding up a tumbler one-third filled with the golden yellow liquid.

"Your health, sir," courteously proposed Mr. Ellsworth.

"And to you, sir," gravely replied Mr. Van Kamp.

XI

Ralph and Evelyn happened to meet at the pump, quite accidentally, after the former had made half a dozen five-minute-apart trips for a drink. It was Miss Van Kamp, this time, who had been studying on the mutual acquaintance problem.

"You don't happen to know the Tylers, of Parkersburg, do you?" she asked.

"The Tylers! I should say I do!" was the unexpected and enthusiastic reply. "Why, we are on our way now to Miss Georgiana Tyler's wedding to my friend Jimmy Carston. I'm to be best man."

"How delightful!" she exclaimed. "We are on the way there, too. Georgiana was my dearest chum at school, and I am to be her 'best girl'."

"Let's go around on the porch and sit down," said Ralph.

XII

Mr. Van Kamp, back in the woodshed, looked about him with an eye of content.

"Rather cozy for a woodshed," he observed. "I wonder if we couldn't scare up a little session of dollar limit?"

Both Uncle Billy and Mr. Ellsworth were willing. Death and poker level all Americans. A fourth hand was needed, however. The stage driver was in bed and asleep, and Mr. Ellsworth volunteered to find the extra player.

"I'll get Ralph," he said. "He plays a fairly stiff game."

He finally found his son on the porch, apparently alone, and stated his errand.

"Thank you, but I don't believe I care to play this evening," was the astounding reply, and Mr. Ellsworth looked closer. He made out, then, a dim figure on the other side of Ralph.

"Oh! Of course not!" he blundered, and went back to the woodshed.

Three-handed poker is a miserable game, and it seldom lasts long. It did not in this case. After Uncle Billy had won the only jack-pot deserving of the name, he was allowed to go blissfully to sleep with his hand on the handle of the big jug.

After poker there is only one other always available amusement for men, and that is business. The two travelers were quite well acquainted when Ralph put his head in at the door.

"Thought I'd find you here," he explained. "It just occurred to me to wonder whether you gentlemen had discovered, as yet, that we are all to be house guests at the Carston-Tyler wedding."

"Why, no!" exclaimed his father in pleased surprise. "It is a most agreeable coincidence. Mr. Van Kamp, allow me to introduce my son, Ralph. Mr. Van Kamp and myself, Ralph, have found out that we shall be considerably thrown together in a business way from now on. He has just purchased control of the Metropolitan and Western string of Interurbans."

"Delighted, I'm sure," murmured Ralph, shaking hands, and then he slipped out as quickly as possible. Some one seemed to be waiting for him.

Perhaps another twenty minutes had passed, when one of the men had an illuminating idea that resulted, later on, in pleasant relations for all of them. It was about time, for Mrs. Ellsworth, up in the bare suite, and Mrs. Van Kamp, down in the draughty barn, both wrapped up to the chin and both still chilly, had about reached the limit of patience and endurance.

"Why can't we make things a little more comfortable for all concerned?" suggested Mr. Van Kamp. "Suppose, as a starter, that we have Mrs. Van Kamp give a shiver party down in the barn?"

"Good idea," agreed Mr. Ellsworth. "A little diplomacy will do it. Each one of us will have to tell his wife that the other fellow made the first abject overtures."

Mr. Van Kamp grinned understandingly, and agreed to the infamous ruse.

"By the way," continued Mr. Ellsworth, with a still happier thought, "you must allow Mrs. Ellsworth to furnish the dinner for Mrs. Van Kamp's shiver party.

"Dinner!" gasped Mr. Van Kamp. "By all means!"

Both men felt an anxious yawning in the region of the appetite, and a yearning moisture wetted their tongues. They looked at the slumbering Uncle Billy and decided to see Mrs. Tutt themselves about a good, hot dinner for six.

"Law me!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret when they appeared at the kitchen door. "I swan I thought you folks 'ud never come to yore senses. Here I've had a big pot o' stewed chicken ready on the stove fer two mortal hours. I kin give ye that, an' smashed taters an' chicken gravy, an' dried corn, an' hot corn-pone, an' currant jell, an' strawberry preserves, an' my own cannin' o' peaches, an' pumpkin-pie an' coffee. Will that do ye?" Would it *do! Would* it do!!

As Aunt Margaret talked, the kitchen door swung wide, and the two men were stricken speechless with astonishment. There, across from each other at the kitchen table, sat the utterly selfish and traitorous younger members of the rival houses of Ellsworth and Van Kamp, deep in the joys of chicken, and mashed potatoes, and gravy, and hot corn-pone, and all the other "fixings," laughing and chatting gaily like chums of years' standing. They had seemingly just come to an agreement about something or other, for Evelyn, waving the shorter end of a broken wish-bone, was vivaciously saying to Ralph:

"A bargain's a bargain, and I always stick to one I make."

MISS TARBELL'S NEW SERIES

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE July number of McClure's Magazine will contain the first instalment of Miss Tarbell's character sketch of John D. Rockefeller. We present this study to our readers for reasons analogous to those which influenced us in publishing Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company." As that work offered a convincing illustration of the ambitions and practices of the model trust aiming at monopoly, so this sketch presents a clear analysis of the character of the man who founded that trust and has led it to its present position. Just as The History of the Standard was based on documentary evidence accessible to the public, so this character study is based on records of Mr. Rockefeller's business and private life open to any student or observer.

We believe this analysis of Mr. Rockefeller's character is particularly important at this juncture. It is not too much to say that he is the founder of a School of Business which is on trial to-day by the people. It may be true that he has invented none of the principles and practices which distinguish this school, but he has collected and correlated and enforced these principles and practices in a way before unheard of and given to them an efficiency before undreamed of. The growing influence of this school is evident to the most casual observer. The menace it carries with it to individual opportunity and commercial integrity is no longer seriously debated. Mr. Rockefeller is not only the founder and the chief beneficiary of this powerful commercial system, he is our present most liberal supporter of Christian Education, Christian Charity, the Christian Church. His contributions cannot but be a powerful defense of his business school. For the works of a man's life stand together. They cannot be separated. It is the intimate and intricate relation of the Rockefeller Business Code with the Rockefeller Religious Code that makes it imperative that the public study the man and his influence. We publish Miss Tarbell's character sketch because we believe it will materially aid our readers to form a clear opinion of the ethical influence of the kind of man of which John D. Rockefeller is our most illustrious type.

TYPHOID: AN UNNECESSARY EVIL

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "TUBERCULOSIS: THE REAL RACE SUICIDE," "MODERN SURGERY," ETC.

IF tuberculosis is the most imperative problem in public health, typhoid fever is the simplest and the least excusable. Reckoned by mortality it is not one of the highly important infections. Usually, it will be found far down on the list of "causes of death." Nevertheless there are few diseases that lay a heavier burden upon our American communities. Not only is it a long, tedious, and grave illness, often leaving in its wake life-long disabilities, but it is also one of the most expensive of ailments. The average city of 100,000 inhabitants wastes, perhaps, half a million dollars a year on the luxury of having it, and probably a hundred thousand dollars more in efforts to avoid it. That amount of money properly spent would practically eradicate the disease. We have seen it done in the principal European cities; yet with the unprogressiveness in matters of public health which so strangely contrasts with the forwarding American spirit, our cities have continued to poison themselves and each other.

I once heard a distinguished sanitarian say: "Give me a few million dollars and the power to enforce the laws, and I'll make any city in the world typhoid-proof."

Pure water and the equipment to keep it pure was his scheme. It is so simple, so saving of grief, pain, and even of cash, that one wonders why civilization continues to permit a disease that ought to be as nearly obsolete as its distant cousin, typhus.

All typhoid is traceable to polluted water. If, for a year, the world were to stop drinking dilute sewage, typhoid fever would vanish from our vital statistics. Nine-tenths of all infection comes direct from bad water; the other tenth would disappear if the principal cause were eliminated. Infected cities—and nearly all of our large cities are constantly infected—get the disease in one of two ways. They drink water polluted either by themselves or by others. Lake communities drink their own offscourings. Cleveland and Chicago do this. Residents of river municipalities welcome to their warm and hospitable interiors the germs which come down stream to them from diseased cities or rural districts directly infected, above, and having poisoned themselves therewith, pass them on to the waiting settlements further along the current. Pittsburg, Washington, and Philadelphia are notable in this large and growing class.

Pittsburg, Home of Typhoid

First place is easily Pittsburg's. It regularly delivers over more of its citizens to the avid typhoid germ per capita than any other city in the United States, though some aspiring receptacle for bacilli, like Wheeling, W. Va., may take advantage of local conditions and wrest the banner from Pittsburg for some particular year. Since 1900 Pittsburg's typhoid death-rate per 100,000 inhabitants has varied between 124 and 144. By way of comparison, let us consider a foreign city of about the same size, obtaining its water under the same conditions. Dresden, drawing water from the dirty Elbe, has a typhoid death-rate of 4 per 100,000. This contrast is worth consideration: Dresden 4 per 100,000; Pittsburg 124-144 per 100,000. Thus it appears that Pittsburg wastes only from thirty-one to thirty-six times as many lives as need be given to the "modern Minotaur," as Osler terms this disease.

Whence the disparity? Easily answered. The German city being situated on a huge natural sewer, purifies the water it draws from that sewer; the American city, similarly situated, gulps down the sewage just as it comes. Pittsburg draws its water supply from two sources of equal contamination;

the Alleghany and the Monongahela Rivers. Typhoid is always present on both thickly populated watersheds. Pittsburg receives this water through intakes above the city, and distributes it, unpurified, with all its bacilli in good working order. There is a pleasant theory widely and warmly endorsed by various boards of health that "running water purifies itself in seven miles" or ten miles, or fifteen miles, or a comfortable number of miles less than the nearest source of contamination up-stream from the particular board which furnishes the figures. This I shall take up later. At present I mention it only because I encountered its familiar accents so often in Pittsburg. In fourteen years typhoid fever has claimed 6,000 victims in the city, practically all traceable directly to the water supply. Still, this theory of purification by running water must be a comfort to the survivors; otherwise they wouldn't cling to it so fervently.

Sometimes they don't even have to import their infection there. An investigating visitor to Pittsburg was once taken by a minor official down to the Alleghany to locate the old intake just then being used because the main intake was out of order. It was between two populous portions of Pittsburg and Alleghany. Near it a large sewer was discharging. The sewer drained the West Pennsylvania Hospital. There were then twenty-seven cases of typhoid in the hospital, and several more under suspicion. It was no great shock to the visitor to discover later, that the district supplied by the intake had profited by the free distribution of bacilli to the extent of a twenty-five per cent rise in its typhoid rate for the succeeding month.

The disease, locally, runs parallel to industrial prosperity or depression; when business is good, typhoid rates boom; when business is poor, the figures dwindle. The explanation is simple: all new-comers to Pittsburg get typhoid. It's as much a matter of course as a child's having the measles. Therefore, influx of population, which follows a wave of industrial prosperity, is invariably reflected in the health records.

Bottled Fever For Sale

The old resident is pretty likely to be immune. As a rule he drinks bottled water, however, perhaps from motives of cleanliness. That this is not an absolute safeguard is illustrated by the following incident. A physician found a sudden outbreak of typhoid in a residence district where the rate had been low. Nearly all his patients declared that they religiously eschewed the municipality's water. Most of them were buying their supply from a local dealer. To the dealer went the physician.

"Where do you get this water you sell?"

"Right on my own premises. It's a spring."

He took the doctor to his house, which was in a district where there had been and still was a great deal of typhoid, and pointed out a bubbling outpour from his cellar.

"There you are," he said triumphantly. "Clear and pure as crystal."

"Yes; it looks all right," said the other. "I'll take some."

He applied the bacteriological test to his sample. It was alive with bacilli. That dealer was selling bottled typhoid. Investigation showed that the water had seeped through from a break in an adjacent sewer. In the process it had been filtered just enough to make it look and taste all right without eliminating any of its poisonous qualities. The dealer refused to wall up the spring; but when the sewer was mended the flow ceased.

Some day Pittsburg will have good water. It is spending seven millions and a half on a filtration plant that ought to have been completed this spring, and will probably be finished in 1908, now that the work is proceeding under adequate management. Had the present controlling board been in power since the inception of the project in 1896, the plant might well have been completed in half the time. But there were many delays; a political upheaval unsettled all municipal administration, and every important question of public policy became a battle-ground of faction; the estimated cost of the work was regarded as excessive, and an association of tax-payers procured an injunction stopping the work until adequate funds had been specifically provided. Then came a period of inaction, while victims died at the rate of 500 a year, and while, allowing 4,000 recovered cases a year, the Pittsburgers were paying out at a moderate estimate, $2,000,000 per annum for the luxury of having typhoid. The $7,500,000 investment will probably be one of the most effective money-saving devices ever put into operation. But you can't convince the average Pittsburger to-day that

he isn't being woefully oppressed with a needless tax.*

A Triumph of Filtration

What guarantee is there that filtration of Pittsburg water will save lives and suffering? One need look no further than Philadelphia for the answer. Two rivers supply the city with water, the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Five pumping stations in the Schuylkill deliver into Philadelphia reservoirs the drainage of a forty-mile stretch of territory of almost continuous cities, towns, and villages interestingly diversified by frequent slaughter-houses, tanneries and other forms of industry which enrich the stream with their waste. Few known natural liquids can compare with Schuylkill River water as a fertilizing agency. The Delaware's current is a much weaker solution when it reaches Philadelphia, but the great city pours an enormous mass of sewage into it, and it often happens that the backwater pushes this up into the intakes. Then (not to put too fine a point upon it) the Quaker City drinks at its dinner-tables the water in which it took its morning bath.

For many years Philadelphia swallowed drainage, and accepted its typhoid rate as inevitable. Then it woke up and set about building a huge filtration plant. With the ingenious and persistent jobbery which has increased the cost of that project to something like thirty per cent more than it should be, I have no concern here; better have it "jobbed" than not have it at all. When the first department of the filtration plant was put into operation, it furnished a district of 46,000 population in West Philadelphia. Out of the first twenty-four weeks (beginning June 10, 1904), there were thirteen weeks in which not a single case of typhoid was reported from the filtration area. In the same twenty-four weeks, the rest of West Philadelphia (population 100,000) reported from two to twenty cases per week. October is reckoned a "typhoid month" in Philadelphia. Last October three hundred and twenty-five cases were reported in the city at large, not one of which came from the district supplied with filtered water.

More definite still is the case of Lawrence, Mass., which for many years enjoyed the benefit of all the scourings of Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Fitchburg, Lowell, and other settlements aggregating upward of a quarter of a million people. It was all right, said the experts, water purifies itself; and by the time the Merrimac River had traveled from the Lowell sewers to the Lawrence intake (a distance of nine miles) all the bacilli had dropped out, or died, or settled on the shores — anyway, they had ceased to become a danger, said the learned. Some pernicious person with a low-minded disregard for theories, unearthed an uncomfortable parallel between typhoid in Lowell and typhoid in Lawrence. It appeared, as if in despite of the theorists, that whenever the up-stream city developed a great deal of typhoid (contributed, probably, by cities still further above) the lower town slavishly followed with a corresponding increase. In 1890, when Lowell's death-rate was 170 per 100,000, Lawrence's swelled to 134. The next year the up-stream city dropped to about 100, and the down current settlement went to 119; while in '92 another slight reduction above resulted in a drop to 106 below. By this time Lawrence had got tired of Lowell's typhoid, even though the supply was diminishing. It put in a filtration plant in '93. In the first year the rate dropped to 48, and has been going down ever since. Lawrence's experience seems to have converted Lowell, for in 1896 the feed gate from the Merrimac River was closed "we trust forever," the Health Department feelingly writes, and a driven-well supply substituted for the Concord-Manchester-Nashua sewer extract. Perhaps it costs a little more, but the seventy-five per cent reduction in typhoid much more than makes up the expense.

Some Disease-Drinking Cities

One more instance out of scores that might be cited of the self-purification of water theory gone wrong. In August, 1904, Mt. Savage, Md., had an epidemic of one hundred cases of typhoid. Drainage from this settlement finds its way into the Potomac, about a hundred miles above the intake which supplies the city of Washington with drinking water and typhoid infection. The District of Columbia Board of Health has no illusions about purification on the part of the Potomac; experience has taught it otherwise. It sent out special appeals to boil all drinking water. Undoubtedly the appeals

* It must not be inferred that the ordinary house-filter will protect against typhoid bacilli. Municipal filtration is an elaborate process which not only cleanses the water of dirt, but also eradicates, by a method too complex for explanation here, practically all bacterial life.

had some effect; but about the time that the Mt. Savage typhoids became convalescent, the records in Washington jumped from three or four a day to twenty and twenty-two a day, and the figures remained up until that little transmitted epidemic had run its course. The health authorities have succeeded in getting all public schools to boil the drinking water, and have used all their powers of persuasion on the general public. In this they have been consistently opposed by one of the leading newspapers of Washington, which, for some inexplicable reason, has systematically devoted itself to the interests of high mortality, by editorial derision of this safeguard. However, the nation's capital will soon have its filtration plant in working order. Then the Board of Health, which is hampered by congressional indifference and lack of appropriation, can turn its attention to the infection-breeding outhouses of the negro quarters, which make the most outwardly beautiful of American municipalities one of the foulest beneath the surface.

Much the same story of water-poisoning could be told of other cities showing various death-rates: Louisville and Cincinnati, which take their water unfiltered from the foul Ohio; Baltimore, which drinks whatever comes to it from a local watershed; Troy which is content with Hudson River water; Indianapolis, which permits a private water company to befoul its supply with sewage from the unappetizing White River; Kansas City, which claims to have a low typhoid-rate although its water supply is direct from the dirty Missouri; Minneapolis and St. Louis, whose intakes suck down the sewage of the Mississippi; New Orleans, which used to drink Mississippi water but now prefers (and wisely, as choosing the lesser of two evils), the scourings of its own roofs, drawn from private cisterns, unfiltered and unpurified; Grand Rapids, which varies between a drainage-polluted supply from the Grand River, and a vault-contaminated supply from private wells; and many other filth-consuming centers of population

St. Louis now has an interesting suit against Chicago for pollution of the water. Chicago, having tired of draining into Lake Michigan whence its water supply comes, now sewers into the great drainage canal which joins the Mississippi River above St. Louis. St. Louis's claim is that enough bacilli survive the trip of some 350 miles to poison its water. Of course, it backs this up with figures, showing a marked increase in typhoid since the use of the canal. The method used in this estimate is interesting as showing how elastic typhoid statistics are. When preparations for the suit were being made, the St. Louis Board of Health sent out a communication to the local physicians, to the effect that many cases of typhoid were being reported as malarial fever, and urging special care in this respect. Hitherto the board had been only too willing to accept malarial fever reports; they wanted a low typhoid-rate, "for the good repute of the city." Now they wanted a high one, and they got it. Malaria dropped off, and typhoid went up twenty-five per cent. The suit will cost both cities millions of dollars before it is over; but however it comes out, the whole country will profit by it if the principle is established that no city has the right to poison the water-supply of its neighbors.

Cleveland — a City Poisoning Itself

To prevent a city from poisoning itself will be, perhaps, more difficult. Cleveland has this habit. Lake Erie is its natural drinking trough. But Lake Erie is a shallow lake with considerable current, which drains a large and pretty well populated territory. Moreover, Cleveland itself pollutes the water, both directly and through the Cuyahoga River. Part of the city is not sewered at all. The accumulated refuse from this area is dumped into the lake. By the terms of the contract, no dumping is permitted nearer than ten miles from the city. Early in 1903 there was a marked rise in fever records. Contamination of the water was reported from the tests. Accustomed to the scourge of this disease the city authorities were content to do nothing more than warn people against drinking unboiled water, but fortunately the local "sensational" newspaper became interested. By the way, "yellow journalism" so-called is to-day the greatest non-professional force we have toward better health conditions in our cities, a statement which, I believe, most health officials will confirm. The Cleveland *Press* chartered a tug to follow the dumping contractor's scows. On April 23d, scows were discovered discharging night-soil four miles within the limit, and five hundred feet from the shore line. About four hundred cases of typhoid were then in progress. Taking this as a test case, an investigation was instituted

at which testimony was given by the tug crews that the scows often dumped within a mile of the city. This, of course, to save coal and time. In a spasm of righteous wrath the authorities punished that contractor — by taking away his contract. Possibly it was all that could be done; but if he had exploded a dynamite bomb on the most crowded corner in the city he would have killed fewer people than by his secret distribution of poisonous filth.

In sanitary matters, Cleveland presents a spectacle of general incompetency. Health Officer Friedrich, is a hard-working, conscientious, and discouraged man. With the best of purposes, he seems unable to get anything done against the official and public inertia that surrounds him. It is not his fault that his board produces vital statistics which nobody believes. He can't get even typhoid reports, and typhoid is locally regarded as the most important consideration in the roster of diseases. When I last visited Cleveland, I called on four physicians who had been recommended to me as specialists on this subject. To them I put this test question:

"Do the health regulations require physicians to report typhoid?"

Three of the four didn't know; the fourth wasn't certain without looking it up. For their benefit I will answer the question. The regulations do so require. Furthermore a penalty is provided for failure to report. But I do not think they are in any danger of incurring the penalty. Disregard of the law is too common in the profession. Even in fatal cases there is a great deal of misreporting. Owing to the long-continued prevalence, typhoid is an unpopular disease in Cleveland; it is regarded as a slur upon the city. Therefore, upon the reports will be found deaths from "enteric fever" (the British name for typhoid) "typhus abdominalis (the German pseudonym) and "typhoid pneumonia," or "pneumo-typhoid" (favorite American aliases). A large percentage of fatal "malaria" cases really belong in the typhoid list. Physicians in the neighboring cities are inclined to reckon Cleveland's typhoid death-rate as from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent, short of the facts.

Table waters cost Cleveland about $300,000 per year. Nobody knows how much typhoid costs the citizens: several millions, at least. An adequate filtration plant could be built for $5,000,000, probably. Health Officer Friedrich has been an ardent advocate of this project; but Cleveland isn't going to build any filter plant at present. It has another scheme on hand, an intercepting sewer, which has taken ten years to build already, will take two or three years more and will have cost $13,000,000 if something doesn't occur to make it cost $15,000,000. Its object is to provide the towns further down the coast with the sewage which now drifts back upon Cleveland, and which will continue to drift back with occasional favoring conditions of wind and water. Also the pumping station will be moved, from time to time, out farther into the lake, until the authorities become convinced (they have already had adequate proof) that the area of pollution will spread almost as fast as they can move their intake. Finally they will build a filter.

Meantime the city drinks its own sewage, in spite of discouragements from the health authorities. Not always discouragements, either; occasionally someone puts in a word on the other side. Dr. R. M. Rosenwasser, who was president pro tem of the health board at a time last year when typhoid was unusually prevalent, said in open meeting:

"I guess the water I've been using right along is the best of all, the lake water, direct from the tap."

In view of conditions at that time, his statement fairly parallels the Washington newspaper's sneers against boiling the drinking supply of the schools, as an incentive to public infection.

For a contrast to its suicidal conservatism, Cleveland need look no further than a few miles, where its neighbor, the enlightened little town of Lorain, stands at the mouth of the Black River. In 1895, Lorain had a higher typhoid death-rate than Cleveland has ever admitted; 121 per 100,000. In 1897 it put in a filter plant and reduced its rate to 24. It has been low ever since, and in one recent "epidemic" when in two months Cleveland had 764 cases *reported* (probably 1,500 actual cases), Lorain's column was clean.

Chicago's Costly Lessons

Of Chicago, one may say that it is at least more advanced than Cleveland — and that is about all! To no city in the country, except Pittsburg, has experience been so dear a teacher; and no city has profited so little

by lessons so costly. In 1891 the death rate from typhoid went up to 172 per 100,000, the highest known record in the history of the disease for a city of the first magnitude. The Lake Michigan water was liquid poison, nor did it act through typhoid alone. The percentage of intestinal troubles, as is the usual case in Chicago, went up synchronously with the typhoid-rate. Later one of the contributing causes for the baneful water was discovered in the public works reports. Economy was then the watchword of the administration. By established political principle, the first retrenchment is always made at the expense of the public health. In order to cover certain defects, and also to make a good showing for the pumping stations, the officials in charge quietly used some of the abandoned water tunnels whose intakes were only from 1,000 to 1,200 feet out from shore where the water was simply filth in various stages of solution. How much was saved in pumping expenses, and how many lives this saving cost, I am unable to say; but it is a safe estimate that the mere cost of the resultant illness and death, without reckoning the economic value of the lives lost, was a thousand-fold the saving effected by the departmental strategy. A few years later the United States lent the disease a helping hand in Chicago through the government engineer officer in charge of the river and harbor improvement work. He permitted his contractors to dump near the intakes. Apprised of this by a rise in typhoid cases and bad water reports, the health authorities proposed to enforce the ordinance forbidding any dumping within the sanitary jurisdiction of the city, which had been "liberally construed" for a time. The engineer objected to the enforcement, and a controversy followed for several weeks (without any let-up in typhoid, be it remarked, pending a settlement), finally resulting in the scows being discharged in a safer locality.

Year after year, from one cause or another which befouled the lake water, Chicago continued to have epidemics. Then came the Drainage Canal, which was intended to divert all the city's sewage from the lake, and carry it to the Illinois River, whence (so St. Louis claims) it is borne down to that protesting community. All the principal sources of contamination but one are now diverted from the lake: that one is the sewer from the northern district of Chicago. The intercepting sewer built to carry this sewage into the canal has been held up, by order of the court, for three years. Here again, as in Pittsburg, we have typhoid by injunction. Undoubtedly it is good law — the judge who granted the injunction is an eminent and honored jurist. But, unfortunately, while you can prevent people from getting good water by injunction, you can't successfully enjoin them from dying of bad water. Not that Chicago is ever likely to get really pure water from Lake Michigan. Hopeful official souls there are who expect this: but they have grown old watching their city scourged by the evil gods of filth. Reduction to a "respectable maximum" will satisfy their unexacting demands. Others not so easily content will follow; and when they shall see, from the example of other cities, that it is cheaper and, on the whole, nicer, to build filtration plants than to die of unclean germs burrowing in the intestines, Chicago will rid itself of typhoid. Not before.

Too much weight has been given, by the public, to epidemics of typhoid. It is the endemic or constantly existent phase that levies such a terrible tribute in lives and suffering; the form that exists in a high degree in Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis, and Philadelphia, and in a less degree in nearly all of the other great cities, asserting itself with special emphasis at certain times of high or low water. The true epidemic is important chiefly by its lesson in exacting exemplary damages for criminal carelessness, and valuable because it puts the fear of the Lord into the foolish who have been disregarding His plainest precepts of clean living, often to the extent of scaring them into decent courses.

Cornell and "Ithaca Fever"

So it was in Ithaca, in 1903. For two years the water had been so obviously unfit to drink that the water company, a private enterprise, was constantly in receipt of complaints from the local board of health and from private citizens. Its contract called for water free from disease-producing organisms; the state law required reasonable guardianship of its watershed. Contract and law seem to have been matters of equal indifference to the corporation. As subsequent testimony showed — after the tragedy was over — the watershed which supplied the city

was lined with pig-styes, manure piles, garbage heaps, cattle-pens, and outhouses, many of them discharging their contents with only a few yards flow, direct into Six Mile Creek, or the streams that supplied it. Whoso reads the evidence adduced at the investigation needs to have a strong stomach. For some years intestinal diseases and "enteric fever," also called "Ithaca fever" (another phase of the polite fiction that we have found in Cleveland), had been common. In the winter of 1902-1903, the water company was aroused to action and began work upon a dam preparatory to installing a filtration plant. It was just a trifle too late. Whether from a little group of shanties back of Six Mile Creek, which had been throwing slops from the sick-rooms of several typhoid patients into the stream emptying close to the intake, or from the Italians employed on the dam who established their sinks within a few yards of the bank (an illuminating instance of the kind of protection afforded by the water company), the fever appeared in epidemic form in the middle of January, 1903. By the time the disease had run its course, there were 1,380 known cases out of a population of 15,800; more than one to every dozen inhabitants. Happily, the fever was not of the most virulent type; only about eight per cent of the reported cases died. But even with that low rate the mortality reached the appalling ratio of nearly 725 per 100,000.

Early in the trouble Cornell University assumed a prominent part in the management of affairs. Fortunately, the water of the campus, supplied by a separate system, was not contaminated, though it was far from clear; so that among those students who used the campus water exclusively, there were no cases. Only a small part of the student body, however, lives on the college grounds. The rest are scattered about the city. The disease early appeared among them. Therefore it was only natural that President Schurman and the trustees of the university should have taken an active interest. Unhappily this took the form of minimizing the peril, a policy which may well have cost a number of lives. It is but fair to the university authorities to say that at this time they utterly failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation. While the health authorities were warning the public in terms which seemed to the university "sensational," there emanated from Cornell reassuring statements. The attitude of the institution was frankly, that there was no great danger. It strove to allay the rising panic, "in the interests of the college," just as Cleveland, St. Louis, and other cities have kept down their typhoid-rates "for the good of the city;" but with this difference, that the institution must be credited with insistence upon the utmost precautions.

In the latter part of February, the State Board of Health looked into the situation at Ithaca, and its official head was closeted for some time with President Schurman. Immediately after this conference the following statement was given out in pamphlet form from the president's office:

> "Dr. Daniel Lewis, the State Commissioner of Health, who is here to-day, after having studied the situation carefully from every side, makes the statement that the plans which are already in operation, and which are this day being extended by the city authorities, make it perfectly safe for any one to return to Ithaca who so desires."

At this time there were 400 to 500 fever cases in the city; new cases were appearing in large numbers every day, and every weary and overworked physician in the place knew that never had the disease been less under control. Some misconception seems to have entered into the conference between Dr. Schurman and Dr. Lewis, for, as soon as the optimistic pamphlet appeared, the local board of health wired the state commissioner, asking if he were willing to go on record as saying that students might safely return to town. Response came promptly; he was not. Until certain measures should have been taken, he would not regard it as safe. Thereupon the pamphlet was withdrawn from circulation, and another substituted.

The Cornell Infirmary, to which many of the students were taken, was under lay management. There seems to have been little regard for professional opinion. One member of the Medical Faculty of Cornell resigned from the managing committee because "the opinions of a physician were not worthy of the consideration of the laymen of the committee." Another was rebuked in writing, because he took a member of the New York Cornell Medical Faculty to the hospital, which seems, curiously enough, to be against the rules. At a time when all the obtainable aid was necessary, the Medical Faculty

was, as far as possible, excluded from any direction of the infirmary. The result:

Percentage of deaths to cases among students treated at the Cornell Infirmary 11.5	Percentage of deaths to cases among students treated at the City Hospital . . 6.7

Conditions of overcrowding and the class of patients considered were the same. That nearly seventy-five per cent more cases were lost in the Cornell institution than in the City Hospital, may fairly be regarded as the measure of difference between efficient and inefficient management. Finally, the death-rate of the infirmary was one and one-half per cent higher than that of outside non-hospital treatment. That is, putting it barely, it was somewhat better not to go to a hospital at all than to trust to the management of the well-meaning trustees of the university institution.

The Pestilential "Best Citizen"

For six weeks the epidemic raged; then subsided, though its effects were felt far into the summer. The stricken town had time to consider. Investigation followed. As I have said, the testimony does not make pleasant reading. It proved with iterated and heaped-up evidence that the water company was either culpably ignorant or culpably negligent of the watershed which had been entrusted to its care. On my visit to Ithaca I asked several representative citizens what was done with the responsible managers of the company. They seemed surprised.

"Nothing," they said.

"Was no attempt made to call them to account?"

"Certainly not."

"Weren't they even indicted?"

"Indicted! Why, the very best people in town were in that water company.* Our leading financiers, merchants, church members, etc." (The list is a familiar one; it's the same kind of list that one finds owning the disease-breeding tenements in Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia.)

Punishment did follow the crime, however. But not the crime of poisoning the water, the crime of honestly attempting to let people know the truth of their peril. A member of the faculty of Cornell University printed in the local paper which he owned, the facts of the typhoid epidemic. Warned that he was jeoparding his university interest by this course, that the policy of the university "deprecated sensational reports tending to incite alarm," he replied that the policy of his paper was to tell the truth as it appeared. After the scourge had passed, this man found himself *persona non grata* with the controlling interests of the institution. Owing to the unusual success of his department, he was in line for a full professorship. Now he learned that as long as he remained at the head of the department, it would continue to be merely an assistant professor's department. He resigned.

One of the Ithaca physicians had for years been connected with Cornell University on the medical side. When Cornell began its policy of optimism at the height of the epidemic, this physician took the other side. Optimism seemed to him out of place under the circumstances. He supported the policy of the local health board. Despite warnings, he continued to hold to his course. Toward the end of the year his friends learned that he need not expect a reappointment to the university staff. To save himself humiliation he resigned. Other cases might be cited where the outspoken were penalized socially, commercially, and even politically.

Ithaca has learned its lesson now, witness its vote of 1,335 to 30 for municipal ownership. Cornell has its own filtration plant which bears Carnegie's name, in agreeable variation to the long line of libraries. I have given somewhat extended attention to Ithaca, not because it is, *per se*, the most typical epidemic, but because it exemplifies most completely the unpunished criminal carelessness which may at any time become murderous, the peril that lies in "the best interests" of an institution or a city when infection is abroad, and the influence of "our leading citizens" against anyone who dares to oppose their harmful policies.

Fixing the Responsibility

More typical, pathologically, is the famous Butler, Pa., scourge; perhaps as definite an instance as can be found of the value of filtration. A private company furnishes Butler with water drawn from Connoquenessing Creek and run through a filtration plant. As it comes from the filters, it is good water. Late in October, 1903, the filters stopped for repairs, for about ten days. No warning

* The Secretary and Treasurer of Cornell University was at that time a director of the water company; several of the university trustees had been directors up to within a short time, and their families were still financially interested in the company.

was given to the city. Here the water company was in fault. In sight of the pumping station then in use stood a house where there were two cases of typhoid in that month. The slops from the house were thrown into a creek and carried down to the intake, whence they were distributed in dilute form to Butler. Had the attending physician obeyed the law requiring that typhoid be reported, some precautions might have been taken. He disregarded it, pursuant to professional custom in Butler — and elsewhere. In November, 1,123 cases developed in nineteen days; in December, there were 1,200 cases in town, and the little city was paralyzed. Presently the epidemic subsided, but there are many new gravestones to point the lesson that where the law of man does not exact its own penalties, the law of nature will require them with heavy interest.

Seldom is any attempt made to hold responsible those guilty of spreading infection. Yet, the thing has been done. Perhaps if it were done more often, the effect would be salutary. A recent German epidemic — nearly 300 deaths — was caused supposedly, by unfiltered water being admitted to the service mains through a secret pipe of the Gelsenkirchen Water Co. Failing to prove technically that the epidemic came from this cause, the authorities taught the company a lesson by charging it with adulteration of the water supply, and mulcting it in fines aggregating more than $25,000. A woman in Ashland, Wis., sued the local (private) water company for the death of her husband by typhoid. She proved that sewage from typhoid cases was flushed almost directly into the company's intake; that the city authorities had repeatedly warned the company regarding pollution of the water; and that her husband had drunk no other water, and had been exposed to infection in no other form, for several weeks previous to his fatal illness. She got a verdict, and the city got filtration. Never, so far as I can learn, has there been criminal prosecution of an individual or corporation in such a case. Yet one of the greatest of American authorities has said: "Wherever you find a death from typhoid, someone ought to be hanged for murder."

Flies and Oysters as Typhoid Bearers

Rarely it happens that a marked outbreak of typhoid can be traced to some cause other than contaminated water. Such an instance was brought to light by the Hull House workers in Chicago, three years ago, in their long, arduous, and slowly winning fight for better conditions in the slums. In the epidemic of the late summer of 1902, which doubled the rate for the same weeks of the previous year, nearly 1-6 of the city's mortality was accredited to the Nineteenth Ward, in which Hull House stands. As this ward represents only 1-36 of the population, some local cause was evidently at work. Suspicion, naturally, was first directed to the water supply; but the intake which furnishes that district showed a rather better average of potability than the rest of the city. Direct infection was the next point of inquiry. Two of the Hull House workers, Miss Gernon and Miss Gertrude Howe set about investigating the sanitary condition of the district, visiting more than two thousand houses. In many streets they found that the recent heavy rainfall had backed up the sewage, causing vaults and closets to overflow into premises that lay below the level of the sidewalks. About forty-eight per cent of the houses complied with the very easy and liberal sanitary requirements of the law of 1896. The remaining fifty-two per cent represented bad plumbing, or no plumbing at all. Eleven per cent of the houses had unconnected vaults, which are absolutely prohibited by law. The worst conditions were found on premises owned by minor politicians, and in some cases by Chicago University, which, however, proceeded to clean up when the facts were called to its attention. Not so the political owners: their influence seems to have been sufficient to "steer off" the health board's inspectors, and in many cases a "warning" was followed by the report "nuisance abated," without anything further being done about it.

Flies carried the infection from the filth backed up by sewage overflow or standing in the vaults. The well-kept tenements suffered equally with the foul. In one house scrupulous cleanliness and boiling of all drinking water did not prevent infection from illegal and untended vaults on the adjacent premises. Two deaths and ten cases in that house was the price that the innocent paid for the guilty. Nobody ever called the landlord to account; the case is too common. Sixteen families used a single vault on Aberdeen Street. Among them were several light cases of typhoid. The janitor cleaned

the vault and left part of the material standing in a narrow passage between two houses. This was in August, month of flies. Complaints were made to the Health Department. Nothing was done. To the garbage inspector. Same result. To the landlord of the offending premises. He didn't consider it his business. For a week the filth stood there, visited by the busy insect disseminators of disease. Finally a suit was started, and the landlord had it removed — too late. In the two houses between which the filth had stood, occurred ten cases of the fever. The landlord was fined two dollars and costs! Of course, it is impossible to prove the source of that infection; but is it too much to ascribe to the board of health some degree of moral and official responsibility for the outbreak?

Oysters are another source of occasional indirect infection. Brought direct from the ocean bed the bivalve is not likely to be harmful in or out of the months containing the permissive R. But the high-priced, high-flavored article that we eat in expensive restaurants after the theater, gets its flavor and its price by a method calculated to make it unpopular, were the process generally known. After being gouged from its habitat, it is taken up the most convenient fresh-water stream and "planted," to fatten it, preferably at the mouth of some tributary creek. Now, in the regions where most oysters are dug, the tributary streams are not as pure as might be desirable. In fact, many of them are sewers. The oyster fattens gratefully on this sewage. He has no more prejudice against germs than has the average American city, and he has the advantage over the city in that he doesn't sicken on the diet. Maybe he grows somewhat flabby; but this is offset by the increased richness of his flavor. By the time he comes to your table he is as likely as not to be in shape to afford a bacteriological laboratory diversion for several days. An investigator who examined some bivalves fattened for the New York market in one of the New Jersey rivers found not only the colon bacilli and the typhoid bacilli, but also the bacilli of tetanus, and of certain other diseases that are really not fit to eat.

How the Country Poisons the City

For those who don't like oysters, there are lettuce and celery. Last year a little local epidemic broke out on the upper East Side of New York, in a fairly good residence district. It was midsummer, and oysters were out. The water was all right. Some detective work on the part of the doctors showed that nearly all the families affected bought their green groceries at one or two stores, and that these stores were supplied by a truck-gardener on Long Island. Examination of the lettuce and celery proved them to be reeking with colon bacilli. Down to Long Island went one of the physicians to see the truck-gardener. He found that enterprising agriculturist watering his plants with liquid drawn direct from the cesspool. The doctor questioned him:

"I ain't got time to answer questions," said the farmer. "My wife and two daughters is just gettin' well of typhoid fever, an' I'm doin' the work alone."

Milk infection, with which nearly all cities have had some experience, is becoming rarer as the health authorities learn how to cope with it. Philadelphia has had a number of typical bad milk outbreaks, of which one brought under temporary suspicion the filtered water in the district mentioned elsewhere in this article as proving the value of filtration. Dr. Abbott of the health board had faith in the water. He tabulated seventy-eight cases in the ward, and found that forty-one of these got their milk from one dealer. This dealer's premises were found to be well-kept and clean; but in his house were two cases of typhoid and across the street, two others. Waste from the sick-rooms was thrown into the adjacent vaults; the overflow from several cesspools had leaked into the gutter, and the flies had done the rest. The street was cleaned, the outhouses disinfected, the premises put in excellent sanitary condition, and the typhoid-rate in the ward went into a swift and lasting decline.

Washington is one of cities which rigidly enforces its milk laws. The milkman who sends an infected or adulterated supply into Washington generally gets into trouble. There was a case last fall, of a Maryland dairy farmer who distributed typhoid through a Washington milk route, by washing his cans in typhoid drainings from his own house, getting into jail. Most cities inflict no penalties for bad milk other than the revocation of licenses. Chicago occasionally halts an infected or suspected supply at the city limits, and pours it out upon the ground. Several of the state boards are beginning to take an interest in dairy

products with a beneficial result to the public health.

At least two considerable cities in the United States have gone far toward wiping out typhoid by methods that will probably become obsolete within a few years, as neither filters its water. Both protect it. These are New York and Rochester. A police reporter started the movement in New York. Jacob A. Riis, who was "covering" the Police Headquarters assignment in the early nineties was looking over the water reports one dull day, when his eye was arrested by the phrase "a trace of nitrites." It occurred in several of the reports. Riis was mildly interested.

"What are nitrites?" he asked the official in charge.

"Nothing that you'd understand," was the careless reply.

Riis became a trifle more interested. He took his question to his friend, Dr. Roger Tracy, the statistician of the board.

"Nitrites?" said Dr. Tracy with a twinkle, "why, they're so-and-so." And he proceeded with a long and technical disquisition on the subject.

"That's all very well," said the reporter. "But what do they mean in our water, and what happens when they get there?"

"They mean that the water is polluted. Typhoid happens — sometimes."

The Cost of Clean Drinking

Enough for Riis to work on. He took two days off and a camera and made a trip through the Croton watershed which supplies New York. As a result of what he discovered and published, the city authorities went through that region like a tornado. They condemned and tore down barns, houses, and hotels; they wiped out the half of a village here, and the whole of a settlement there; they bullied local health boards and school boards and even railroad companies; and when the disgusted and scandalized inhabitants sought to stay the proceedings by appeal to the law, their structures were pulled down about their ears before the courts could get in motion. More than 2,000 buildings were destroyed. Heroic measures; but necessary, as witness this dialogue between the New York Commissioner of Public Works and the then President of the Mt. Kisco health board, regarding pollution of Branch Brook, which is part of the Croton system:

"What is usually done with your garbage and refuse?"

"Oh, it's carted away somewhere."

"Some of it is dumped into the Branch Brook, isn't it?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"Then you take no precautions against polluting the drinking water?"

"Good Lord! You don't suppose we drink *that* water!"

"New York has to drink it."

"Oh, I guess New York is able to take care of itself."

At another point a three-story hotel was found draining directly into Croton Lake. It was torn down. One of the official party "kept tabs" for several hours at the mouth of a small stream which drained an unsavory looking settlement. "What did you find?" asked a reporter. The watcher consulted his record:

"Two dead chickens, a barrel half full of swill, and a dead cat," he said.

"Is that all?"

"It's all that's fit to print," was the reply.

Since that time New York has kept careful guard over its watershed; but there are still occasions when it is safer to boil the water than to drink it raw, and there is still a typhoid-rate of about 17 per 100,000; two and one-half times that of Hamburg which filters. Probably a large part of this infection, however, is from oysters and green stuffs, or represents the folly of holiday-makers who drink from foul wells and brooks in the suburban districts.

Rochester owns its source of drinking water, Hemlock Lake, some thirty miles distant. There are less than 300 inhabitants of the region about the lake. The city has bought up nearly all the shore, and exercises a rigid supervision over the whole territory. As the health officers of the city are lacking in that finer political sense which leads so many boards to an amiable liberality in the matter of local infections, the milk supply is almost uniformly good. People die of typhoid in Rochester, the rate varying from 11 to 28 per 100,000; but this is inclusive of deaths in the hospitals, which receive patients from a wide rural district where typhoid is prevalent. For the time, it would seem that both New York and Rochester had fairly solved the typhoid problem; yet, sanitarians say, there may come any day an epidemic from some unforeseen source of contamination that will be

convincing proof of the necessity of filtration. If foul water, filtered, assures comparative safety, as has been shown in Lawrence and in part of Philadelphia, water that is normally free from infection ought, after being subjected to filtration, to guarantee immunity.

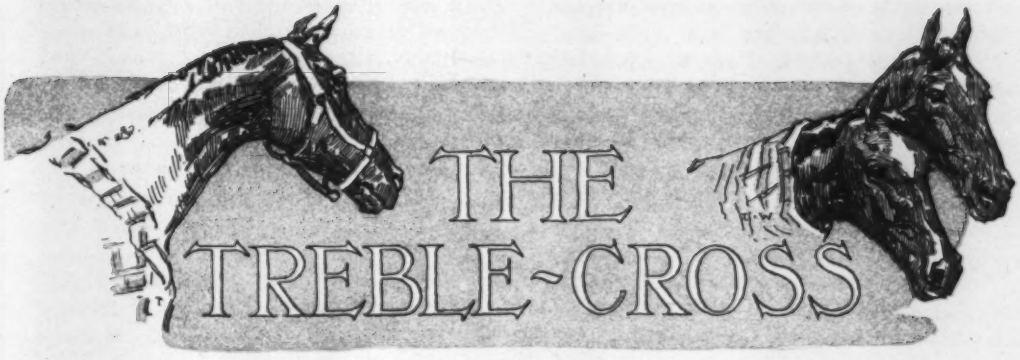
Fever's Professional Aides

Herein it is that rural typhoid is so highly important, not so much to itself, in many cases, as to the neighboring cities. For typhoid differs from most other diseases in that its trail leads from the country to the town, as one of the first great American sanitarians, Colonel Waring, pointed out years ago. The rural rate is probably twice the urban rate, and each hamlet, village and even farm-house that drains to a watershed, is a peril to every city which draws its drinking supply from that watershed. Butler is a case in point, and Ithaca, and Washington, and a score of other places. What is the remedy? It lies largely with the medical profession. In my investigation of tuberculosis, I found everywhere a prevalent disregard of the law requiring physicians to report the disease. In typhoid this disregard might almost be termed contempt. Except in cases of epidemic where public and professional alarm incite to special efforts, I venture to say that reports are not made on twenty per cent of non-fatal cases. If every physician obeyed the law which is now in force in many states, making typhoid a reportable disease, and if every time typhoid was reported on a watershed the settlement most immediately interested would see to it that all sick-room waste was destroyed or disinfected, we should have fewer such tragedies as those of Plymouth and Butler and Ithaca. Professional lawlessness, official inefficiency — these are the nurturers of the bacillus.

Grave as the typhoid problem is in its constant phase, it is in time of war that the terrific penalty is paid. It becomes then almost a pestilence. Our war with Spain cost us 268 lives by bullet and wounds, and 3,862 by disease, almost all typhoid. To revert to the Dresden and Pittsburg comparison: the German city's death-rate from typhoid per 100,000 is 4; the "banner" American city's is from 124 to 144; the average typhoid mortality of our volunteer camps in the Spanish-American war was *one thousand, four hundred and sixty-three per* 100,000! The regiment which suffered least had a mortality-rate about one and one-half times that of Pittsburg, and fifty-one times that of Dresden; the worst scourged regiment showed a rate more than thirty times that of Pittsburg and upwards of one thousand times that of the German municipality. No regiment escaped; hardly a company was free. More than 20,000 men in the volunteer camps had the disease. Nor can the infection be ascribed largely to impure water. The recent report of the army commission indicates that, contrary to the experience of our cities, very little of the fever was contracted direct from water; that the great bulk of it came from unprotected sinks. The American fly killed its hundreds, where the Spanish soldier killed his one. Glorious it is to die for one's country; but little of that glory is reflected upon the country which lets its defenders die of filth, and ignorance, and governmental laxness in matters of the simplest sanitary decency.

The Universal Responsibility

Every man is concerned, immediately or prospectively, in typhoid fever, for every man, sooner or later, experiences the needless suffering it inflicts, if not through himself, then through his family, his friends, his business interests, or the taxes he pays. As a matter of individual warning, there is little to say. Find out where your water comes from, and, unless the community guards the general health by furnishing a pure drinking supply, guard your own by boiling the water. Don't allow open vaults or sewage accessible to flies to exist near where you live. There's a board of health in your town: if it is worthless, there's a law regarding nuisances that isn't. Go to your doctor promptly, "on suspicion," if you have any reason to suppose that you have contracted the disease. It is no ailment to parley with. If you know of a case that the attending physician has reported privately but not to the health department, report it yourself. He won't like that, but it will be good for him. You pay taxes to get good water and to have the laws enforced; one of the best preventives against typhoid is the "pernicious municipal activity" which sees that it gets what it pays for. After all, the question as to whether your city chooses to have typhoid fever at great expense like Cleveland and Chicago, or to avoid it at less expense, like Lorain and Lawrence, is largely a matter of intelligent working citizenship.



BY

W. A. FRASER

AUTHOR OF "THOROUGBREDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY URQUHART WILCOX

FRANK FOLEY loved horses very much; in fact his admiration for a horse that got his nose first past the winning post was intense. "Winners for mine," he always said; "straight-legged horses, crooked-legged, slope-shouldered, and all the rest of it, doesn't count — they run in all shapes; winners for mine."

From this it may be gathered that Foley was intensely practical; and he was.

As he ran his eye down the entry list for the Tally-Ho Steeplechase, he stopped at the name "Redleg." "Ah! here he is at last," he said, laying the paper down, and relapsing into thought. "Redleg in at 152 lbs., with a lot of butcher-cart horses, is something sweet to dwell upon; if he can jump."

Foley had tried to buy Redleg when Banfield sold his racing stable at Saratoga. Redleg had been almost a handicap horse on the flat, and Foley had wanted him for just this timber-topping business. He was a big upstanding bay, sixteen-two. As a man had said to Foley: "Just the horse for getting over the fences — he'll take them in his stride. Why you could paint a landscape under his girths." This was figurative in the extreme, for Foley wouldn't have known a landscape from a marine.

But what he did know after a close inspection was, that Redleg's left fore pastern, just above the coronet, bore little round marks like a perforated tin. He had been punch-fired for something — probably ringbone; also the foot turned in a bit. And there was an untraceable rumor that that same leg had been nerved — that is, the nerve killed to deaden the sensitive feeling of something wrong. It was equivalent to "the wires have been cut," and, as a result, in course of time that foot would die all by itself. The horse has been sold for twenty-five hundred, so Foley let him go; here he was in the Tally-Ho at 152, with some very respectable work horses.

In reality some of the others entered in the Tally-Ho were fair performers — winners over timber; Topmast had won, so had Flower Girl — it was just Redleg's handicap form that caused Foley to class them now as plebeian toilers.

As I have said, our friend was practical. He drew the telephone on his office desk to him and called up the training quarters at Woodbine, and as a result, in half an hour, Pat Haney appeared.

"Can this Redleg go through the field, Pat?" Foley asked.

"Is it the big bay with the pink splash on his nose, Boss?"

"Yes, that's him."

"Say! he can just fly the jumps."

"Who owns him?"

"You can search me, Boss; I've tried to find out myself. He's entered as the Flanders Stable."

"Who looks after him?"

"I've never seen anybody with him but that nigger jock, Jackson."

"Who does Jackson cling to when he's not on the horse?"

"Well, he mostly 'sociates with a glass of whiskey."

"Never see him with anybody, Pat?"

"One night I see him up-town with Lou Woods."

"Another blackbird, eh? Isn't anybody training the horse?"

"Yes, there's a white man named Hazleton 'bout the stables — he's in charge, I guess."

This information, somewhat nebulous, was fairly good ground-work for a man of Foley's ability, and when Pat had departed he thought the matter out. The colored jockey, Jackson, would ride to orders, absolutely; if he were to lose by a hundred yards he would make it a hundred and one; and he was an artist at that sort of business. He could flog his mount a good twenty lengths to the bad, and all the time the stand would execrate him for whipping a horse already beaten, in his eagerness to win. Also, if there were anything doing Mr. Lou Woods would be at the bottom of it. His cunning brain and shifty morals netted him more money than his seat in the saddle.

"He drew the telephone on his office desk to him and called up the training quarters"

The next day Foley got down to the race course a trifle early, hurried there by his philanthropic desire to benefit Mister Jackson. He found the jockey in the paddock.

"Redleg's got a pretty good chance in the Tally-Ho, hasn't he?" he said to the darkey, "You ride him, don't you?"

"I don't know, Boss; I ain't never rode none ob 'em others."

It must be explained that Jackson had ridden for Foley, which fact usually establishes a free-masonry that permits of plain speaking.

"Well," continued Foley, "I think you can win, and I'll have four hundred for you after you weigh in. Besides, if Redleg doesn't win to-day, it might so happen that he wouldn't be allowed to start here again."

The colored gentleman pondered over the other's words for a little. There was a trivial arrangement on his part with certain people, but said arrangement would only net him two hundred; besides, Redleg and his owner were transients — he might never get a mount from that quarter again; while Foley and his friends often had a mount for him.

"All right, Mistah Foley," he answered; "you play him. Dey won't be turned into de straight when I'm finished. But say, don't bid him up on 'em; dey was sort-a 'fraid to win dis sellin' race fear dey'd lose de hoss. Say, Mistah Foley —" the darkey hesitated, rolled his eyes irresolutely till the whites shone like flash-lights in the dark night of his face, then he coughed and grinned apologetically.

"What is it, Jackson?"

"Well, Boss, I'se done borrowed fohty dollars from — from one ob de party, an'— an' if I'se goin' to ride it out —"

"I see; just go down into that closed stall, number twelve" — they were in the paddock —"and I'll drop in there presently and give you fifty on account."

The Tally-Ho, a selling steeplechase, was third on the program. As soon as the names

were up on the jockey board, Foley edged his way into the betting ring.

"3 to 1" was chalked on the betting lists. Somehow, Foley had thought of six or eight to one against his money. Redleg was not known as a steeplechaser, so why should he be equal favorite with Topmast.

A voice at his shoulder set him right. It was saying: "Redleg could give those dogs two stone on the flat, and that Flanders Stable crowd ain't brought him up here to Canada to run steeplechases if he can't jump." It was quite reasonable. Foley had egotistically thought himself the one person endowed with the reasoning faculty.

Another voice answered the first, objecting, "the jumping game's too risky for me. You could put your money on Eclipse in that field, and something'd cross him at the mud-wall, and you'd be down and out without a finish for your coin."

"Jack, you're away off," the first speaker retorted. "The steeplechase game is easier than the flat. It's the horses that can jump gets home, and there's never more'n 'bout two of 'em to a race that's been schooled to it. That's even money, ain't it? And you get, perhaps, four to one."

Foley felt a reluctance to take the 3 to 1 when he had expected longer odds; but, as he hesitated, he saw a man who usually bet with wisdom pass up a roll of bills, and receive back a ticket with "R. L." marked on it.

"I'll take the odds to a thousand, Redleg, Abe," Foley said, nodding to the bookmaker. He shoved the ticket in his pocket, and went back to the paddock.

As he stood there a short, stout, swarthy-faced man checked his rapid stride for a second and asked: "What do you like, Frank?"

"I like Redleg, Ganes."

"So do I. But I can't make it out. I'm playing him for my man"— the "man" being a rich investor for whom the speaker bet — "but Redleg's traveling out in the betting."

Presently Foley saw Jackson in the red-sashed blue jacket of the Flanders Stable pass down the brown-earthed course and turn in at the judges' stand. Foley could see that the jockey was being interviewed by the stewards. Then two or three others took the same little excursion.

"What's the matter, Ganes? Foley asked, as the stout little man crossed his path.

"The matter! just this. Me and my friends — and I've got a big layer behind me, too — goes and plays this Redleg at twos, and now he's out to threes, and Topmast is 7 to 5."

"pass down the brown-earthed course and turn in at the judges' stand"

"'See him jump! My word, see him jump! Ain't he a bird!'"

"Well, the bookmakers don't ride the horses, do they — they don't win races in the betting ring?"

"They don't ride Redleg now, bet your life; but they were going to."

"You'll oblige me with some explanations, Ganes."

"Well, we're wise to it, that's all. That nigger, Jackson, was going to give us the grand stand finish down at the lower turn. I went to the stewards and told them we wanted a run for our money; and they've set the crook down."

Foley thought of his wasted fifty. "Who've they put up?" he asked.

"They're looking for a jock now. I told them Lou Woods hadn't a mount in this race."

"Oh, you did, eh. Are they going to put *him* up?"

"Yes; there he is now, with the colors on. I'm going to promise him a hundred if he wins."

Foley had the Napoleonic genius of knowing when to raise a siege to make use of his forces in some other quarter. Industrious little Mr. Ganes had effectually obliterated Redleg from the winning possibility. Thanks to him the horse would now be ridden by the prime mover of this financial undertaking.

A thousand good dollars had been burned up before the horses left the paddock; to be accurate, a thousand and fifty; but *five* thousand would not have set Foley's mind racing panicy. He must certainly get out of the dilemma, and to do that he must find out just what was going to win.

An excitable bettor would have told what he knew — would have raised a row over the putting up of Lou Woods. Foley was a rare philosopher; this would only lead to fresh entanglement in the matter of another rider. Redleg was dead — in the mortuary list of the Tally-Ho — that was something. He could lay off his bet if the Ganes party backed Redleg down to 2 to 1 or better. Perhaps, even, the stewards had ordered a new book to be made on the race, owing to the suspicion and change of jockies. Foley strode to the betting ring, but there had been no new book ordered — his bet still held good. He went back to the paddock; and, as he entered it, he saw the jockey whose mount had been taken away, walk sullenly through the other gate toward the hotel, that was somewhat ambiguously styled the Club House.

Mr. Foley, taking the little plank footpath that led to the same villa of liquid refreshment, telegraphed a signal with his eye to the colored horseman. And presently they sat together in a room across the hall from the bar.

"It won't win now, will it?" Foley asked.

"He's a pretty bad horse, Boss, unless you know jes' how to ride him." The darkey rolled his eyes, and showed his big, white teeth in an expressive complement to this commonplace. "Did you back it, Boss?"

"A thousand bucks."

"Dats too blame bad — you jes' go an' get eben on Topmast. Dats de pippin dis time."

"Flower Girl can beat Topmast from here to the betting ring."

"Dat don' make no diff'rence, Boss, what she can do. I see her finish at one ob dem jumps."

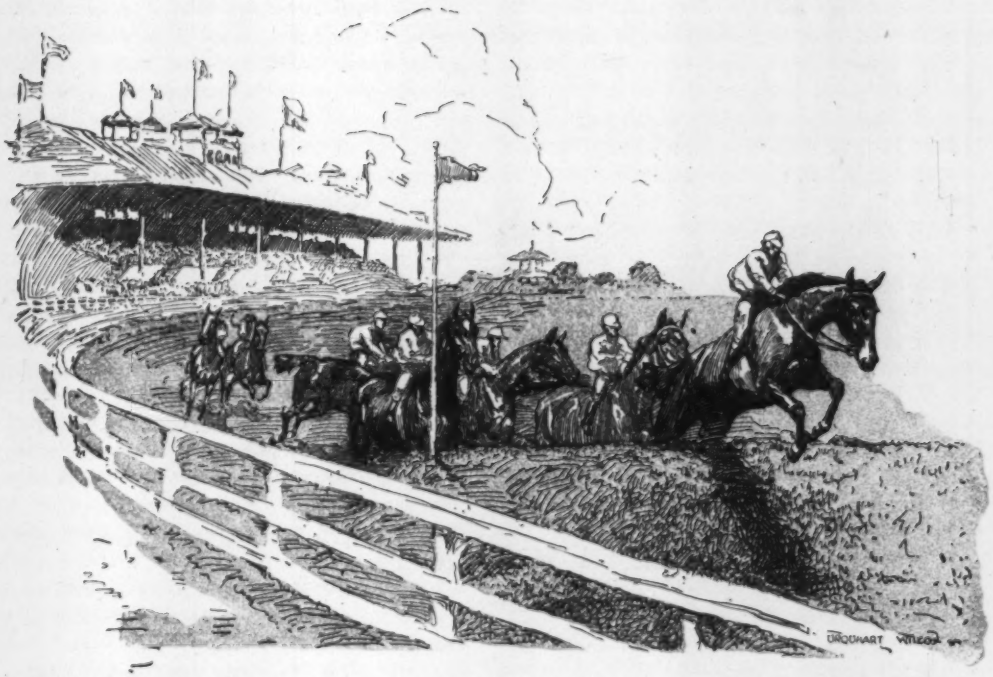
"Ain't she trying either?"

"Dat boy he's mos' sure for tumble off, Boss — I tell yeh, Topmas' 's de goods, Mistah Foley."

"Where'll the boy dismount, Andy — the boy on Flower Girl I mean?"

"Where do dey gen'rly tumble, Mistah Foley, when deys done dere chore?"

"Well, he might fall at the lower turn the last time round."



"behind him, like the splashing of a cataract over rocks, poured the stream of crimson, and yellow, and white"

"He mought, Boss."

"But is he going to, Jackson? Give me the straight lay out of this thing."

"Yes, dat boy on Flower Girl he's goin' to make de runnin'; an' sort-a keep de thing easy foh Topmas'; den he's goin' to tumble out de saddle at dat lower jump."

"What do you weigh, Andy?"

"Hundre'-an'-fohty."

"Let's see; the mare carries a hundred-and-fifty; the saddle might be anything over five pounds. Slip five or six pounds of lead in your breeches pockets, Andy, and stroll into the field; sort of hang around that wall, the first after they take the sharp turn at the tree, and if you get a chance at the mare — that is, if her rider dumps out of the saddle there, just climb into the pig-skin and come home as fast as you can."

"Would dat be all right, Boss, if I win?" The darkey's eyes sparkled with eager delight.

"Yes, there's a rule covers that — if you can make the weight, 150, on the scales — doesn't matter what you're over."

"Dey took me off de odder horse, Boss."

"That doesn't matter — they won't even ask your name. Anybody can ride a horse home if his rider's thrown. Even if you ride into place it'll be all right, the mare's probably 10 to 1 and I'll back her across the board. I'll give you two hundred if you win."

"I'll do it, Mistah Foley. By Gum! I'd jes' like to beat dat gang dat set me down."

"All right, hurry up and get over there — they'll be out in ten minutes; that's the saddling bugle now."

Foley slipped from the club house; the enthusiasm of this double play creeping down into his legs until he cut across the green-swarded paddock on a trot. He passed swiftly along the line of numbered stalls, sharply scrutinizing each group that waited at the door. Ah! there, just by the little steps leading up into the jockey dressing-rooms, was the object of his quest — Pat Haney. Pat was an ex-steeplechase jockey, now a trainer.

In answer to a nod of the head Haney followed Foley to a quiet corner of the paddock.

"What do you weigh, Pat?" Foley repeated the question he had put to the darkey.

"'Bout 150, Mr. Foley."

"That will do; just jog over into the field, and meander simple-like down toward the second jump from the dip at the tree. If you see Flower Girl's jockey sit down for a rest there, just grab the mare and try and get one, two, three — d'you understand?"

"Shure there isn't much to understand in that. I won a race here once the same way — that's four years ago — on Ballyhooly. He throwed his jock, an' I was in the field watchin' fer somethin' doin' in way of strong arm. I grabs Ballyhooly an', bedad I won — not sayin' but what half of 'em was down —"

"All right, Pat, never mind about that. I'm going to back the mare. Jackson 'll be at the other jump, so don't get mixed up. You'll get two hundred if you win, Pat, and fifty if you're in the first three."

Just over the little whitewashed picket fence a lad sent the order to "mount horses," singing from his bugle across the paddock.

As Foley hurried through the gate to the stand lawn on his way to the betting ring, the broad face of Ganes confronted him, wreathed in a happy smile of content.

"Have you backed Redleg?" Ganes asked.

"Yes."

"That's good — it's a pipe; he's cut now — there's a rush on him — he's 8 to 5."

"'That *is* good.'" Foley reiterated the other's words, for he knew now that he could lay off his unfortunate bet. A twinge of compunction shot athwart Foley's mind and he added: "Don't go to him too strong, Ganes. Have a bet on the mare as a saver."

As he hurried through the crowd, a little mocking laugh from the other followed him, and a torn fragment of dissent ending in, "not on your life!"

Foley had no trouble in laying off his bet at a profit.

"What's the best price, Flower Girl, Abe?" he asked of the stout, venerable-looking gentleman who sat perched high on the corner of one of the betting boxes.

The man of finance craned his neck leisurely about till his eyes took in the chalked writing on the wall which was a black betting board.

"Just what you see written there, Mr. Foley; 8 to 1 to win, 3 to 1 the place, and even money to show."

"How much can I have of it?"

"All you want. There's no limit on that mare; I think she's no good." Abe was noted for two things, his composure and his candor.

"Just string this fifteen hundred across the board, then — five hundred three ways," Foley answered, handing up the deposit.

"And you could buy her for a third of the money," Abe commented with a smile. He slipped down from the box, and continued in a whisper: "You'd better hedge this bet on Topmast. All the sharks from the stables have got their two dollars and their five dollars on him. I wouldn't have ninety cents on the boy that rides Flower Girl — you know what he is, Foley."

A bugle call cut short the speaker's remark. There was a scamper of many feet, a rush of strong-pushing men; and the betting enclosure was emptied as though it had been tipped on its side, spilling its inhabitants to the grassed lawn in front.

As Foley ran nimbly up four steps of the members' stand, and faced about, he was joined by Aleck Ganes. The little man was perspiring joy at every pore. Had he not frustrated the clever villains who were putting up the pulling job.

"My word! see him gallop! *See — him — gallop!*" he cried, grasping Foley's coat sleeve in his eagerness. The "him" was Redleg, with his long, flat-racing stride, leading the field of eight horses as they raced past the stand on the first round. "See him jump! My word, see him jump! Ain't he a *bird!*"

The blue jacket of Redleg's rider had cut a crescent in the air at the water jump, and behind him, like the splashing of a cataract over rocks, poured the stream of crimson, and yellow, and white; and then on the level it flowed away toward the double mud-walls of the in-and-out.

"Yes, he's a good timber topper, Aleck," Foley answered; "but the next time that same jock is up tell him not to jump on his mount's neck when he lands over a mud-wall. It's one way of beating the horse, of course —"

A shivering scream — the hoarse, half-breathed "Oh-h-h" of men's voices drowned Foley's causticity. Over in the hollow, between the two mud-walls, that was like a man trap, there was the sudden downward shoot of a scarlet jacket, the sprawling of horses' feet in the air; and then a chestnut, taking the first wall, landed right in the hedge of iron-shod hoofs.

"He's killed!" a woman screamed.

"There goes Shiner and Canuck," Foley ejaculated; "they're out of it already. Look at your man now."

The course turned short to the left after the in-and-out, and Redleg's rider had

carried far out to the right, taking Flower Girl with him.

"He's a hard horse to hold," Ganes said; "he was an open-mouthed brute on the flat, was Redleg."

"Blame the horse," advised Foley. "It's that sheep-thatched thief on his back that's taking him wide at the turn."

"It won't make any difference," Gane's growled; "Redleg can stay forever — he's won at two miles on the flat."

"Staying has got very little to do with a steeplechase, Aleck. In the old country they put sprinters pure and simple at this game — five furlong winners. That's why I backed Flower Girl."

Topmast, carrying his old-gold jacket lengths in front was coming across the infield straight for the stand.

"That's what's meant to win, Aleck," Foley said, as the black horse, Topmast, took the mud-wall and flashed around the tree, at his heels the other runners streaming out like a checkered ribbon. Foley saw the rider on Redleg carry the horse wide at the tree, then with a twist of the lines jink him back to the course, throwing him out of his stride, with elegant horsemanship, taking at least three or four lengths out of the big bay.

Flower Girl was running second to Topmast now. Foley smiled sardonically to himself, and, touching Ganes on the shoulder, continued his commentary on the race:

"This is great business, Aleck. That boy on Flower Girl is now about to work his audience up to fever heat — he's almost as great an actor as the coon on Redleg. If nothing happens he is going to give Topmast a lead over the jumps until they pass this tree again on their last time round. And just when the people in the orchestra stalls up there are convinced that he's going to prove the real hero of the play, something'll happen, Aleck — something'll happen."

"What'll happen, Foley?"

"Ah, my dear Ganes, in the words of the poet: 'There is a happy land'— Yes, Aleck, he will improve the shining hour and land."

Even as Foley rambled on, his prophecy was more or less coming to pass. Around the upper turn, over the water jump, at the in-and-out, the silk-coated riders had gone through a process of weeding out. During

"and then a chestnut, taking the first wall, landed right in the hedge of iron-shod hoofs"

the short interval of the first round, the mud-walls had grown at least a foot; the horses that had cleared them before, now struck heavily. Singly and in pairs they dropped by the roadside, until there was but Flower Girl, Topmast, Redleg, and Amarath to emerge from the in-and-out and circle past the stand, around the tree, and toward the lower jumps.

"Now, Ganes," Foley whispered, bending down, "we come to the unexpected; the thing that causes an 'even-money' chance to become as uncertain as the 'hundred-to-one.'"

As he spoke Flower Girl, running in the lead, swayed as she rose at the next wall, turned sideways as she landed with a stiff prop, stumbled to her knees, and her white-jacketed jockey dove parabolically into the grassed meadow.

As the mare struggled to her feet the figure of a man rose up from nowhere, grabbed the dangling reins, slipped them over her head, clambered into the saddle, and, two lengths behind Topmast, became a part of this most interesting steeplechase.

Even if the horses had been of like caliber, Topmast's lead was as nothing to the replenished lungs that the brief check had given Flower Girl. Into the straight, Topmast had a length to the good; but the rider of Flower Girl, whoever he was, was fresh, and he rode with the vigor thereof.

"What's the fool riding for?" the stand jeered —"the man's crazy making a race of it for nothing — he won't get it."

And behind, Redleg was being whipped into a proper mutiny; the whip is far more effective than strong arm at stopping a horse.

At the stand, Flower Girl pushed her head in front of Topmast, and at the finish post she was first by a length.

The generous glow that comes of a deed well done suffused the hearts of the Topmast backers. The silly chap who had ridden Flower Girl so hard had lent a touch of comedy to the performance, of course; but Topmast was the real thing, *his* real jockey was in the saddle, and the other would be disqualified.

Then the numbers went up, and Flower Girl had won.

To this day there are men who consider some of the steeplechase rules — especially the one relating to relay riders — as being most insanely conceived. Foley says that they are all right — if you know them.

"As the mare struggled to her feet the figure of a man rose up from nowhere"

GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE

BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

II

SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the prince of prose romancers, should be reckoned among the great benefactors of mankind. Of the works of prose in the nineteenth century, which have contributed to human happiness on the universal scale, the Waverley Novels hold a place by virtue of their millions of readers; and now, coming into the hands of the fourth generation, they are still one of the principal effective contemporary possessions of the English race in literature. Criticism, which sooner or later assails all works of great fame, has the most trifling effect upon them; they are invulnerable in the hearts of the people. They contain so much humanity in its plain style; they disclose such romantic scenes, such stir of gallantry, such a high behavior, in connection with events and personages otherwise memorable; and they are, besides, so colored with the hues of the mind arising from local association, imaginative legend, historic glamour and the sense of the presence of fine action, that their reception by the heart is spontaneous. Especially, they contain Scotland as Don Quixote contains Spain, only upon a broader and more diversified scale. Cervantes, indeed, comes into one's mind in connection with Scott in many ways.

Scott's descent was like that of Cervantes. He was of the old blood, but born in a modest station. If the changes of time had not reduced his family stock to the condition of the poor hidalgo, they had much tempered its original border strain. Scott was as much attached to his ancestors as a New Englander, and was continually harking back in his anecdotes — and he had a full repertory of such tales of the house — to "Auld Watt" of Harden and "Beardie" of Teviotdale, while through these worthies and otherwise he could trace the affluents of his blood to the great Scotch houses, among which he took peculiar pride in Buccleuch. His father was a simple lawyer, whose portrait is exactly drawn in Saunders Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," a plain citizen, shrewd, formal, practical, well exemplifying the fixed type of the profession at Edinburgh. Perhaps the literary strain, which does not appear in the paternal ancestry, came from the mother, the daughter of an eminent physician, Dr. Rutherford, and herself well-educated; certainly, although Scott had several brothers and a sister, the genius of the family was wholly allotted to him. Owing to a lameness, which developed in his right leg in childhood and was an impediment to him throughout life, the boy was in early years country-bred and much encouraged in physical exertion, for which indeed he had a natural inclination, being full of animal vigor and spirits. He said late in life — "from childhood's earliest hour I have rebelled against external circumstances"; and in combatting this physical disadvantage he first exercised his courage and pertinacity. His deficiency did not interfere with his good comradery as a schoolboy. He walked and rode a great deal, and

he bore, perhaps, more than his share in the rough fighting of the schools and the town, then in vogue. As he passed from master to master, each of them characteristic examples of the old discipline, he did his tasks and won their interest and favor, but it was rather by his sympathetic understanding of literature than by his brilliancy of mind. He had the education of the school as a thing of course, and it was valuable to him; but he illustrates the fact that to turn a boy loose in a library is to give him the best of all opportunities — the opportunity for self-education. He read from childhood widely and well, and while yet a boy had such an acquaintance with great literature as would now seem phenomenal, though it was precisely the same as that which a generation later New England boys had at the same age, if they were so inclined. More than in his childish verses or the tales composed with his schoolmates, there is the feel of instinct in Ballantyne's school anecdote: "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story." Plainly in his boyhood Scott was as full of literature as he was of fight. If one could have discerned it, however, the true sign of the future was not in the literary tastes which Scott shared with others of his kind, but in the historic sense which he possessed in a peculiar degree. He was from the start deeply interested in his own country and his own people; he was an insatiable listener to the tales of "sixty years since" and their like, to the border ballads, the legends, all the romantic growth of the Scotch memory; he had the zeal of an antiquary in seeing the places where events had happened, the old fields of battle, the ruined castle, the border-wall, or whatever spot or object history had left its mark upon.

His father tolerated and indulged these tastes, but to his practical mind a literary career for his son would hardly have occurred. The youth was docile, was apprenticed in his father's office, and at twenty-one was called to the bar. Meanwhile, he maintained his literary pursuits as a matter of course. Intellectual interest at that time was still a part of men's lives, and in the clubs of good fellowship, where Scott delighted to make one and was often a leading spirit, literature had its share with other topics. Thus it happened that he was among the first of his contemporaries to feel the attraction of German literature, then reaching England, and to acquire some knowledge of it; the kinship of its ballad and romance with the spirit of the border, which was already growing incarnate in Scott, prepared a ready welcome for it in his sympathies. Nothing is more remarkable in Scott's life than its entire naturalness. He never made an effort, hardly a choice; he merely did the next thing; so now he did not think of adopting literature as a career, but it was natural for him to try his hand at a translation. Life went on as naturally, too, in other ways. The course of true love not running smooth, he was left with a memory of early devotion which diffused a pathetic tenderness over his recollection of youth; and in the lapse of time—not too long a lapse—he married happily an English-bred lady of French birth, being speedy in both the wooing and the wedding. In his cottage at Lasswade and afterwards on the little estate of Ashestiel he had a characteristic home, filled with his personality, and in both he showed that passion for making the place his own which was later displayed on the grand scale at Abbotsford. He made no great progress at the bar, and as time went on he habitually ascribed something of this slowness to the unfavorable effect of his literary avocations on his professional reputation. Tenacity, however, was characteristic of him. He never let go of anything while it would hold. At twenty-eight he was made Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and five years later obtained the additional post of clerk to the Court of Session; and although he did not at once come into the emoluments of the latter, the two places secured him for life an ample independence and honorable station. His position in the working world was that of a gentleman of the law with clerical and executive duties.

It may be that this security of tenure as a practical man contributed something to Scott's attitude toward the profession of literature—a view exceptional among authors —as a mode of life like any other, and consequently to his remarkable freedom from literary vanity. He was always a man of many affairs, of which literature was only one; and it took its place as a normal part of life. It is likely, however, that the slowness of his development as an author was the fundamental cause of his taking so sober a view. His precocity never took the form of immature publication. In the case of no genius is the gradual hiving of the material on which it was to work so marked, the unhurried ripening of faculty so like a process of

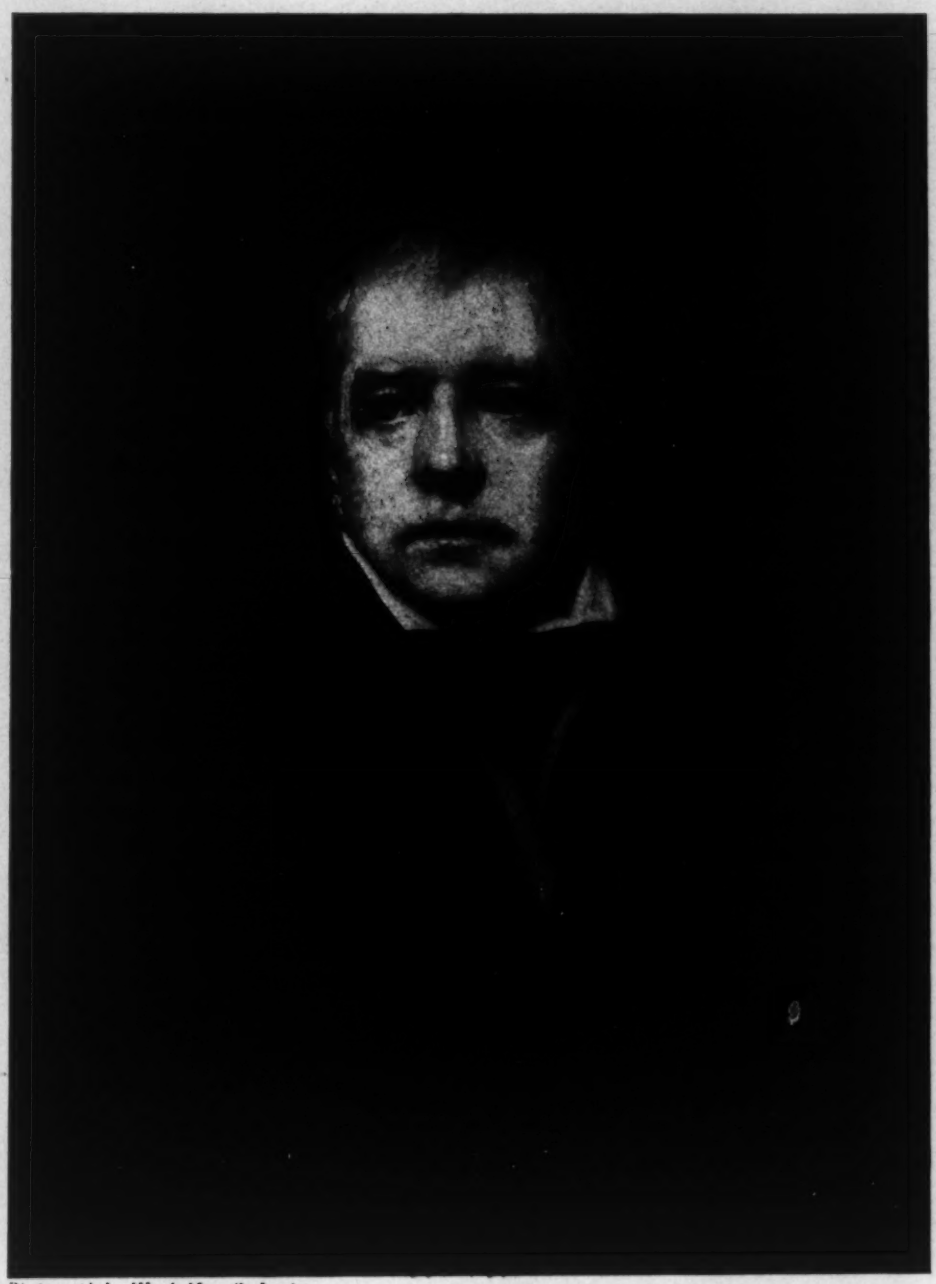
nature; and Scott seems all the time as ignorant of what was to be the outcome as the seed and blade are of the full corn in the ear. He was an out-of-doors man as he had been a tramping boy. It is impossible to think of him without his horses and dogs. His duties as Sheriff took him across country continually, and he always had more months out of Edinburgh than in it, notwithstanding his clerkship. He was thus in constant contact with Scotch life and country, and he never lost or relaxed his first impulse to know and see with his eyes, so far as eyes could see it, all the local history. He was also in love with the genius of Scotland as it was stamped in the people of all sorts and conditions. Human nature, the rough, hard article free from its alloy of the town, was treasure-trove to him. On those annual "raids into Liddesdale," and on many another journey, he made himself master of this book of truth out of which came so much of the character, anecdote and phrase that are most sterling, real and humorsome in his books. For all such actuality in the countryside, he had the same tenacity of mind that Lincoln showed in his circuit-riding, and he was as full of genuine, telling anecdote gathered from the living lip. He was, too, most companionable; "he met every man," it was said, "like his blood-relation." In these "raids" and journeys there was much roughness, but it was welcome to him as having some taste of the old border life. The country people were fond of him; to them he was to the end of his days "the Sheriff." In Edinburgh, also, he held a vigorous and social life with men. In the times of the fear of Napoleonic invasion, he had been a live patriot and cavalryman, Quartermaster of the Light Horse, and took his share of camp and drill with great zest, and he was always a fearless horseman, preferring the turbulent ford to the safe passage and never "going round" for anything in the way. If he "broke the neck of the day's work" before breakfast, as was his life-long habit, it was a matter of necessity; for a man who spent the greater part of the day in physical activity and exercise could have a fresh mind only in the morning. It was in those early hours that he accomplished his literary work; and if there was much mechanical routine in the practise, perhaps his youthful experience as a writer of legal foolscap had accustomed him to the drudgery of the desk. In a life of such variety and scope, so full of work of all kinds, with many active interests, overflowing too with hospitality and rich in friendships, genius less abundant and powerful than Scott's would have been overwhelmed, but he had the knack to turn it all into new resources.

Until Scott was past thirty, he may well have thought of literature as only the busiest and most delightful part of his leisure, and have seemed to himself, as to others, the son of the old lawyer treading in his father's footsteps to a like mediocre fortune. He was of a more generous make, it is true, he was not at all a precisian; there was much freedom for human nature in Edinburgh lite, and he took his share; in the careless cheer of his youthful days and in the hearty sociability of his manhood there was something that would now be thought boisterous; boy and man, conviviality was warm in his blood. He was one of those men who diffuse a physical glow about them. But also, it is plain, there was something in him that set him distinctly apart, the unlikeness which isolates genius, felt before it is recognized, like the electric air of the undischarged cloud; in every company, however varied, though never too much the leader, he was the interesting man. There was a glow in his mind as well as in his blood. It was not literary ambition exactly; though he says that when he wrote the song of "Young Lochinvar" he was "passionately ambitious of fame," it was more the flash of a young man's feeling than the awakening of resolute ambition. Though so widely and well read in literature, and with a real bookishness in his tastes, his genius was not all bookish. He attracted all Scottishness to himself as by the necessity of a fairy gift. If any delver in the old literature was in the neighborhood, such as the marvelous Leyden, he was close in his company; if there was a kindred scholar across the border, like Ellis, he was in correspondence with him, and with such men he began that growing circle of friendships by letter, re-enforced with occasional visits, which is one of the most agreeable and peculiar pleasures of the literary life, and in Scott's case was so large and interesting a part of his biography. He had, for the time, concentrated his antiquarian interest in the endeavor to collect and edit the ballads which he finally issued as the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in particular attention to old metrical romances. This

work was really a stage in his preparation to write, a stone that marks his progress in that absorption of Scotland into his own genius, which he was unconsciously accomplishing without a thought of its ulterior end. He was so far, in the line of his true development, only a literary antiquary.

The beginnings of his literary career, which antedated the "Minstrelsy," did not grow out of his true material, but in a curiously opposite way were distinctly bookish. He made some translations from the German ballads, and also a version of Goethe's Goetz von Berlichingen; and in connection with these studies he tried some original ballads of his own. He was then twenty-eight years old and he describes these as his "first serious attempts at verse." Two years later, when he published the early volumes of the "Minstrelsy," the idea that he might make literature an important part of his life seems to have been distinctly formed, and it had found its true roots. The close tie, the natural birth indeed, of his first poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," out of the deepest prepossession of his mind, is obvious. He wrote it, perhaps, with as little self-confidence as ever any distinguished poet felt in composing his first work, and was as much surprised by its reception as the world was at its appearance. He won at once a popular crown which no hand feebler than Byron's was to wrest from him. He had then already reached his thirty-fourth year. "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," which quickly followed, confirmed his poetic fame; on these three tales in verse, together with a score of lyrics, his permanent vogue as what he might have called "a rhymer" rests.

The merit of Scott's poetry has been much attacked by latter-day critics; but there is a reasonable view to be taken of it, and within its limitations its worth is still unimpaired. Its survival, notwithstanding the immensely greater work of the poets who followed him — men who were purely poets — shows life at the root. It had originality, and retains its force. Scott broke new ground; he discovered material which had natural poetry, and he treated it in a novel manner, appropriate to the subject and stimulating to the mind. If he borrowed his metre from Coleridge, he applied it in a manner and on a scale that Coleridge was incapable of. He was an experimenter in a new kind, and in it was wholly self-educated; such real defects as there are in the verse are incidental to its being tentative work. There is more power than craft, more life than skill; he succeeds by spontaneity more than by art. The careless cross-country gallop of the metre is in keeping with the verve and unevenness which characterize the whole; but the blood is kept awake. His great power of narrative tells the tale, but the interest is less in the individuals than in the kind of life depicted, the baronial hall, the border-battle, the Highland romance; he revivified the times he treated in enduring colors, which replace history in the memory, for his district, equally with Shakespeare's plays, for the Kingdom. He gave especially to the Highlands an imaginative memory which annexed them to the lands which have a meaning to the general heart of man; he alone gave that charm to Loch Katrine and its environs which lifts the scene above the savagery of nature. It is not due only to his description, but he placed action there. It is an error to think of nature-poetry as lying in the sphere of contemplation, merely because that was Wordsworth's way; out-of-doors poetry, such as Byron's tales, often contains more of nature in the mingling of the great scene with the action than any number of addresses to flowers of the wayside and lonely weeds on the rocks. In Scott, fair as the landscape is, nature is more than landscape; it is the place of the action, the breathing air of life itself. The action, moreover, which is the main interest, is unsurpassed in the quality of gallantry, in the stirring moment and the personal adventure. He is the most martial of English poets; excepting a half dozen lyrics and ballads by Campbell and one or two others, there is nothing in our poetry to rival him in this respect. This is the Homeric fighting quality that some find in his verse, and there is truth in the remark. It is said that he "pleases boys;" that is not against him. The obviousness of his meaning, the fact that his ideas, images and language are within easy reach of the average mind, the presence of much ordinariness in the substance, as they partly account for his ready popularity and its wide spread, also denote his permanent appeal; for with all this, which is called his commonness, there goes that most uncommon power to stir the blood, to send the soul out-of-doors, to revivify lost romantic modes of life in all their picturesque color, their daring spirit, their emotional reality. He makes his reader live the

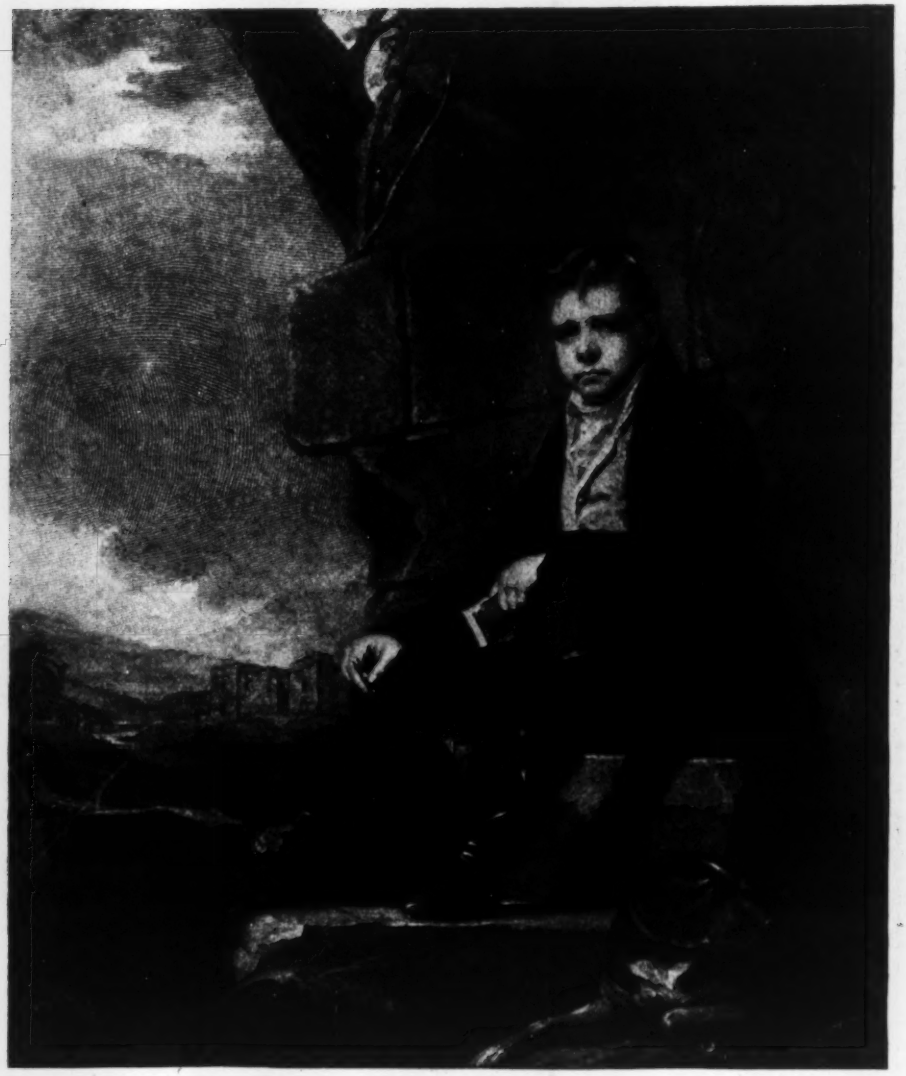


Photograph by W. A. Mansell, London

SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

OWNED BY THE EARL OF HOME

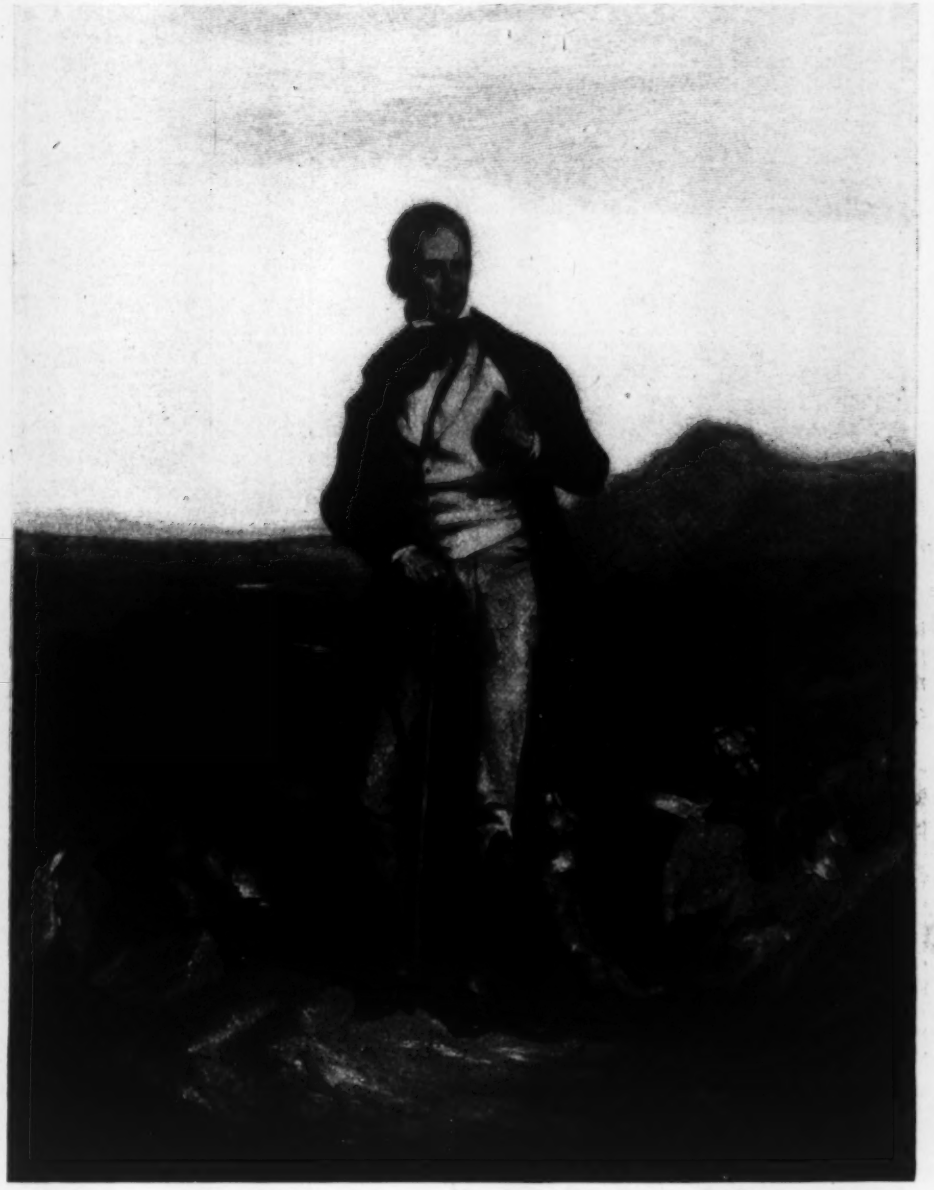


SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

OWNED BY THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

life, and it is not only the life of a past age but it is one of the great permanent types of life. It appeals to all free-men; the echo of it, the desire of it, are in their blood. I have referred to the sneer that Scott "pleases boys." He does. It was "many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea," that my own fourteenth summer was made happy with this delight. I remember that I read every line of his verse with eagerness, and poured out my admiration in a longer essay than this is likely to prove. The experience was not a bad one for a boy who at the yet more tender age of twelve had been deep in Byron and melancholy. It is thirty years and more since then; but to this day the clang of the verse of Branksome Hall turns all the iron of my blood to

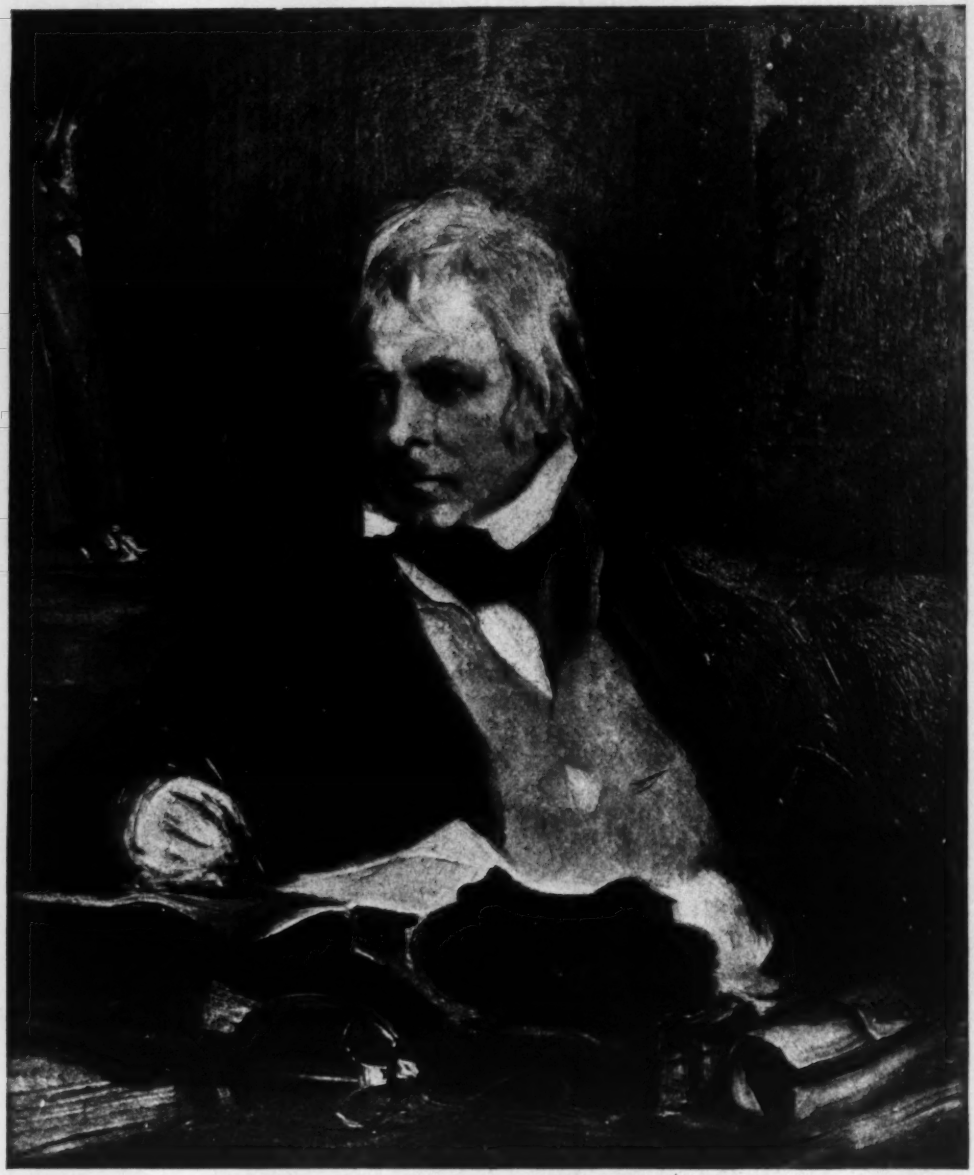


SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ALLEN

This portrait, which is well known as "The Border Minstrel," was painted when Scott was thirty-five years of age. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" had just been published, and "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" were to appear a little later.

music, and the sight of the falling standard on Flodden Field is the most I shall ever know of the heart of Sidney "moved more than with a trumpet." This is the sort of mastery in which Scott is great, for both boy and man. The personal reminiscence only gives emphasis to what is broadly true. Poetry, in the mould which Scott commanded, could not give expression to his whole genius; it was not in verse that he did his great work; but he had set the fashion and showed the way for Byron — in itself surely



SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

no small thing — and when Byron "beat" him, as he said, he turned to prose fiction and came into his own. He did not, however, give up the tale in verse at once, just as he had not given up the law. It was not in his nature, as has been said, to let go. He continued to write metrical romances, but none of them have the same boldness of execution or the same cling to the mind that belonged to the earlier efforts. In these poetic years, too, he had done what in any other man would in itself have seemed abundant labor, in massive editorial work and other miscellaneous literary ways. His poems represent, after all, but a fragment of his immense energy; and now, feeling the

need of appealing to the public in a new line, he solved the situation by taking up a new and unfinished task.

The entrance of Scott on the field of prose fiction bears a close resemblance to his début in poetry. It has the same tentativeness, the character of an experiment. He had long had in mind an attempt to depict the manners of his country in prose. He had read Mrs. Edgeworth's Irish tales, and he thought something like that could be done for Scotland. But his first experiment in fiction had not seemed promising. He began "Waverley" in 1805, just after the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" he resumed it five years later and was again discouraged; after another interval, finding the manuscript while he was hunting for fishing tackle, he wrote the last two volumes in three weeks, in 1813, and it was published anonymously early the next year. Its success, which is one of the legends of literature, was as far beyond expectation as that of "The Lay" had been in its time; and he followed it up, just as he had done in poetry, with that rapid succession of triumph after triumph which made him in the end one of the leading figures of contemporary Europe and the national glory of his own country.

The author of "Waverley" was forty-three years old when he began the great series; but though the discovery and application of his powers have the semblance of accident, both his success and his fertility were the direct result of slowly maturing causes. That long hiving of material and ripening of faculty had gone on without any consciousness of the end to which they were to be applied; but the preparation was complete, and Scott had now found the work — a necessity of genius — into which he could put the whole of himself. His primary endowment was the historic sense, in which he excelled all other English imaginative writers, and in him it was bred of such love of country as to be an impelling passion of patriotism. His love of Scotland was as close to him as his family pride, and his life was a thing of direct contact with what he loved. His tenacity, remarkable in all its manifestations, became genius when applied to anything Scottish. He had an ocular memory of the places he had seen; probably there is no local spot described in his Scotch novels that is not a direct transcript from nature. There was the same prepossession of his mind with the historical and living characters of the land, its feuds and legends, its past and present. In truth, in these years of unconscious preparation he was not unlike Don Quixote reading the romances of chivalry; his mind was charged with Scotland, and, when he went forth into the world as a novelist, spent itself in the things of fiction, in a Quixotic enthusiasm. He lived much of the time in an imaginary world, as he said, not only when he was actually composing but in his mood of mind; it had been so from childhood; he had partly realized this world in poetry, he completely embodied it in prose. It was this world which came to birth in the "Waverley Novels," primarily in the Scotch tales, which are the core of the series, and secondarily in the foreign tales, including the English, which often have large Scotch elements and are all created on the same ground principles. As on the ideal side, like Don Quixote, his mind was imbued with a past age that gave its colors to his waking life, so too on the side of actuality, like the "Knight of La Mancha's" author, he had gone up and down in the land and knew all its people, high and low, noble and peasant and cateran, its professions and trades, its servants, its castaways and poor scholars, the whole range of its human types.

The defects of "Waverley," as an experimental trial, are the same as those of "The Lay"; "The Antiquary" is better made in the same way as "Marmion." The virtues of mere craft do not count for much in his success in prose any more than in verse. Construction is loose, composition is rapid and careless. Sheer power of genius, however, is there with its inevitable and brilliant mastery of the situation. Scott does not aim at a tale of individual fortunes, but he endeavors to represent a kind of life. He seeks, under the impulse of his historic sense, a broader effect than any tale of individual life can give — a social effect. He is apt to set his particular story in a stream of general events to which the fortunes of the individuals are related, but the interest is less in the plot than in this stream of events. He thus gives a truer perspective to life, and greater significance to his matter. The control of the plot, and its issues, are apt to lie at a distance, in what may be called a kind of machination in the background, as the affair of the house of Osbaldiston in "Rob Roy" or old Elspeth's secret in "The Antiquary." The encompassing of a larger world is round about the

story. Like all the greatest writers, Scott gives the great scene of life always; it is a crowded stage, a world full of people. The fortunes of the individuals being inserted in this environing world, much as the dialect is inlaid in the English, the progress of the tale is managed by a succession of scenes. Scott's greatest talent of execution lay in the depicting of these scenes; if he was not a dramatist, there was something theatrical in his faculty, and though he could not write a play, no one could better stage an incident. These scenes are of all kinds; in-door scenes with the fidelity of Dutch masters, such as the hut in "Rob Roy" or Norna's dwelling; out-of-door scenes of infinite variety like the vengeance of Rob's wife, or the drover's foray at the end; scenes of all degrees of spirited action and emotional play, or simple instances of noble behavior, like the farewell of the Prince in "Redgauntlet." Scott has an unrivaled power of realizing life at such times, and here he centers human interest; while about this incessant stream of incidents, conducted by persons suffering and doing, there is constantly felt the play of great forces, social, political, hereditary, the sense of life as an element in which lives exist.

Such a representation of national history and manners, maintaining a permanent hold on the people whom it depicts, must necessarily have great veracity. The basis of reality in the "Waverley Novels" is one of their most distinguishing qualities, and underlies their endurance in literature. It is not merely that particular characters are studied from life; nor is it that other characters, like Meg Merrilies and the gypsies are suggestions from living figures that had arrested the author's passing glance. It is not that the scene of "Castle Dangerous" is governed by what his eye beheld on his visit there, or the whole landscape of "The Pirate" transcribed from his voyages among the islands of the north. Still less is it what he gained from books, either of ordinary history and records of events, or such sermons as those from which he transferred the dark and intense eloquence of "Old Mortality." He had such a marvelous memory for whatever bore the national stamp, he was so brain-packed with the ocular and audible experience of his converse with the people, so full of their physiognomy, gesture and phrase, that he fed his narrative incessantly with actuality; and such was his surplus of treasure of this sort that in his general edition he continued to pour out an illustrative stream of anecdote, reminiscence and antiquarian lore in the notes and prefaces. The Scotch novels are, as it were, an amalgam of memory. When he came to write them, all this lore of tradition and the country-side, with which his mind was impregnated, was precipitated in an unfailing flow. It was because Scott was so much alive with Scotland that he made his imaginary characters live with that intense reality, that instant conviction of their truth, in which he is to be compared only with Shakespeare.

Veracity is the first great quality of the "Waverley Novels." The second is emotional power. Scott was a man of strength; he liked strong deeds and strong men; and he liked strong emotions. I do not mean the passion of love, in which he showed little interest. In the national temperament, in its action in history he found two great emotions; the passion of loyalty, which was incarnate in the Cavaliers and clans, and the enthusiasm of religion which filled the Covenanters. These were social forces and supported a life-long character in men. They gave ideal elevation to the tragic and cruel events which belong to Scotch history, and made an atmosphere about the actors which glowed with life. Scott shared to the full the national capacity for enthusiasm, and was in his own imaginary world as much a Jacobite as he was a border-raider; and he put into his representation a fervor hardly less than contemporary. He was master, too, on the scale of private as opposed to public feeling, of all the moods of sorrow and especially of that dark brooding spirit, frequent in the Scotch character, which he has repeatedly drawn. Such emotion, in the people or in individuals, is the crucible of romance. He used its fires to the full. Whether the scene be battle-broad or dungeon-narrow, whether the passion involves the fortune of a crown or burns in the single breast of Ravenswood, he finds in these deep-flowing and overmastering human feelings the ideal substance which makes his romances so charged with power over the heart. The homogeneity of this power of passion with the events of Scotch history and with the character of the people is complete, the unity of the whole is reinforced by the romantic quality of the landscape, which is its appropriate setting. The state of society, its stage in civilization, is also in keeping. It is, in fact, a kind of Homeric world,

a world of free action, bold character, primitive customs, as well as of high feeling and enterprise, such as has fallen to the lot of no other author since Homer to depict with the same breadth and elevation. It was good fortune for Scott, too, that he could follow Shakespeare's example in relieving the serious scene with humor. It is humor of the first quality, which lies in character itself, and not in farcical action or the buffoonery of words. It centers in and proceeds from eccentricity, in which the Scottish character is also rich; nor in general is the eccentricity overstrained or monotonously insisted on. Scott is very tender of his fools, whose defectiveness in nature is never made a reproach or cruel burden to themselves; and the humorous side of his serious characters only completes their humanity. All parts of life thus enter into his general material, but harmoniously. His share of artistic power was instinctive; he was never very conscious of it; but it was most remarkable in the perfect blend he made of the elements used. "The Pirate" is an admirable example. It is a sea-story, and takes its whole atmosphere from the coasts where its action lies. The struggle with the elements in Mordaunt's opening journey is like an overture; the rescue of the sailor-castaway, the cliff-setting of Mertoun's house, the old Norse of the Patriarch's home and the life of the beach there with its fishing fleet, the superstitious character of Norna the weird familiar of the winds, the bardic lays of Claude Halcro, the sentimental pirate-father and the son with his crew, the secret of the past which unlocks the plot—all these make a combination of land, character, and story, each raised in power by imaginative treatment to a romantic height, and echoing the same note of the sea one to the other in a blend as naturally one as sky, cliff and weather.

The third commanding trait of the "Waverley Novels" is creative power. It is this that places Scott among the greatest imaginative prose-writers of the world, and makes him the first of romancers, as Shakespeare is the first of dramatists. He had that highest faculty of genius which works with the simplicity of nature herself and has something magical in its immediacy, in the way in which it escapes observation and in its instant success; he speaks the word, and there is a world of men, moving, acting, suffering in the wholeness of life. These masters of imagination, too, have as many moulds as nature; whoever appears on the scene of Homer or Shakespeare, no one is surprised; and Scott was as fertile as any of his kind. He is a master of behavior, for both gentleman and peasant, and of the phrases that seem the very speech of a man's mouth. The world of gentlemen is represented in its motives and interests, its sacrifices and ideas, for both age and youth, with a sympathetic comprehension that makes it seem the most just tribute ever given to the essential nobility of that kind of life. The world of humble life, likewise, is rendered with vivid truth in its pursuits, trials and submissions, the virtues welling from the blood itself in peril, sorrow, natural affection for man and woman, for every time of life and in every station of the poor. It is in the language of these characters that the life wakes with most efficiency; only nature makes men and women who can speak thus; Cuddie's mother in "Old Mortality," the old fisherman Mucklebackit in "The Antiquary," Jennie Deans, in "The Heart of Midlothian" are examples; but Scott's truth of touch in such dealing with the poor is unfailing. If the behavior of his gentlemen appeals to the sense of chivalry in every generous breast, the words of his humble persons go straight to the heart of all humanity. In both classes there is a vitality that is distinguishable from life itself only by its higher power. He creates from within; he shows character in action so fused that the being and the doing are one; he achieves expression in its highest form — the expression of a soul using its human powers in earthly life. This is the creative act; not the scientific exhibit of the development of character, not the analytic examination of psychology and motivation, for which inferior talent suffices; but the revealing flash of genius which shows the fair soul in the fair act. It belonged to Scott's conception of life that character and act should be in perfect equipoise; to find them so is the supreme moment of art. It was the moment of Shakespeare and Homer, in drama and epic; and it is the moment of Scott, in the novel. The living power of his men and women by virtue of which once in the mind they never die out of it but remain with the other enduring figures of imagination, "forms more real than living man," proceeds from this union of passion, truth and creative power with the form and pressure of life itself.

The Waverley Novels made Scott one of the famous men of Europe; he held a place of distinction unshared at home, the idol of his own country and honored and beloved in every English speaking land. He also, as is well known, made a great deal of money by them; and Scott was glad to make money. He spent it in a magnificent way, and here the trait of Quixotism is very obvious. Abbotsford, his most human monument, may be described as a romantic work, the material counterpart to his estate in imagination. Don Quixote sought the chivalric past which was the life of his brain, in contemporary Spain; and with a touch of the same madness Scott desired to realize on the banks of the Tweed something of that old baronial life which was so large a part of his memory and imagination; he added farm to farm till he had obtained a considerable domain, he built a mansion, he gathered there the museum of relics of crown, battle and clan which is still intact, and there he dispensed hospitality with ancient generosity, as the representative of his country, as well as to his friends and dependents, with a shadow at least of feudal state. It was a dream that almost came to pass. But at the moment of realization, the crash in his fortunes occurred which condemned him to spend the remainder of his days in a heroic effort to die an honest man. The secret of the authorship of "Waverley" was well kept on the whole; at first it was probably merely a means of guarding his reputation which he did not wish to expose to the risk of failure as a novelist; afterwards, it was useful as a means of exciting interest and there was no particular reason to change. There was another secret, however, that had been much better kept — the fact that he was a commercial partner with the printer, Ballantyne; and the occasion of his secretiveness in this case was that an interest in trade would have been regarded as inconsistent with his professional position as a lawyer. The secretiveness, the willingness to go into trade, the love of money can be turned against Scott; but, to my mind, they only make him more human, a natural man. Scott's practical attitude toward life, and also toward literature itself as a profession like any other, seems not unlike that of Shakespeare; it is the mortal side of the immortal genius which in its own realm was loosened from the sense of reality and lived in an imaginary world. Scott met the situation that confronted him with a courage, an unwearied labor, a reckless expenditure of mental power and physical health which again illustrates the marvelous tenacity of his nature. He held on till he died. The story of the last days and the voyage to Italy is well known. He was a failing man. He still held the place of honor which he had won in men's minds, the love of his own and the respect of foreign nations. Goethe saluted him almost from his death-bed; and soon after Scott himself passed away at Abbotsford.

The fruit of Scott's life is an immeasurable good. There is the life itself, as full of kindliness as of energy, of duty as of honor, incessant in activity, many-sided, patient in official routine, with country loves, with refinement, blameless in the relations of son, brother, husband, father and friend, with room for the affections of dogs and horses and all God's creatures; a life, not saintly, as we wish the lives of women to be, not without weakness, but a source of strength to others, with the right humilities and the right prides, unshaken in its loyalties, a man's life. There are the works, which have been the delight of millions of homes through four-score years.

I remember one summer seeing a boy of six enacting Rob Roy, and not long after hearing Mr. Lowell tell me, just before he died, that he had lately read the "Waverley Novels" through again with much happiness; genius with a reach like that will defy time long. I have read them myself repeatedly in the passing of years, and always with a greater admiration of their literary power, their sheer creative faculty, their high strain of feeling and human truth, and their wholesomeness for the daily sympathies and moral ideals of the democracy. They are a great feature in English literature; they lie, massive, like Ben Nevis and Loch Lomond, in the geography of the soul's country, where she builds her earthly mansions. One takes leave of them, for a time, but he closes the volume, whatever it may be, with Tennyson's exclamation in his heart—

"O great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood, and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known."

THE REVOLVING YEAR

BY

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE," ETC.

"'It snows' cries the schoolboy, 'Hurrah'!
And his shout is heard through parlor and hall."
—McGuffey's Third Reader.

(Well, maybe it was the Second Reader. And if it was the Fourth, what difference does it make? And furthermore, who's doing this thing, you or me?)

HAD it not been that never in my life have I ever heard anybody say either "It snows" or "Hurrah!" it is improbable that I should have remembered the first line of a poem describing the effect produced upon different kinds of people by the sight of the first snowstorm of winter. Had it not been for the plucky (not to say heroic) effort to rhyme "hall" with "hurrah" I should not have remembered the second, and still another line of it, depicting the emotions of a poor widow with a large family and a small woodpile, is burned into my memory only by reason of the shocking language it contains, the more shocking in that it was deliberately put forth to be read by innocent-minded children. Poor Carrie Rinehart! When she stood up to read that, she got as red as a beet, and I believed her when she told me afterward that she thought she would sink right through that floor. Of course, some had to snicker, but the most of us, I am thankful to say, were a credit to our bringing up, and never let on we heard it. All the same it was a terrible thing to have to speak right out loud before everybody. If any of the boys (let alone the girls), had said that because he felt like saying it, he would have been sent in to the principal, and that night his daddy would have given him another licking.

Even now I cannot bring myself to write the line without toning it down.

"'It snows!' cries the widow, 'Oh gosh!'"

There! You can just imagine what the original must have been.

At the beginning of winter, I will not deny, that the schoolboy might have shouted: "It's snowin'! Hoo-ee!" when he saw the first snowflakes sifting down, and realized that the Old Woman was picking her geese. A change is always exciting, and winter brings many joyous sports and pastimes, skating, and snowballing, and sliding down hill, and — er — er — I said skating didn't I? and — er — Oh, yes, sleighriding, and — er — Well, I guess that's about all.

Skating now, that's fine. I know a boy who, when the red ball goes up in the streetcars, sneaks under his coat a pair of wooden-soled skates, with runners that curl up over the toes like the stems of capital letters in the Spencerian copy-book. He is ashamed of the old-fashioned things, which went out of date long and long before my day, but he says that they are better than the hockeys. Well, you take a pair of such skates and strap them on tightly until you can't tell by the feel which is feet and which is wooden soles, and you glide out upon the ice above the dam for, say about four hours, with the wind from the northwest and the temperature about nine below, and I tell you it is something grand. And if you run over a stick that is frozen in the ice, or somebody bumps into you, or your feet slide out from under you, and you strike on your ear and part of your face on the ice, and go about ten feet — ah, it's great! Simply great. And it's nice, too, to skate into an air-hole into water about up to your neck, and have the whole mob around you whooping and "hollering" and slapping their legs with glee, because they know it isn't deep enough to drown you, and you look so comical trying to claw out. And when you do get out, it takes such a long time to get your skates off, and you feel so kind of chilly like, and when you get home

your clothes are frozen stiff on you — Oh, who would willingly miss such sport?

And sleigh-riding! Me for sleigh-riding! You take a nice, sharp day in winter, when the sky is as blue as can be because all the moisture is frozen out of the air, a day when the snow under the sleigh runners whines and creaks, as if thousands of tiny wine-glasses were being crushed by them, and the bells go jing-jing, jing-jing on the frosty air which just about takes the hide off your face; when you hold your mittens up to your ears and then have to take them down to slap yourself across the chest to get the blood a-going in your fingers; when you kick your feet together and dumbly wonder why it is your toes don't click like marbles; when the cold creeps up under your knitted pulse-warmers, and in at every possible little leak until it has soaked into your very bones; when you snuggle down under the lap-robe where it is warm as toast (day before yesterday's toast) and try to pull your shoulders up over your head; when a little drop hangs on the end of your nose, which has ceased to feel like a living, human nose, and now resembles something whittled to a point; when you hold your breath as long as you can, and your jaw waggles as if you were playing chin-chopper with it — Ah, that's the sport of kings! And after you have got as cold as you possibly can get, and simply cannot stand it a minute longer, you ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride.

Once in a while you turn out for another sleigh, and nearly upset in the process, and you can see that in all points its occupants are exactly as you are, just as happy and contented. There aren't any dogs to run out and bark at you. Old Maje and Tige, and even little Bounce and Guess are snoozing behind the kitchen stove. All there is is just jing-jing, jing-jing, jing-jing, not a bird-cry or a sound of living creatures. Jing-jing, jing-jing . . . Well yes, *kind* o' monotonous, but still. . . . You pass a house, and a woman comes out to scrape off a plate to the chickens standing on one foot in a corner where the sun can get at them, and the wind cannot. She scrapes slowly, and looks at you as much as to say: "I wonder who's sick. Must be somebody going for the doctor, day like this." And then she shudders: "B-b-b-oo-oo-oo!" and runs back into the house and slams the door hard. You snuffle and look at the chimney that has thick white smoke coming out of it, and think that very likely a nice, warm fire is making all that smoke, and you snuffle again and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride and ride. And about an hour and a half after you have given up all hopes, and are getting resigned to your fate, you turn off the big road and up the lane to the house where you are going on your pleasure-trip, and you hop out as nimble as a sack of potatoes, and hobble into the house, and don't say how-de-do or anything, but just make right for the stove. The people all squall out: "Why, ain't you 'most froze?" and if you answer, "Yes sum," it's as much as ever. Generally you can't do anything but just stand and snuffle and look as if you hadn't a friend on earth. And about the time you get so that some spots are pretty warm, and other spots aren't as cold as they were, why then you wrap up, and go home again with the same experience, only more so. Fine! fine!

It's nice, too, when there's a whole crowd out together in a wagon-bed with straw in it. There's something so cozy in straw! And the tin horns you blow in each other's ear, and the songs you sing: "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way," and "Waw-unneeta! Waw-unneeta, ay-usk thy sowl if we shud part," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Johnny Shmoker," and that variation of "John Brown's Body," where every time you sing over the verse you leave off one more word, and somebody always forgets, and you laugh fit to kill yourself, and just have a grand time. And maybe you take a whole lot of canned cove oysters with you, and when you get out to Makemson's, or wherever it is you're going, Mrs. Makemson puts the kettle on and makes a stew, cooking the oysters till they are thoroughly done. And she makes coffee, the kind you can't tell from tea by the looks, and have to try twice before you can tell by the taste. Ah! winter brings many joyous sports and pastimes. And you get back home along about half-past two, and the fire's out, and the folks are in bed, and you have to be at the store to open up at seven — Laws! I wish it was so I could go sleigh-riding once more in the long winter evenings, when the pitcher in the spare bedroom bursts, and makes a noise like a cannon.

And sliding down hill, I like that. . . . What? Coasting? Never heard of it. If it's anything like sliding down hill, it's all

right. For a joke you can take a barrel-stave and hold on to that and slide down. It goes like a scared rabbit, but that isn't so much the point as that it slews around and spills you into a drift. Sleds are lower and narrower than they used to be, and they also lack the artistic adornment of a pink, or a blue, or a black horse, painted with the same stencil but in different colors, and named "Dexter," or "Rarus," or "Goldsmith Maid." These are good names, but nobody ever called his sled by a name.

Boggs's hill, back of the lady's house that taught the infant class in Sunday-school was a good hill. It had a creek at the bottom, and a fine, long ride, eight or ten feet, on the ice. But Dangler's hill was the boss. It was the one we all made up our minds we would ride down some day when the snow was just right. We'd go over there and look up to the brow of the hill and say: "Gee! But wouldn't a fellow come down like sixty, though?"

"Betchy!"

We'd look up again, and somebody would say: "Aw, come on. Less go over to Boggs's hill."

"Thought you was goin' down Dangler's."

"Yes, I know, but all the other fellows is over to Boggs'."

"A-ah, ye're afraid."

"Ain't either."

"Y'are teether."

"I dare you."

"Oh, well now —— "

"I double dare you."

"All right. I will if you will. You go first."

"Nah, you go first. The fellow that's dared has got to go first. Ain't that so, Chuck? Ain't that so, Monkey?"

"I'll go down if you will, on'y you gotta go first."

"Er — er — Who all's over at Boggs' hill?"

"Oh, the whole crowd of 'em, Turkey-egg McLaughlin, and Ducky Harshberger, and — Oh, I don' know who all.' '

"Tell you what less do. Less wait till it gets all covered with ice, and all slick and smooth. *Then* less come over and go down."

"Say! Won't she go like sixty then! Jeemses Rivers! Come on, I'll beat you to the corner."

That was the closest we ever came to going down Dangler's hill. Railroad hill wasn't so bad, over there by the soap-factory, because they didn't run trains all the time, and you stood a good chance of missing being run over by the engine, but Dangler's — Well, now, I want to tell you Dangler's was an awful steep hill, and a long one, and when you think that it was so steep nobody ever pretended to drive up it, even in the summer-time, and you slide down that hill and think that, once you got to going. . . . Fun's fun, I know, but——

Let me see, now. Have I missed anything? I'll count 'em off on my fingers. There's skating, and sleigh-riding, and sliding down hill, and — Oh, yes. Snowballing and making snow-men. Nobody makes a snow-man but once, and nobody makes a snow-house after it has caved in on him once and like to killed him. And as for snowballing — Look here. Do you know what's the nicest thing about winter? Get your feet on a hot stove, and have the lamp over your left shoulder, and a pan of apples, and something exciting to read, like "Frank Among the Indians." Eh, how about it? In other words, the best thing about winter is when you can forget that it is winter.

The excitement that prompts "It snows!" and "Hurrah!" mighty soon peters out, and along about the latter part of February, when you go to the window and see that it is snowing again — again? Consarn the luck!

You do get so sick and tired of winter. School lets out at four o'clock, and it's almost dark then. There's no time for play, for there's all that wood and kindling to get in, and Pap's awful cranky when he hops out of bed these frosty mornings to light the fire, and finds you've been skimpy with the kindling. And the pump freezes up, and you've got to shovel snow off the walks and out in back-yard so Tilly can hang up the clothes when she comes to do the washing. And your mother is just as particular about your neck being clean as she is in summer when the water doesn't make you feel so shivery. And there's the bottle of goose-grease always handy, and the red flannel to pin around your throat, and your feet in the bucket of hot water before you go to bed — "Aw, put 'em right in. Yes, I know it's hot. That's what's going to make you well. In with 'em. Aw, child, it isn't going to scald you. Go on now. The water'll be stone-cold in a minute." Oh, I don't like winter for a cent. Kitchoo! There I've gone and caught fresh cold.

I wish it would hurry up and come spring.

II

"When the days begin to lengthen
The cold begins to strengthen."

Now, you know that doesn't stand to reason. Every day the sun inches a little higher in the heavens. His rays strike us more directly and for a longer time each day. But it's the cantankerous fact, and it simply has to stand to reason. That's the answer, and the sum has to be figured out somehow in accordance with it. Like one time, when I was about sixteen years old, and in the possession of positive and definite information about the way the earth went around the sun and all, I was arguing with one of these old codgers that think they know it all, one of these men that think it is so smart to tell you: "Sonny, when you get older, you'll know more'n you do now — I hope." Well, he was trying to tell me that the day lengthened at one end before it did at the other. I did my best to dispel the foolish notion from his mind, and explained to him how it simply could not be, but no, sir! he stood me down. Finally, since pure reasoning was wasted on him, I took the almanac off the nail it hung by, and — I bedog my riggin's if the old skidamalink wasn't right after all. Sundown keeps coming a minute later every day, while, for quite a while there, sun-up sticks at the same old time, 7.30 A. M. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish?

Very early, "while it is yet dark," the alarm-clock of old Dame Nature begins to buzz. It may snow and blow, and winter may seem to have settled in in earnest, but deep down in the earth, the root-tips, where lie the brains of vegetables, are gaping and stretching, and ho-humming, and wishing they could snooze a little longer. When it thaws in the afternoon and freezes up at sunset as tight as bricks, they tell me that out in the sugar-camp there are great doings. I don't know about it myself, but I have heard tell of boring a hole in the maple-tree, and sticking in a spout, and setting a bucket to catch the drip, and collecting the sap, and boiling down, and sugaring off. I have heard tell of taffy-pullings, and how Joe Hendricks stuck a whole gob of maple-wax in Sally Miller's hair, and how she got even with him by rubbing his face with soot. It is only hearsay with me, but I'll tell you what I have done: I have eaten real maple sugar, and nearly pulled out every tooth I had in my head with maple-wax, and I have even gone so far as to have maple syrup on pancakes. It's good, too. The maple syrup came on the table in a sort of a glass flagon with a metal lid to it, and it was considered the height of bad manners to lick off the last drop of syrup that hung on the nose of the flagon. And yet it must not be allowed to drip on the tablecloth. It is a pity we can't get any more maple syrup nowadays.

Along about the same time, the boys come home with a ring of mud around their mouths, and exhaling breaths like those which blow o'er Ceylon's isle in the hymn-book. They bear a bundle of roots, whose thick, pink hide mother whittles off with the butcher-knife and sets to steep. Put away the store tea and coffee. To-night as we drink the reddish aromatic brew we return, not only to our own young days, but to the young days of the nation when our folks moved to the West in a covered wagon; when Grandpap, only a little boy then, about as big as Charley there, got down the rifle and killed the bear that had climbed into the hog-pen; then when they found old Cherry out in the timber with her calf between her legs, and two wolves lying where she had horned them to death — we return to-night to the high, heroic days of old, when our forefathers conquered the wilderness and our foremothers reared the families that peopled it. This cup of fragrant sassafras to-night in their loving memory! Earth, rest easy on their mouldering bones!

Some there be that still take stock in the ground-hog. I don't believe he knows anything about it. And I believe that any animal that had the sense that he is reputed to have would not remain only a ground-hog all these years. At least not in this country. Anyhow, it's a long ways ahead, six weeks is, especially at the time when you do wish so fervently that it would come spring. We keep on shoveling coal into the furnace and carrying out ashes, and longing, and crying: "Oh, for pity's sakes! When is this going to stop?"

And then, one morning, we awaken with a start. Wha-what? Sh! Keep still, can't you? There is a more canorous and horn-like quality to the crowing of Gildersleeve's rooster, and his hens chant cheerily as they kick the litter about. But it wasn't these cheerful sounds that wakened us with a start.

There! Hear that? Hear it? Two or three long-drawn, reedy notes, and an awkward boggle at a trill, but oh, how sweet! How sweet! It is the song-sparrow, blessed bird! It won't be long now; it won't be long.

The snow fort in the back-yard still sulks there black and dirty. "I'll go when I get good and ready, and not before," it seems to say. Other places, the thinner snow has departed and left behind it mud that seizes upon your overshoe with an "Oh, what's your rush?" In the middle of the road it lies as smooth as pancake-batter.

The mother of children flies to the back-door when school lets out. "Don't you come in here with all that mud!" she squalls excitedly. "Look at you! A peck o' dirt on each foot. Right in my nice clean kitchen that I just scrubbed. Go 'long now and clean your shoes. Go 'long, I tell you. Slave and slave for you and that's all the thanks I get. You'd keep the place looking like a hog-pen, if I wasn't at you all the time. I never saw such young ones since the day I was made. Never. Whoopin' and hollerin' and trackin' in and out. It's enough to drive a body crazy."

(Don't you care. It's just her talk. If it isn't one thing it's another, cleaning your shoes, or combing your hair, or brushing your clothes, or using your handkerchief, or shutting the door softly, or holding your spoon with your fingers and not in your fist, or keeping your finger out of your glass when you drink — something the whole blessed time. Forever and eternally picking at a fellow about something. And saying the same thing over and over so many times. That's the worst of it!)

Pap and Mother read over the seed catalogues, all about "warm, light soils," and "hardy annuals," and "sow in drills four inches apart." It kind of hurries things along when you do that. In the south window of the kitchen is a box full of black dirt in which — will you look out what you're doing? Little more and you'd have upset it. There are tomato seeds in that, I'll have you know. Oh, yes, government seeds. Somebody sends 'em, I don't know who. Congressman, I guess, whoever *he* is. I don't pretend to keep track of 'em. And say. When was this watered last? There it is. Unless I stand over you every minute — My land! If there's anything done about this house *I* 've got to do it.

Between the days when it can't make up its mind whether to snow or to rain, and tries to do both at once, comes a day when it is warm enough (almost) to go without an overcoat. The Sunday following you can hardly hear what the preacher has to say for the whooping and barking. The choir members have cough drops in their cheeks when they stand up to sing, and everybody stops in at the drug store with: "Say, Doc, what's good for a cold?"

Eggs have come down. Yesterday they were nine for a quarter; to-day they're ten. Gildersleeve wants a dollar for a setting of eggs, but he'll let you have the same number of eggs for thirty cents if you'll wait till he can run a needle into each one. So afraid you'll raise chickens of your own.

Excited groups gather about rude circles scratched in the mud, and there is talk of "pureys," and "reals," and "aggies," and "commies," and "fen dubs!" There is a rich click about the bulging pockets of the boys, and every so often in school time something drops on the floor and rolls noisily across the room. When Miss Daniels asks: "Who did that?" the boys all look so astonished. Who did what, pray tell? At this season of the year, too, there is much serious talk as to the exceeding sinfulness of "playing for keeps." The little boys, in whose thumbs lingers the weakness of the arboreal ape, their ancestor, and who "poke" their marbles, drink in eagerly the doctrine that when you win a marble you ought to give it back, but the hard-eyed fellows, who can plunk it every time, sit there and let it go in one ear and out the other, there being a hole drilled through expressly for the purpose. What? Give up the rewards of skill? Ah, g'wan!

The girls, even to those who have begun to turn their hair up under, are turning the rope and dismally chanting: "All in together, pigs in the meadow, nineteen twenty, leave the rope empty," or whatever the rune is.

It won't be long now. It won't be long.

III

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise my love, my fair one, and come away."

—The Song of Solomon.

Out in the woods the leaves that rustled so bravely when we shuffled our feet through them last fall are sodden and matted. It is warm in the woods for the sun strikes down through the bare branches, and the cold wind is fended off. The fleshy lances of the spring beauty have stabbed upward through the mulch, and a tiny cup, delicately-veined with pink, hangs its head bashfully. Anemones on brown wire stems aspire without a leaf, and in moist patches are May pinks, the trailing arbutus of the grown-ups. As we carry home a bunch, the heads all lopping every which way like the heads of strangled babies, we can almost hear behind us in the echoing forests a long, heart-broken moan, as of Rachel mourning for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not. The wild-flowers don't look so pretty in the tin cups of water as they did back in the woods.

Old Winter hates to give up that he is beaten. It's a funny thing, but when you hear a person sing, "Good-a-by, Summer, good-a-by, good-a-by," you always feel kind of sad and sorry. It's going, the time of year when you can stay out of doors most of the time, when you can go in swimming, and the Sunday-school picnic, and the circus, and play baseball and camp out, and there's no school, and everything nice, and watermelons, and all like that. Good-by, good-by, and you begin to snivel a little. The departure of summer is dignified and even splendid, but the earth looks so sordid and draggle-trailed when winter goes, that onions could not bring a tear. Old winter likes to tease. "Aha! You thought I was gone, did you? Not yet, my child, not yet!" And he sends us huckleberry-colored clouds from the northwest, from which snowflakes, big as copper cents, solemnly waggle down as if they really expected the schoolboy to shout: "It snows! Hurrah!" and make his shout heard through parlor and hall. But they only leave a few dark freckles on the garden beds. Alas, yes! There is no light without its shadow, no joy without its sorrow tagging after. It isn't all marbles and play in the gladsome springtide. Bub has not only to spade up the garden — there is some sense in that — but he has to dig up the flower beds, and help his mother set out her footy, trifling plants.

The robins have come back, our robins that nest each spring in the old seek-no-further. To the boy grunting over the spading-fork presents himself Cock Robin. "How about it? Hey? All right? Hey?" he seems to ask, cocking his head, and flipping out the curt inquiries with tail-jerks. Glad of any excuse to stop work, the boy stands statue-still, while Mr. Robin drags from the upturned clods the long, elastic fish-worms, and then with a brief "Chip!" flashes out of sight. Be right still now. Don't move. Here he comes again, and his wife with him. They fly down, he all eager and alert to wait upon her, she whining and scolding. She doesn't think it's much of a place for worms.

And there's that boy yonder. He's up to some devilment or other, she just knows. She oughtn't to have come away and left those eggs. They'll get cold now, she just knows they will. Anything might happen to them when she's away, and then he'll be to blame, for he coaxed her. He knows she told him she didn't want to come. But he would have it. For half a cent she'd go back right now. And, Heavens above! Is he going to be all day picking up a few little worms?

She cannot finish a sentence for her gulps, for he is tamping down in her insides the reluctant angle-worms that do not want to die, two or three writhing in his bill at once, until he looks like Jove's eagle with its mouth full of thunderbolts. And all the time he is chip-chipping and flirting his tail, and saying: "How's that? All right? Hey? Here's another. How's that? All right? Hey? Open now. Like that? Here's one. Oh, a beaut! Here's two fat ones? Great? Hey? Here y' go. Touch the spot? Hey? More? Sure Mike. Lots of 'em. Wide now. Boss. Hey? Wait a second — yes, honey. In a second. . . . I got him. Here's the kind *you* like. Oh, yes, do. Do take one more. Oh, you better."

"D'ye think I'm made o' rubber?" she snaps at him. "I know I'll have indigestion, and you'll be to bla — Mercy land! Them eggs!" and she gathers up her skirts and flits. He escorts her gallantly, but returns to pick a few for himself, and to cock his head knowingly at the boy, as much as to say: "Man of family, by Ned. Or — or soon will be. Oh, yes, any minute now, any minute."

And if I remember rightly, he even winks at the boy with a wink whose full significance the boy does not learn till many years after when it dawns upon him that it meant:

"You got to make allowances for 'em. Especially at such a time. All upset, you know, and worried. Oh, yes. You got to; you got to make allowances for 'em."

Day by day the air grows balmier and softer on the cheek. Out in the garden, ranks of yellow-green pikes stand stiffly at "Present. . . . Hump!" and rosettes of the same color crumple through the warm soil.

Things come with such a rush now, it is hard to tell what happens in its proper order. The apple trees blossom out like pop-corn over the hot coals. The Japan quince repeats its far-famed imitation of the Burning Bush of Moses; the flowering currants are strung with knobs of vivid yellow fringe; the dead grass from the front-yard, the sticks and stalks and old tomato vines, the bits of rag and the old bones that Guess has gnawed upon are burning in the alley, and the tormented smoke is darting this way and that, trying to get out from under the wind that seeks to flatten it to the ground. All this is spring, and yet it isn't.

But, one day in school, the heat that yesterday was nice and cozy becomes too dry and baking for endurance. The young ones come in from recess red, not with the brilliant glow of winter, but a sort of scalded red. They juke their heads forward to escape their collars' moist embrace; they reach their hands back of them to pull their clinging winter underwear away. They fan themselves with joggerfies, and puff out: "Phew!" and look pleadingly at the shut windows. One boy, bolder than his fellows, moans with a suffering lament: "Miss Daniels, cain't we have the windows open? It's awful hot!" Frightful dangers lurk in draughts. Fresh air will kill folks. So, not until the afternoon is the prayer answered. Then the outer world, so long excluded, enters once more the schoolroom life. The mellifluous crowing of distant roosters, the rhythmic creaking of a thirsty pump, the rumble of a loaded wagon, the clinking of hammers at the blacksmith shop, the whistle of No. 3 away below town, all blend together in the soft spring air into one lulling harmony.

Winter's alert activity is gone. Who cares for grades and standings now? The girls — that always are so smart — gape lazily, and stare at vacancy wishing — they don't know what they wish, but if He had a lot of money, why, then they could help the poor, and all like that, and have a new dress every day.

James Sackett — his real name is Jim Bag, but Teacher calls him James Sackett — has his face set toward: "A farmer sold 16 ⅔ bu. wheat for 66 ⅞ c. per bu.; 19 ⅝ bu. oats for," etc., etc., but his soul is far away in Cummins's woods, where there is a robbers' cave that he, and Chuck Higgins, and Bunt Rogers, and Turkey-egg McLaughlin are going to dig Saturday afternoons when the chores are done. They are going to — Here Miss Daniels should slip up behind him and snap his ear, but she, too, is far away in spirit. Her beau is coming after supper to take her buggy-riding. She wonders. . . . She wonders. . . . Will she have to teach again next fall? She wonders. . . .

Wait. Wait but a moment. A subtle change is coming.

The rim of the revolving year has a brighter and a darker half, a joyous and a somber half. Autumnal splendors cannot cheer the melancholy that we feel when summer goes from us, but when summer comes again the heart leaps up in joy to meet it. Wait but a moment now. Wait.

The distant woodland swims in an amethystine haze. A long and fluting note, honey-sweet as it were blown upon a bottle, comes to us from far. It is the turtle-dove. The blood beats in our ears. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

So gentle it can scarce be felt, a waft of air blows over us, the first sweet breath of summer. A veil of faint and subtle perfume drifts around us. The vines with the tender grape give a good smell. And evermore, as its enchantment is cast about us, we are as once we were when first we came beneath its spell; we are by the smoke-house at the old home place; we stand in shoes whose copper toes wink and glitter in the sunlight, a gingham apron sways in the soft breeze, and on the green, upspringing turf dances the shadow of a tasseled cap. Life was all before us then. Please God, it is not all behind us now. Please God, our best and wisest days are yet to come — the days when we shall do the work that is worthy of us. Dear one, mother of my children here and yonder — and yonder — the best and wisest days are yet to come. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

IN LOVERS' MEETING

BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

IT was an April morning after a night's rain; and the day had come nimbly — clean, ruddy, and tingling — from a cool bath. It was now ten o'clock. Central Park had been stirring since the dawn with the bustle of winds that shook out the tufts of glued leaflets, and tossed and dried the wet grasses; the sunshine was as yellow as the season's daffodils; the sky, washed like a pearl, seemed to swim in a dazzling brilliancy of light.

To the old washerwoman, shuffling along the asphalt walks with her bundle, these unshaded glories of the spring were giddily bright and dizzying. She had been to West End Avenue to get a Monday washing, and she had walked the whole way. The moisture of the air had started all her aches. The light bewildered her eyes. She had a touch of vertigo that made her uncertain on her feet.

She turned aside to the path that entered the "Ramble," and sat down there on a rustic bench, dropping her bundle on the seat beside her, and clasping her hands over the

ragged fringe of her shawl, as if clinging to the strength in her gnarled fingers. She blinked under her bonnet — a mourning bonnet, faded from black to rusty green — that did not shade her wrinkles. She seemed pitiably old in the midst of all that glow and lustiness of young life.

Among the trees there was a squirrel that had watched her coming; and it began to approach her, now, through the grass, with quick rushes and sudden stops, flirting its tail about in a way that made her smile. And when she smiled, all her wrinkles fell into their places on her face in an expression of motherly good-nature that took wonderfully from her years. It was a face that had not soured with age — that was still even comely though it was as yellow as old bones, and withered. She pursed up her lips to call: "Poosy! Poosy!"

The squirrel sat up on the border of the walk, and watched her with the eyes of a rat. She clucked to it; she coaxed it with baby talk; and the sight of its comical spryness set her shaking with that stomachic, tight-lipped chuckle which is the laughter of old folk who have lost their teeth.

It darted forward a yard on the walk, and hesitated until she held out a trembling hand at her knee. Then it crept to her feet, and sat up, sniffing for the expected alms of nuts.

"Purty, purty," she crooned. "'T's hungry, it is. *Dear*, aw *dear*." Her voice had a sweet mellowness of tone, neither cracked nor plaintive, a soft Irish accent, without the breadth of a brogue.

She reached down to touch the squirrel's head. It crouched, turned on a spring, and scurried back to the grass. She looked up to see a man approaching.

"I scart him off," he apologized, and touched the slouched brim of his felt hat in a somewhat military salute to her. He was almost as gray as she was herself.

"Sure, I'd nuthin' to give the poor thing," she said, peering up at him against the sun.

He put his hand in the bagged pocket of his coat. "I've some goobers with me," he said, drawing out three of them. "I fed most of 'em to the monkeys. They're hungry these days, ma'am."

She studied him with a narrowed eye. He was undeniably "well-preserved," as she would have said; and, though his mustache was thin and gray, there was blood and color in his tanned cheeks, in little scarlet veins in the skin.

He whistled softly to the squirrel that was spying on them from the grass, and stooped to hold out a nut to it in a brown hand, invitingly. Mrs. Dolan took her bundle from the seat and placed it on her knees. "Yeh'll have to sit down fer 'm," she said. "They're as timid as the mice."

She did not explain that she was on terms of friendship with all the mice of her tenement house.

"Thank, yuh, ma'am." He sat down on the edge of the bench, with a certain clumsy bashfulness, and bent over with the nut. The squirrel was erect in the grass. "Like a gopher," he said. He added in a moment, "out West," since she did not seem to understand. He glanced over his shoulder at her to find her smiling absent-mindedly at the squirrel. "They dig the ground full o' rat-holes," he went on, "an' throw yer horse."

She did not answer; and he returned to the squirrel. It came to the middle of the walk, but it would come no nearer. He tossed it the nut, and it ran back to the grass to peel and eat it there.

"Were y'ever out West, ma'am?" he asked her, shoving back into the seat.

She woke to his question. "Niver a foot," she said. "Niver a foot. It's fifty year an' more since I landed in Noo York, an' niver a foot have I put out 'f it yet."

"Fifty years," he said, and puckered his eyes reflectively. "Well, well. . . . The town's changed since then, ma'am."

She nodded and nodded, compressing her lips in an expression which said the thing was beyond words. "Aw, my, my," she sighed; and the thought of the past loosened her face in a pathetic droop of mouth.

"I was a boy here myself, ma'am," he said.

She did not hear him. "Aw, my, my," she went on. "Whin I think 'f it — of a Sunda', whin there's nuthin' to do on'y sit with yer hands in yer lap! Whin I think 'f it — An' all thim that's dead an' gone." She shook her head sorrowfully from side to side.

"It's a long time," he said.

"Ain't it now? A long time! Fifty year an' more since I come over in th' ol' 'City o' Dublin'! . . . I mind we had the ship fever aboord, an' nineteen poor souls were thrown in the sea, without so much as puttin' thim in a chist. An' there I was, cryin' m' eyes out, I was that sick; an' thinkin' ev'ry

minute I'd be the next. An' here I am, livin' yet, praise God — livin' yet."

"We we're young then, ma'am."

She chuckled, with an old woman's sudden change of mood. "An' wasn't I the green one! The girls at my first place, they tol' me the children in Noo York, whin they cried, took fits an' died. They tol' me *that*, now. An' Mrs. Elliott — God bless her. She was the good frind to me. I hope that God'll give 'r the worth 'f it — She come upstairs, an' 'Kitty,' she says. 'What's the matter, Kitty?' she says — me cryin' woorse 'n the child! An' whin I told her! Whin I told her! Aw, my, my!"

At the mention of Mrs. Elliott, the man had turned to her, as if his head were on a rod, like a ventriloquist's dummy, without moving his shoulders. He stared at her, wooden-faced.

"I was the green one," she said. "I come straight from the farms o' County Cavan, where the gurls was brought up in innocency. . . . We had nuthin' but a dancin' of a Sunda' in the barn — of harvest time — no theayter — nuthin' — nuthin' at all. The folk was all dependin' to their farms." She began to chuckle again. "I mind whin I come to Thurteenth Street, with Rose — they were feedin' pigs in Thurteenth Street in thim days — I says to Rose; 'Sure,' I says, 'they're all poor here,' I says. 'They've neither bite ner sup,' I says, 'on'y what they buys.' An' Rose says: '*Don't be talkin' sich* nonsinse,' she says. Thim very words! '*Don't be talkin' sich nonsinse*,' she says."

He leaned down again to hold a peanut to the squirrel. "Mrs. Elliott?" he asked thickly. "Where did *she* live?"

"On Tinth Street, to be sure. An' she'd *siven* to help. 'T was a lov'ly place, an' a fine fam'ly — an' good frinds they was to me. The hand of God was with me whin I wint *there*."

He said: "Did y'ever know Jim Farrell?"

Her hand, on the bundle of washing on her knee, twitched and trembled with a sudden leap of her heart. "Indeed, indeed," she said, "he was keepin' comp'ny with me whin he 'listed."

He dropped his head, as if shielding himself from her eyes behind the breadth of his shoulders.

"Did yeh know'm?" she asked in a quaver.

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said huskily: "He was in th' Excelsior Brigade with me. I jus' ust to hear him talkin' about a girl at Mrs. Elliott's."

The squirrel darted away to safety with another nut, but the man did not rise from his stooping posture. As for Mrs. Dolan, she was gazing, with trembling lips, at the shimmer of sun among the trees. "What become of'm, sur?" she whispered.

"He was killed," he said. "At Gettysburg."

Two great tears trickled down her old nose. She wiped them off with the corner of her shawl. "God rest his soul," she said. "We was to be married whin he come back. . . . So 'twas killed he was. Poor boy! Poor boy! . . . From the day he left I niver heard word of 'm, livin' ner dead." She wiped her cheeks again with a shaking hand. "What matter?" she said. "Sure, what matter? 'T's all dead an' gone these forty years."

He looked at his foot — a small foot, neatly booted. "I went with the cav'lery after that," he explained anxiously, "fightin' Mexicans an' the Ku Klux in Texas. . . . I been servin' out West ever since, enlistin' again when my terms expired. . . . I got my discharge now, an' my pension."

She scarcely heeded him. "We ust to call 'm 'Candy Jim,'" she said, picking at the soiled tablecloth which wrapped her bundle. "'Candy Jim'. . . . So yeh knew 'm, sur? Well, well. It's from afar off that God sinds sometimes. . . . D'yeh mind how he was killed?"

He answered after a pause: "With a bullet, ma'am." He added: "In the head." He took a package of fine-cut chewing tobacco from his hip-pocket, and helped himself hurriedly to a mouthful of it.

"He was a good lad," she said. "We ust to go ridin' time an' again on th' ol' stage down Tinth Street to the Batt'ry. . . . He was free of his money. An' that's more than I'll say fer Dolan. Did yeh know Tim Dolan, too?"

"No, ma'am," he said, and sat up with caution.

"I married Tim — rest his soul! Tim an' five children, I buried thim all." She fell back into silence.

"Did he leave yuh money?" he asked suddenly.

"Nuthin'," she said, "nuthin'," with a bitterness which he did not ask an explanation of. "I been washin' iver since. These

thurty years I been bendin' over tubs. Thurty years!"

"P'raps yuh put somethin' by?" he insinuated.

"Niver a cint," she said; and he frowned. "I'd John's children to raise whin m'own was gone. An' that came terrible hard on me, terrible hard. Poor gurls, I didn't begrudge thim the work. I edacated thim so's they both got good men. An' they sinds me a dollar now an' thin. God bless thim. They ain't rich — not thim. They'd hilp their ol' aunt if they was."

He turned the fine-cut in his cheek, staring across the sunlight under eyelids that had wrinkled in the glare of alkali deserts.

"'Twas easy enough, easy enough, thim times," she said. "But now I ain't got th' ambition to take heavy pieces, an' my sight's bad. I don't get the clothes cleaned any more." He did not speak. "Well, well" she concluded. "What matter? Sure, what matter?" and twisted her hand in her bundle. "Good-day, sur." She got slowly to her feet.

He reached a hand to her arm, and stood beside her. "I'll carry that," he said gruffly.

The unexpected kindness flustered her. "Not a bit 'f it," she protested, as he took the bundle from her. "There's no need, man. 'S no weight at all. . . . Well, well; thank yeh, sur. The kindness o' some people." Her face lit with pleasure. "Thank yeh, sur. It's a touch o' the sun I had." She shuffled along beside him. "I'll b' all right in the shade o' the houses."

They made an odd pair. The old soldier had nothing of the gaunt veteran in his appearance; he was a small man who had not wholly lost a corpulence that must have been heavy on him in middle age. Mrs. Dolan, almost his equal in height, was a rotund little grandmother, muffled in her shawl that came nearly to her knees, and in a skirt that dragged below her heels. She talked incessantly.

He spoke only once, and that was when he was helping her across Fifth Avenue. He asked her whether there was no one in the city to take care of her. She replied with tales of the kindness of the neighbors, particularly of those who had helped her during the winter months when she had been sick and in want. The street, however, was going to the bad; the houses were filling with "Eyetalyans" that feared neither God nor man. A family, in the room above her, worked their sewing-machines from morning till night on Easter Sunday itself. "Thim Guinnys!"

She lived in a rear tenement — to which they entered from the street through a hall as greasy and dark as a rat-hole. She invited him to have a cup of tea with her; and he stumbled after her, up the stairway, the tread-boards of which were covered with tin. She led him into a narrow room that was at once her kitchen, her parlor, her dining-room, and her laundry. A windowless bedroom, as large as a clothes-closet, opened off it; and he could see the white coverlet of the bed in the shadows, and a spray of church palm on the wall above the pillow.

He sat down, in silence, on a chair with a perforated "cane" seat that had blistered and peeled with age. She set to work to light a fire in the rusty kitchen stove, puttering about busily, chatting with a voluble hospitality, showing him the brown photographs which she kept on the mantel-shelf, and apologizing for the disorder in which he found the room, with its tubs and its boilers.

He looked at the plaster on the wall, cracked and yellowed with steam. Once or twice he coughed, as if he were about to speak, but she did not wait for him.

Finally — when she had turned her back to put a pinch of tea in the little brown teapot — he said: "If old Farrell was alive —— "

She turned on him. "Sure, man," she said, "he died in Ireland —— "

He caught at his hat as it fell from the table. "I meant Jim — Jim Farrell." He was red. "We called him 'old' Farrell."

"Name of Heaven, why?" she cried. "He wasn't but twinty!" He shook his head. She laughed at him. "An' if he was livin' this day," she said, "what'd he be to me?"

"He'd have his pension. A dollar a day an' more."

"An' it's needin' it he'd be," she replied. "He was near's old as mesilf." She poured water in the teapot and set it on the steaming kettle.

"He'd have no relations," he said. "He'd want a home of his own."

"Poor boy," she sighed tremulously. "He's home this many a day. Let bygones be."

"He could be some help to yuh, ma'am," he suggested meekly.

She felt the tears gathering in her eyes. "Well, well," she chafed. "I been gettin' on here alone these thurty years. Please God, I'll finish it so."

He sat with his eyes on the kettle, and said nothing while she got down two stone-china cups and saucers from a shelf in the corner, and placed them on the little table. "Will yeh have a bite o' bread?" she asked him. "'Tis all I have to set before yeh."

He nodded.

She ran along with an explanation that bread and tea was all she ate herself; meat was too tough for her; she had an egg on Easter Sunday, but it had made her sick.

She poured out the tea for him, and he drew up his chair at her bidding. He began to stir the drink with a pewter spoon, both elbows on the table.

"Ma'am," he said, "Jim Farrell now — I ain't sure't he was killed at Gettysburg. He might be livin' fer all I know."

"Man alive," she cried, "will yeh *niver* have done? Why do yeh be botherin' an' ol' woman with sich like nonsinse? It's forty years ago, d'yeh mind? Forty years ago! Let thim that's dead rest in peace, will yeh?" Her anger passed in the instant. "Now, I shouldn't be talkin' like that," she apologized. "I get few enough callers these days. Will yeh take a bit more sugar, sur — an' forget an ol' woman's blether. I'm not mysilf this noon."

He took the sugar without a word, and drank down the tea in a gulp. She pressed him to take another cup, but he shook his head. "Thank yuh, ma'am," he said, wiping his mustache with a red cotton handkerchief. "I'll say good-by to yuh, ma'am." He did not look at her.

She faltered: "I — I've offinded yeh, thin?"

He went out without answering — without meeting her eyes. She stood a moment with the teapot in her hands; then she set it heavily on the table, and sank into a chair, mumbling to herself,

She felt ill and old and lonely. The memories of the past, which he had recalled to her, stole in on her with tears. Her mouth weakened, and drew down in the whimper of a child; she hid her face in her apron.

She heard the door pushed open, and she checked herself quickly, looking up with a blubbered face, unable to see for the tears in her eyes. "What is it?" she asked faintly.

"It's me again," he said. "I been — been lyin' to yuh. Jim Farrell wasn't killed at Gettysburg. He — he's alive yet."

She got to her feet, blinking and wiping her cheeks. "Name of Hiven! Jimmy Farrell, d'yeh say?"

"He — he —— "

She stared at him. "D'yeh *know* it?"

He nodded, avoiding her eye.

She waited, shaking. In the silence, the change came. All these years she had thought of Jim Farrell, her old lover, dead. He was alive. He had deserted and deceived her. The shame of it was in the face of this man, even, that had come to tell her.

"Well," she said at last, in a hard voice, "what of it?"

"Nothin' — but — for the sake of ol' times yuh might — He's got his pension."

She dropped her apron. "D'yeh mean 't I'd take . . . money from the — the man?"

"He — he — " He fumbled with his hat. "He'd be glad —— "

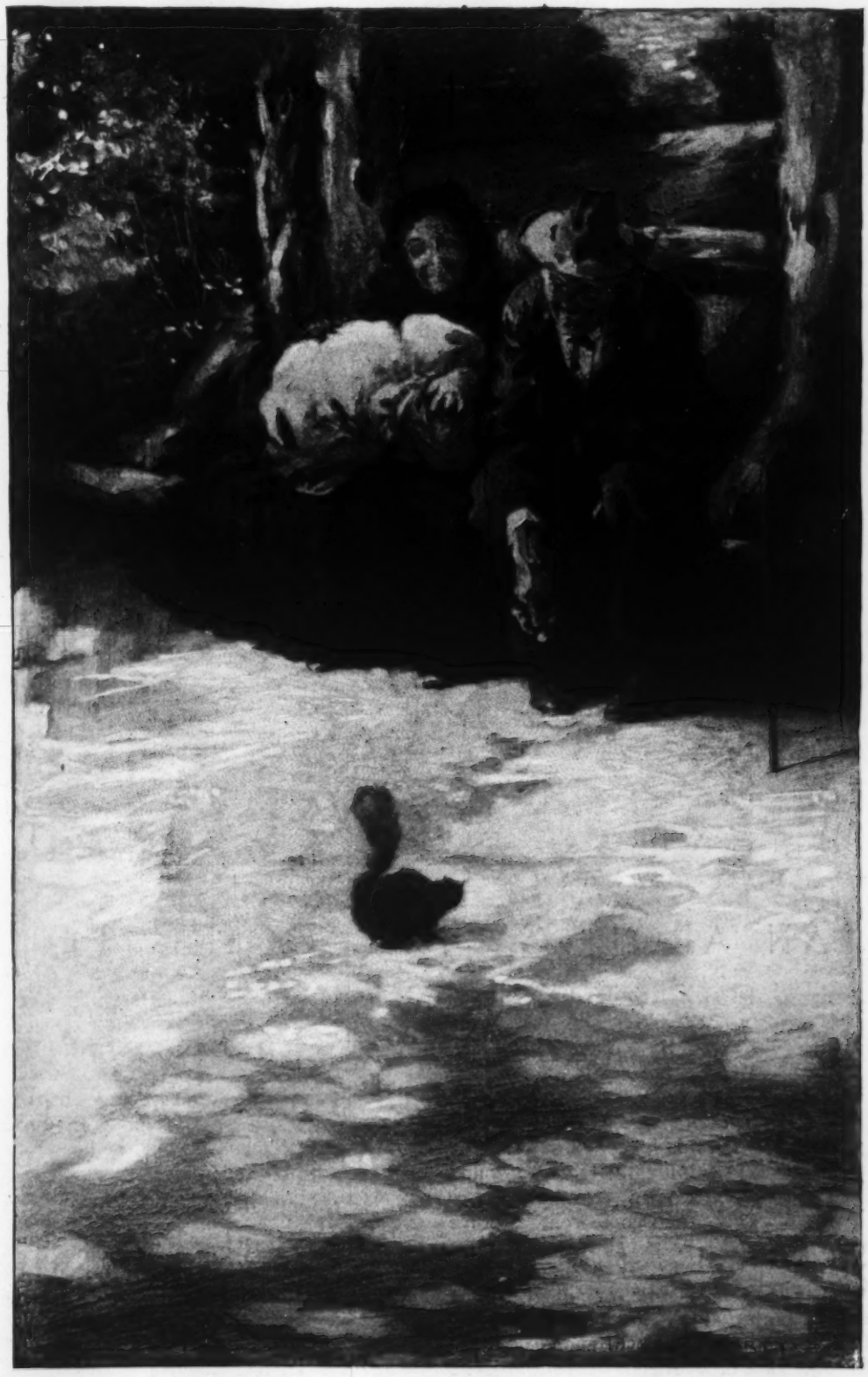
"Glad!" she cried. "Glad, d'yeh say? Faith, thin, there's small reason. If Jim Farrell's alive there's a liar livin'! Why — why did he — all these years, an' — God hilp us, I — " Her voice broke in a sob. "I liked him better dead."

He winced and swallowed and turned the cud of fine-cut in his cheek. "He'd be sorry to hear yuh say that."

"Would he! Would he now," she said in a bitter, low tone. "Thin it's God's own truth. . . . Jimmy Farrell. Jimmy Farrell. . . . All these years."

He kept his eyes on the floor. "Mebbe he's done wrong, but — he could do something to put it right."

She shook her bowed head, the slow tears running down her wrinkles. "I thought to meet him — on th' other side — with all the boys an' gurls." Her hands clung together in a shaking grip. "Don't tell 'm yeh seen me, sur. The — the shame of it — 't would be as hard fer *him*." She reached out to the bundle of washing and began to untie it mechanically. "God ease the sin of it," she wept, "but I was happier when yeh tol' me he was shot in the head. . . . Don't tell him now. Let'm leave me be. I can finish be mesilf." And Farrell, wiping his forehead with his sleeve, stumbled out the doorway blindly, his hat crushed in the clench of his hand.



"It came to the middle of the walk, but it would come no nearer"

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AN APOLOGY FOR GOING TO COLLEGE

By HELEN KELLER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

IT is heresy in our time to intimate that a young woman may do better than go to college. Five years ago I had to decide whether I should be a heretic, or adhere to the ancient faith that it is the woman's part to lay her hands to the spindle and to hold the distaff. Some of my friends were enthusiastic about the advantages of a college education, and the special honor it would be for me to compete with my fellows who see and hear. Others were doubtful. One gentleman said to me: "I do not approve of college women, because they lose all respect for men." This argument had, however, the opposite effect to what was intended; for I thought if our respect for men could be philosophized, or economized, or debated, or booked away, or by any learning rendered null and void, the men must be at fault, and it was my duty as

a woman to try to reëstablish them on their ancient pedestal. Fortunately, women are born with a missionary spirit.

The champions of what Bacon calls "she-colleges" gave their persuasions a Baconian turn. "College maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man, and so," said they, "college maketh a full, ready, and exact woman." If I did not confer, I should have a hoar-frost on my wits, and if I did not read under judicious instruction, I should have to pretend to knowledge in the presence of Princess Ida and her "violet-hooded doctors." Then came yet other people who set to work to destroy the arguments of the advocates. "What use is there in your going to college? You will find much drudgery, and you must renounce many of your dearest pleasures. What will come of it? You cannot hope to teach or turn your education to practical account. Why not take life pleasantly? Why not stay at home and read books and develop your individuality? College is only for mediocre people, not for geniuses." (This was music in my fingers!) It grieves me that those who spoke so eloquently should have spoken in vain. But love of knowledge had stopped the ears with which I hear. I felt that all the forces of my nature were cudgeling me to college. It was not in the hope of large scholarship that I made the pilgrimage to this laborious Eldorado. The riches I sought consisted in learning to do something, and do it well. I felt, and still feel, that the demand of the world is not so much for scholarship as for effective service. The world needs men and women who are able to work, and who will work with enthusiasm; and it is to college graduates that this nation has a right to look for intelligent sons and daughters who will return to the state tenfold what the state has given to them.

I realized that the avenues of usefulness opened to me were few and strait. But who shall set bounds to the aspirations of the mind, or limit that which the Lord hath created in His mercy and goodness? I had a mind to begin with, and two good hands by which I had groped my way to the frontiers of knowledge. Beyond the frontiers there might be stretches of desert; but if you must pass through a desert to reach the smiling land of plenty, set forth bravely, and the hard journey across the waste places shall give strength to your feet. We derive benefit from the things we do not like, and do nevertheless because they have to be done, and done all the more conscientiously because we do not like them. Necessity teaches patience and obedience.

These considerations, then, determined me to take a college course. I suppose I appeared to many of my advisers like the Philistines who went to the wars as men proud of destruction. People are too prone to think that the actual is the limit of possibility. They believe that all that has been done is all that can be done. They ridicule every departure from practice. "No deaf-blind person has ever taken a college course," they say. "Why do you attempt what no one else has ventured? Even if you succeed in passing the entrance examinations, you cannot go on after you get into college. You have no books. You cannot hear lectures. You cannot make notes. You are most foolhardy to attempt something in which you are sure to fail." Thus counseled the unadventurous people, to whom the untrodden field is full of traps and pitfalls. Although they are Christians, yet they are possessed of the idea that man does everything, and God does nothing! The argument that was brought against me, no deaf-blind person had ever gone to college, was precisely the kind of argument brought a generation ago against any woman's going to college. True, there had been seminaries and academies for girls, but no colleges of an university standard; and the so-called universities for men showed stern oaken doors to all women. There was no precedent for trying woman's intelligence in a fair contest by the high criterion men had established for themselves; but women created a new precedent.

Before 1878, women, backed by public opinion, were already standing at the door of Harvard demanding higher education, and conservative men felt uneasy lest they should seem selfishly to monopolize knowledge. A few progressive members of the Harvard Faculty agreed to teach women in private classes. There was a precedent for this; for in England women were already receiving instruction from professors of Oxford and Cambridge. The new project in American Cambridge enlisted, between 1879 and 1881, the services of nearly forty Harvard instructors. According to a historian, the few women who availed themselves of this new opportunity were keen, earnest, and capable to such a degree that the only trouble was to satisfy their demands. In 1882 the Society

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HELEN KELLER

FROM A PORTRAIT NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME

for the Collegiate Instruction of Women was organized. The next year three young women finished the four years' course, and about fifty were taking partial courses. All had proved their ability to do work at least equal to that of Harvard students. Yet there were no degrees to reward them, only certificates stating that the course they had taken was equal to one at Harvard. Even when Atalanta won the race, the prize went still to a lame Hippomenes!

In 1894 the Society took the name of Radcliffe College, and got its charter from the legislature, which gave it the right to confer its own degree. This degree is countersigned by the president of Harvard, who warrants it equal to a Harvard degree. We owe Radcliffe not to Harvard, but to the success of those first earnest students who proved that they were able to do university work, and to the large-minded professors who, by unofficial and individual devotion to learning, helped the Pilgrim band to found a safe, permanent home where other women could come. That little band has transmitted the torch of learning for women from frontier to frontier, until there is not a state in the Union which does not provide for the higher education of women. Every woman, whether she can go to college or not, owes a great deal to those pioneers who cleared a place in the wilderness of men's prejudice for the lowly walls of the first woman's college.

Radcliffe College was a new and stronger expression of the spirit which had founded several good American colleges for girls. For the first time in America women's educational opportunities were equal to those of men.

Radcliffe College inherits the spirit of the women who, twenty-seven years ago, sought knowledge for its own sake. Radcliffe is still for earnest women who seek knowledge for its own sake. Girls who go there should have some object in view, some standard of excellence, the gift of handling knowledge in a plain, downright way. There is too little teaching at Harvard or Radcliffe, but there is much opportunity to learn. You may take the treasures offered, or leave them. At Radcliffe, I think, the treasures are more highly valued than among the young gentlemen across the street; for young men, I am told, go to college for a variety of reasons, or for no reason at all. But a girl who goes to Radcliffe should be filled with the desire to look behind the forms of things into things themselves, and to add, to beauty and softness, solidity and accuracy of knowledge. Stucco is no more serviceable to woman than to man. A well-trained mind and the ability to grasp the ideas essential to a purpose and carry them out with perseverance — this is the ideal Radcliffe places before women. How far this ideal can be realized appeared at a meeting of Radcliffe alumnæ last year, where there were nine speakers — the scholar, the poet, the teacher, the dramatist, the administrative woman, the woman in domestic life. Their success had lain in different directions, and each testified that she owed her success in large part to her training at Radcliffe. Any young woman who acquires the self-control which Radcliffe teaches, and performs her task resolutely, may stand up before the kings of learning and not be ashamed, whether she be a writer, a teacher, a speaker, an administrative woman, a society woman, or a home-maker. Radcliffe strives to give her students the substance of wisdom, and to promote earnest and independent scholarship. In her, discipline, knowledge and self-mastery have replaced the narrow rules of conduct and the prudish dogmatism of the old-fashioned women's academies, just as arbitration and statesmanship are replacing the soldier and the priest. If the classes at Radcliffe which sit under Professor Kittredge and Dr. Royce are not learned, they at least carry away with them a sense of the dignity of scholarship, and do not, like Becky Sharp, when they depart through the college gate, hurl Johnson's dictionary at their preceptor's head.

For the first time in the history of the world, women are expected to have an intelligent understanding of business, of politics, of all the practical problems of our modern life. The college woman learns to coöperate with others, and that means she learns how not to have her own way. Experience in college activities teaches her the right of her companions to freedom of thought and action. By throwing herself into college affairs, she acquires the habit of rendering intelligent and efficient service to others; so that when she graduates, she becomes a practical force in the world, and a responsible member of society.

Like all human institutions Radcliffe falls short of her ideals, and her students, who are also human, do not always achieve theirs. I am acquainted with one who did not. Where I failed, the fault was sometimes my own, sometimes attributable to the peculiar

circumstances under which I worked. But my successes were made possible by the spirit and the methods of the college and its unique advantages. And there were many advantages I could not avail myself of. The lectures, libraries, theaters, and museums for which Boston and Cambridge are celebrated, and which largely supplement college work, were not of service to me. The advantages of especial value to me were the excellence of the instruction and the liberality of the elective system. The quality of the instruction at Radcliffe is beyond question; for it is given by the best men at Harvard. The elective system offers a broad variety of courses and freedom of choice. Many subjects were impossible for me on account of my limitations, and I could not have planned my course so as to win a degree but for for the scope of the Radcliffe curriculum. The ordinary student, who is not so restricted as I was, has wider opportunities, and she must choose wisely. In her very selection of courses there is a chance to "develop her individuality." And in the exercise of judgment as to the amount of time and energy she will devote to her work, she proves her individuality.

In a college like Radcliffe, where so much depends on individual judgment, the students fall naturally into three classes: first, those who choose their course wisely and pursue it with consistency, without sacrificing other joys and interests; second, "joyless grinds" who study for high marks; and third, those who choose indiscriminately courses that are pleasant, easy, and unrelated.

In the first class are those who realize that to get the greatest benefit from college it is necessary to take one's time, to proceed at an easy gait, and not to hurry or scramble. They know the pleasure of lingering over a subject, of asking questions, and of following an idea as fancy listeth. Happy study is as sweet to the true student as news of his sweetheart to the ardent lover. But the happy following of an interesting idea is not always possible. The arbitrary demands of instructors and the exigencies of a mechanical routine often forbid it. If my college is at fault in not permitting enough leisurely and meditative study, I hereby suggest my panacea — fewer courses, and more time for each.

Every student has a panacea for some weakness of his alma mater. One would have dull professors prohibited, another would have all dates and formulas weeded out, another would have examinations abolished, another would do away with daily themes, extorted from impoverished minds — a most tyrannical oppression, taxation without representation, the wrong which lost England her thirteen colonies! If the instructors would only consult the benevolent, reforming student, he could give them valuable points. But instead of consulting the student's profound intuitions, the instructors go forward in a straight, narrow line, never looking to the right or to the left, blind and deaf to the wisdom that crieth on the campus. The younger the student is, the more confident he is that he has found the solution of the problem. He often forgets that his alma mater has given him the very wisdom with which he sharpens his darts against her. The critical student sees that the reformative schemes of his fellow-students are valueless. Their incompetence is glaring! But as he grows older he sees his own folly too. If after his graduation he has tried to plan the curriculum of a small primary school and failed, he too will turn conservative, and leave to time's slow evolution the great problems of education.

To be candid, I have proposed the leisurely, reflective manner of study because I have an indolent, wayward mind which likes to ramble through the garden of knowledge, picking here a leaf, there a blossom, and so off to pastures new. Fortunately, the spirit of Radcliffe and a good conscience forbid that the student shall abuse her liberties. It is good for us to read books we do not like. The performance of set tasks and work that is not of our choosing are stimulating. Miry ways and rugged mountain-paths mean strength, grip, poise. If they draw out our miles and make them wearisome, it only means that we have new vigor added to us, and that we shall enter into the treasures of endurance. I know not whether I with more delight strapped the knapsack over my shoulder, or set it down at the end of the journey. The mastering of difficulties is followed by a sense of well-being and capacity which is like a river of water in a a dry land, like the shadow of a great rock in the heat.

The girl who is not a slave to books, who selects her courses judiciously and gives them a right and proper amount of strength,

is not to be confounded with the girl whose independence is mere indifference or egotism. Not such do I admire, and, for all my pet schemes to reform my college, not such am I. I only maintain that we have a right to ourselves, that we should be masters of our books and preserve our serenity. There is no profit where there is no pleasure. College consists of five parts sense and five parts what, from the class-room point of view would be called nonsense; but nonsense is the very vitality of youth. After all, book-knowledge is not the most important thing to acquire, and perpetual work on five or six courses cannot be sustained without neglect of other important things. Even thoughtful and independent girls try to do so much that they can do nothing thoroughly. They rush, cram, thieve many hours from their nights, and for all their ill-timed industry they hand in next morning papers full of mistakes. Although I always tried to work with a cool head and steady hand, and sleep according to the law, I too was drawn into this whirlpool of confused, incomplete tasks. I met other girls in the college halls and on the stairs who stopped a moment to greet me, but they were rushing from lecture to examination, from examination to basket-ball practice, from practice to dramatic rehearsal, from rehearsal to conference, and there was no time for a pleasant chat. And if the girls who had eyes and ears were overburdened and distraught, I was at least no better off. During four years a torrent of miscellaneous knowledge poured through my fingers, and it fills me with despair to think how much of the choicest matter of this abundant stream dripped and oozed away. I was eager to draw from the living waters of wisdom; but my pitcher must have had a hole in it. I was like the Danaïdes who poured water eternally into a broken urn.

Once in a while a book or an instructor started a vein of bright thoughts. I caught a glimpse of old truths in a new perspective; but I could not linger. Before I had got a good look, I was hurried away on the current of words, and in the effort to keep from being upset in midstream I lost sight of the bright idea, and on reaching firm ground I was chagrined to find that it had fallen overboard. The idea thus irrevocably lost was often one on which depended a fortnightly composition, or even a three hours' examination.

I was of course hampered by my limitations, which turned to drudgery much work that might have been delightful; for they imposed upon me tedious methods of study. I was often behind in my work at a distance forbidden by military law; I was never ahead; and once I fell so far behind that it seemed as if I might as well try to keep pace with a shooting star! Experience, however, taught me to tack against wind and tide — the first lesson of life I learned in college. And this was easier with Miss Sullivan at the helm. I would not part with one of those struggles against the gales —"the winds and persecutions of the sky." They tested my powers and developed the individuality which I had been advised to bring up on books at home.

Had I not gone to college, I should have missed some of the authors whose individuality taught me to value my own without isolating myself from the seeing and hearing world. I discovered that darkness and silence might be rich in possibilities, which in my turn I might discover to the world. In other words, I found the treasures of my own island.

Different students seek different treasures. To some the most precious nuggets are high marks. Such plodders as I watch their quest from afar. We hear about them with the wonder with which we listened to the fairy tales of our childhood; but we should not dream of following them any more than we should think of going in search of the singing-tree in the "Arabian Nights." Their high marks are no incentive to us to fill our midnight lamps with oil that we may enter in with the wise virgins. They stuff themselves with dates, and with figs gathered of thistles, and think themselves blessed. They have dyspeptic nightmares of the brain, in which they go through flood and fire, seeking the phantom gold at the rainbow's end.

The court to which they return from a futile quest, or with meager spoil, is a chamber of inquisition. Oh, the examinations! They separate us from our kind. They water our pillows, they drive sleep from our beds, they inspire us with hope, then dash us ruthlessly from our pinnacle, they cross-question us until their martyrs lie in the dust, and their apostasy is the open secret of the universe. Oh, those little crisp sheets of paper written with a pencil of fire which consumeth ideas like chaff! They are the accidents of time and flesh, they are mere

conundrums on which we throw away our beauty sleep; and, in the end, all the dull substance of our brains and our ingenious padding dwindle to "a lame and impotent conclusion."

Before an examination we feel delightfully precocious and original. After it we are full of the wise things we did not say. We took twice as much trouble as was necessary to prepare our subject only to miss the essential points after all. The least explicable thing that an examination paper does is to destroy your sense of proportion and reduce everything you have read to a dead level. Like Dr. Johnson you make your little fishes talk like whales, and your whales twitter like canary-birds, and the result is a collision of contrary absurdities!

The chief loss of a girl who "grinds" is that she misses other college activities. It is the light of college education to join with one's fellow-students on class-teams, in college plays, and on the college magazines. For the most part you study by yourself; but in the united activities of class and college you learn the tact and community which are the beginning of useful service to mankind. Of course I had little part in the social life of my college. I enjoyed my share of work; the obstacles which were declared insurmountable came against me one way and retreated seven ways, and that was happiness enough. I had, too, many pleasures, solitary and apart from the other girls, but as genuine as theirs. They often invited me to join their frolics and club-meetings, and it cost me many a twinge of regret not to be able to take part in their affairs; for I was keenly alive to everything that interested them. If I had been of the class of 1906 or 1907, I should have met them oftener in the new Elizabeth Cary Agassiz House, which is to be the social center of Radcliffe, and I should have felt the inspiration of their activities. Nothing encourages us so much as the example of others, nothing stirs our energies more than generous emulation, nothing comforts us so much in discouragement as companionship. My friendships must come through the medium of my hand, and few of the girls knew the manual alphabet; and the conditions under which we shook hands for a moment in the crowded class-room were not favorable to intimacy. They could not reach me through my isolation, and in the midst of my class I could not help at times feeling lonely and sad.

But a happy disposition turns everything to good, yea, the want of one thing, lacking which so many melancholy beings want everything. I forgot my loneliness in the cheerful realities that touched me. I knew there was a rich store of experience outside my comprehension, but the little I could grasp was wonderful enough, and having contentment I was possessed of the boon whereof I had been beggared.

A happy spirit is worth a library of learning. I think I derived from the daily walk to college with Miss Sullivan, more genuine pleasure than comes to many a girl who sits in a corner and works the sunshine, the fresh air, and even good humor out of her morning lessons — all for high marks.

On the other hand, I do not understand the motives of that third class of girls who go to college, apparently, to be entertained. I do not see the use of studies chosen from year to year, without plan or forethought, because this instructor marks easily, or that professor is "so nice," or the conference man is "so polite," or "Dr. G. keeps you so interested"— in himself, that means, not in the subject. These girls dip into all that treat of whatsoever is, the state, the total chronicle of man, chemical and electrical laws, and whatsoever can be taught and known. "General education" is their apology, their rock of defense, their tabernacle from which they shall not be moved. I have known girls who graduated, and with good marks too, whose minds seemed to me undisciplined and crammed with odds and ends of knowledge which they displayed for the enlightenment of their friends. They reminded me of the maidens of old whose accomplishments were feminine and elegant, who brought out a sketch-book to be inspected by admiring friends. The sketches represented nothing that creepeth on the ground, flieth in the air or passeth through the paths of the seas, but they were lady-like all the same. Girls whose education is too general shall prove to have none at all. Their infinite variety will be withered by age and staled by custom.

The ideal of college education is not to give miscellaneous instruction, but to disclose to the student his highest capacities and teach him how to turn them to achievement. By this ideal, those who labor in darkness are brought to see a great light, and those who dwell in silence shall give service in obedience to the voice of love.

THE SOUL PROBLEM OF MARTHY THOMAS

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "OLD MAN JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

IT was spring in the mountains when Seth Thomas, after a winter's struggle with miner's consumption, yielded to his stronger adversary and died. To his widow he left what was regarded in Zenith as a comfortable fortune, for Thomas had been one who had enjoyed a bout with the earth for its fruits, and what he gained he clutched tight from the grasp of his seeking fellows.

The estate then, comprised a half-interest in the Zenobia, a "prospect" with an excellent showing on Eureka mountain; a patch of land down in the valley, which was devoted to melon culture; and three well-rented houses on Sunshine Avenue, the poetic name of the dusty mountain road which served as the one street of the straggling village. This property was left in trust for the widow and children in the hands of Dan Mayhew, the village lawyer and notary public; but a life insurance of two thousand dollars was bequeathed exclusively to Mrs. Thomas to be used as she saw fit.

This latter served as the conveniently shifting foundation of many a towering castle in Spain; for no sooner had the weight of Thomas's personality been lifted, than his wife's essentially romantic and emotional nature knew a period of bloom and efflorescence all the more exotic because so long repressed. The first few days after his death she passed in a daze, her mind benumbed; but the sordidly spectacular event of the funeral roused her to a sense of the possibilities of the situation. She felt the quick response of her sensuous temperament to the rows of Red Men marching unevenly along the dusty road, to the discordant strains of the funeral march from "Saul," and then slowly filing into the unpainted, rickety, little frame church. She thrilled at the importance of her own position as she, too, entered, shrouded in somber weeds and supported on either side by a sunburnt brother in unaccustomed black, who had journeyed from a neighboring camp for the occasion.

Afterward followed days when the consolatory offices of friends waxed and then waned, and she declined from a tragedy to a commonplace, and the prosaic world asserted its claims.

But Nature offers eternal compensation for Life's affronts. Almost in a single night, the bare, bleak mountains rippled with the pink and blue of countless pentstemon, and the silvery green of the sage bushes. The magpies and blue-jays fluttered through the pine trees, the chipmunks whisked over the rocks, and Mrs. Thomas's heart rose up and answered the summons of the spring.

Thomas had been a dour creature, with a highly cultivated gift of sarcasm, and an uncanny way of divining her hidden impulses and dragging them to the merciless light of ridicule, thus skilfully circumventing any possible expression of them; so, day by day, as she became more accustomed to the absence of this cog upon her actions, her imagination fluttered its newly unbound wings, and ventured in wider and wider circles.

"I'm thinkin' of doin' up the parlor," she remarked tentatively one day in a session of her intimate friends, anxiously scanning their faces for signs of approval.

"Gosh A'mighty!" murmured Mrs. Nitschkan, with a portentous yawn. "I wouldn't waste no money that way. Get yourself

a cart and horse, pile the kids in an' jant' round havin' a good time. You'd better believe I would. I'd bake up a mess of doughnuts and meat-turnovers, and the devil could go a courtin' for all of me. I'd have a picnic every day in the year."

"Aw, shut up, Nitschkan," said Mrs. Evans, trim as a neat, brown wren "Don't be putting such ideas into Mis' Thomas's head. Every woman don't want to go gypsyin' like you. Some of us has got a little respectability and domestication. You go ahead, Mis' Thomas, an' get your parlor fixed up. Have some style about you; an' fer the land's sake, whitewash the kitchen. It's scaling something fierce."

"You'd get more fun out of a horse and cart," asserted Mrs. Nitschkan, a teasing gleam in her small, bright blue eyes.

"Maybe *you* would," returned Mrs. Evans, with an emphasis upon the pronoun, "but it wouldn't make no show when folks come to the house. You know everybody'll want to know what you done with Thomas's insurance," speaking authoritatively to Mrs. Thomas, "and you know yourself it'll look real frivolous to show 'em a horse an' cart, an' the house needin' paint, an' the nap all off the plush in the parlor set; an' the pillow-shams on the parlor bed only scalloped, not a shred of lace on 'em. It wouldn't look right honest, Mis' Thomas, when Thomas done so well by you an' left you all that he did."

"Dat's so," commented Mrs. Landvetter, refilling her coffee cup, and then sinking back like a great feather pillow into her rocking-chair.

"I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Nitschkan, rising to her feet and buttoning her man's coat about her burly figure, "I'll be honest, woman dear, and tell the truth. I never had no use fer Thomas in life. I can see him yet lookin' at me with that black, twisted smile of his an' sayin' things that you couldn't a' helped swattin' him for if he'd had his lights. That hole where his lungs ought to been was all that saved him from me time and again; but I do say, and I'll say it loud enough for every one to hear, that the way he's left you, woman dear, is an example to every man in this camp. Maybe you think I ain't rubbed it into Jack."

She but voiced the universal feminine sentiment in Zenith. There had been no hesitation, no slack work in the effort to "rub it in" to every separate Jack.

Secure, then, in the approbation of her friends, who were capable of displaying well-exercised critical judgment and marked executive ability when dealing with the affairs of others, Mrs. Thomas joyously absorbed herself in cleaning and refurnishing the house; but when the pillow-shams on the thick, parlor bed were properly bordered and inserted with lace, the parlor set was glaring with red plush and the kitchen fresh with whitewash and sticky with varnish — when any lingering obligation to Thomas was fully liquidated by the planting of a headstone at one end of his grave and a rose-bush at the other, then, with a half-guilty sense of finality, she resolutely closed the portal of the past, and fingered with fascinated interest and curiosity the key which was to open the door of the future.

At first, her long hobbled mind merely wandered within the circumscribed radius of the present; but when, at last, it dawned upon her that she was free to follow the dictates of her whims, then a sense of *ennui* and discouragement at the narrow limits of her environment overcame her. There was no more setting of her house in order to be done; her children were beyond the care of babyhood, and had not arrived at the age when maternal ambition would brood over them.

While in this frame of mind, she read in the *Mt. Tabor Review*, a weekly paper which disseminated the news of the entire county, the fact that Professor Alexis Hartshorn, the distinguished astrologer, palmist, crystal gazer, and psychic reader, was located at Mt. Tabor for a few weeks, and could be consulted at his rooms in Lamont Street from 9 A.M. until 9 P.M. each day. His picture accompanied the advertisement — a dark, poetic face, with a touch of Mephistophelian cynicism, eternally alluring to the feminine imagination.

Mrs. Thomas gazed long and admiringly at the smudgy half-tone, read and re-read the advertisement, and then cutting it out with her scissors placed it thoughtfully between the leaves of the family Bible, with as much an expression of decision on her face as it was capable of assuming.

The next morning she hired from the village blacksmith shop, which also did duty as the village livery stable, the sole vehicle it had to rent — a rattling buck-board, with but one uncertain seat. This wagon was drawn by an old and jaded white horse, whose reluctant head she turned in the direction of Mt. Tabor and, slapping the lines

on his back, drove slowly off with a lambent excitement and fear in her wide, appealing eyes.

From that day Mrs. Thomas was another woman, abstracted, absorbed, remote. Her friends commented on her withdrawal from the common interest; but failed to convince themselves with an adequate explanation of the alteration.

"It may be grief, or it may be comin' into property; but Thomas's takin' off has certainly changed her," remarked Mrs. Evans as the group of intimates sat sewing one May afternoon in Mrs. Nitschkan's bare and rather disorderly cabin.

"I guess she's grieved more as we give her credit for," replied Mrs. Landvetter ruminatively. "Vell, you can't neffer tell."

"Gosh A'mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan, with robust contempt. "Grievin'! Well, if I'd a bin in her shoes, I'd be out kickin' up my heels in pastur' this minute. Thomas! My Lord! You know, girls, what a raspin' tongue he had and how his pockets was jus' lined with glue when it come to pullin' any money out of 'em. Lord! I'd a——"

But Mrs. Nitschkan's declaration of independence was interrupted by a shrill exclamation from Mrs. Evans who had half risen from her seat by the window and, holding aside the straight, white muslin curtain, was peering out at what, judging by the expression of her face, must have been some strange and unwonted spectacle. "Girls," in a queer, strained voice, "is my eyes gone bad or my head? For Heaven's sake, look at this!"

Along the mountain road, its head pointed to the distant peaks, ambled the dejected white horse; behind it rattled the wagon with its swaying wheels, and high upon the uncertain seat were perched Mrs. Thomas and a man — the unidealized and coarsened reality of Professor Alexis Hartshorn. Mrs. Thomas's new crepe veil, hitherto only worn on Sunday, floated behind her, and above her best black gown her pink-and-white face smiled with a tremulous and April-like joy. She appeared oblivious to the fact that behind the wagon trotted a tow-headed child of about six years, tears raining down its dirty little cheeks, while from its mouth burst a series of ear-piercing wails, "Ma-ma-I-wa'-a' go-too-o-o." Further back in the road a ragged urchin, a year or two older, indifferent to his parent's pleasuring, scooped up handfulls of the deep, yellow dust and threw it high in the air to descend again upon his head in a sifting cloud.

As the pair vanished in the same golden haze, the women who had crowded to the window with panting ejaculations of surprise and consternation, turned away and sank weakly into their seats.

"Vell, my goodness cracious!" sighed Mrs. Landvetter, mechanically seizing the coffee pot. "Who vas dat? One of dem brudders of hern? Hein?"

"H-m-m," sniffed Mrs. Evans significantly. "She was wearing her best veil and her Sunday dress — in this dust, too. Does that look like brothers? Not much. Pass me the tea-pot, Nitschkan. I could keel right over."

"Vell, who you spos'n it vas?"

"How should I know," replied Mrs. Evans tartly. "I only know from the way she's got up an' the way she looks that she ain't entertainin' no relations. An' this soon, too. I don't think it looks real nice."

"Ho, ho!" chorused Mrs. Nitschkan, "Marthy's got a beau. Well, she surely ain't lost any time."

"And dose kids, too," sighed Mrs. Landvetter. "Vasn't dey dirty now?"

"They ain't no more neglected than the rose-bush she planted at Thomas's grave," remarked Mrs. Evans. "Paid two fifty for it, stuck it in the earth, and then never went back to give it a drop of water."

"I d'know if she ever did get the stones put in his grave. For all she knows the kiotes may have scratched him up an' et him," said Mrs. Nitschkan, with gloomy relish.

"Like as not," answered Mrs. Evans abstractedly; but her brow had cleared. "I tell you what, girls, I think some one had ought to talk to Marthy Thomas."

"Some one seems to be tryin' to this afternoon," chuckled Mrs. Nitschkan. "An' tonight, Dan Mayhew an' ol' man McKenzie'll be showin' up."

"Ol' man McKenzie's wrong in his head," said Mrs. Evans contemptuously, "and Dan Mayhew 'tends to her business. He wouldn't look at Marthy Thomas anyway when he could have his pick of all the girls in the county. Still, it don't look right for her to be cavortin' 'round this soon, and I think the Missioner is the one to speak to her. Maybe this is one of them soul problems she preached about last Sunday."

"Say, wasn't she great!" exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan enthusiastically, slapping her

knee. "Her eyes was rolled up an' her face kind of shone. I says to her comin' out, I says, 'Missioner, you minded me this morning of the serpent that was lifted up in the wilderness. I bet he didn't look no nicer than you.'"

Almost prophetic seemed their words, for not three days later Mrs. Evans might have been seen hurrying up the mountain path to the Missionary's cabin, her whole bearing expressing an errand of importance.

Miss Benson had chosen to live in a tiny cabin about a quarter of a mile above the village on the mountain side, with a ledge of protecting rock above her roof. This spring morning she sat in her doorway in the dancing light and shade of the quivering aspens which grew thickly about the cabin. Several chipmunks, a magpie, and a blue jay or so fed amicably from a bowl of cooked oatmeal without the door; but Frances Benson's gaze was not on them, nor on the open Bible on her knee. It was fixed on the etherial, blue deeps above the tree tops. Her lips moved slightly and in her eyes were the exalted dreams, the unseeing rapture of the mystic who has bridged time and space, joy and sorrow, with prayer.

As Mrs. Evans approached, the Missionary's glance dropped from the skies and looked through and beyond that feminine epitome of practicality.

"It is all love and beauty, Mrs. Evans, the whole universe." Her finger traced the lines in the Bible and her voice thrilled. "'If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how shall we love God whom we have not seen.'"

Mrs. Evans looked at her with protecting pride and admiration. "That's all right, Miss Benson; but we got to get away from God to man this morning. Marthy Thomas has got a soul problem, an' 'course, she don't know what to do with it no more'n a kitten. She sent Vi'let and Clemency over with a note a while back, an' I just loped on to find you." She held out a crumpled bit of paper, whereon was scrawled in painful characters:

"Mis' Evans, won't you get Missioner' and come here. I'm in a muss and sufforting for it.

M. Thomas."

Miss Benson smoothed it out and read it. "Poor Mrs. Thomas!" she exclaimed, her eyes becoming practical the moment there was work for her hands to do. She picked up her hat and, leaving the door open for the jays and chipmunks to enter at will, she and Mrs. Evans set out for the newly-painted Thomas residence. There in the cool, white kitchen Mrs. Landvetter and Mrs. Nitschkan were busying themselves preparing tea and coffee, while Mrs. Thomas sat beside a table, limp and dejected. There was a droop to her mouth like a child's, and her eyes slowly filled and brimmed over with tears which she occasionally wiped away with a wet handkerchief rolled into a tight ball.

"Well, here we are," said Mrs. Evans with loud cheerfulness as she and Miss Benson entered. "Now, one of you girls pour us out a cup apiece, an' Mis' Thomas, you jes' begin at the beginning an' tell Missioner all about it. She'll get you out of any scrape you're in, won't you, Missioner?"

"I'll try," said Miss Benson kindly.

Mrs. Thomas gulped convulsively once or twice, and rolled and unrolled her handkerchief. "It's about the Perfessor," she wailed. "At first he was awful nice. He come to see me often an' he certainly talked lovely. He quoted poetry an' everything like Thomas never did, even before we was married, an' then he got to askin' me how I was fixed, an' I told him. He said he had to know before he could foretell the futur' for me, an' then he was nicer than ever. He come right out an' said he loved me so he couldn't sleep at nights for thinkin' of me."

Upon the faces of her listening friends dawned that faintly astonished, sarcastic expression which women assume on hearing that a man is actually blinded by the fascinations of another of their sex. Having no illusions concerning each other, they cannot but regard with contempt this pitiable evidence of masculine dementia.

The practical, shrewd kindliness had faded from the Missionary's eyes, leaving them puzzled and a little impatient. There occurred to her no remedy in the whole pharmacopœia of a soul doctor which can minister to a woman's infatuation.

After listening thus far to Mrs. Thomas's tale, despite herself, the spirit of warm helpfulness with which she had sought one in trouble had congealed to something perfunctory and professional, while her impatience was becoming vital. As for Mrs. Thomas, she was about to acquire the bitter knowledge that while in sickness or in sorrow women turn instinctively to one another, knowing that they will thus find the

"High upon the uncertain seat were perched Mrs. Thomas and a man"

truest comfort, the completest understanding of their needs; in love, they must fly to the wilderness, for they stand alone, aloof, alien to feminine sympathy.

"He said," continued Mrs. Thomas with tearful pride, "that he couldn't even eat 'less he was with me; but he did make up for it then. They hasn't been an evening that he's et with me that I haven't been cookin' all day for him, an' not enough left to feed the chickens."

"H-m-m, I bet you got to keep cookin' between him, an' that half-witted ol' man McKenzie, an' Dan Mayhew. It seems to me they keep the path to your gate warm," cried Mrs. Nitschkan rollickingly.

A faint, pink flush crept up Mrs. Thomas's face. "Mr. McKenzie ain't neither half-witted," she said stoutly, "an' as for Dan Mayhew, he comes to talk business."

"How much does he know of this here Hartshorn?" asked Mrs. Evans pointedly.

"He don't know nothin'," returned Mrs. Thomas reluctantly.

The women cast meaning glances at one another over their cups.

"Vell, vy don' you go to him an' get him to shoo dis feller off, if you vants to get rid of him?" asked Mrs. Landvetter, with Teuton common-sense.

"Mrs. Thomas gazed long and admiringly at the smudgy half-tone"

"I d'know if I do want to get rid of him," murmured Mrs. Thomas forlornly. "He can be awful nice, an' our courtship was jus' like a book, until I kind o' hesitated about the money. Then he come every day, an' he said it made him feel real impatient to see me actin' like I didn't trust him. It's the insurance money, you know. He says he wouldn't lay a finger on a penny of it; but he's got to save me from an awful fate he sees hangin' over me. He says he sees it in the stars an' in the crystal, an' it's wrote on the cards too plain not to believe. It's something sudden, like bein' struck by lightning, if I don't get that money out of my hands before the third of June. He says the only way he sees to save me is to give him the money and not to ask no questions about it for six months.

"He's awful cross with me because I d' know what to do, an' he comes over every day most, an' sets there in that chair you're in, Mis' Evans, an' glares at me with them gimlet eyes until I'm so scared I most die. An'," at this point Mrs. Thomas's sobs were unrestrained, "he says that this must be kept so awful secret, for if he ever hears of me tellin' a living soul, he'll work some kind of a conjurin' game on me, an' publish the letters I wrote him in the *Mt. Tabor Review*."

"Well, what the Devil do you care?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan.

Mrs. Thomas flamed like a peony, and caught her breath once or twice before she answered. "They're so terrible soft," she said at last.

The missionary gave a quick expression of impatience. "Oh, Mrs. Thomas!" she exclaimed. "How could you do anything so foolish? How did you happen to go to this man in the first place?"

"There wasn't nothin' doin' here," said Mrs. Thomas simply. "Dan Mayhew an' ol' man McKenzie wasn't droppin' in then. Oh," she wailed, with something like despair in her voice, "I thought I was goin' to like bein' a widow; but it's terrible lonesome. When I first got free, I thought I was goin' to have the time of my life; but 'tain't so much fun as I thought it was goin' to be not to have Thomas jawin' me all day long."

"Vell, you can't neffer tell," remarked Mrs. Landvetter in surprised consternation at these sentiments, her lace needles poised in air.

It was noticeable during the interview with the woman she had come to succor that Miss Benson's eyes had grown constantly harder, and now something like contempt shadowed them. Her will, her executive ability, her skill, born of intuition and much practice in disentangling what she called soul problems, were powerless when opposed to this soft, immovable, wavering force which she now encountered. To the woman floundering in the bog of mistakes, mud-stained, worn with the struggle, she stretched forth her loving hands; but for one so elemental, so naïvely expressing her natural impulses as Mrs. Thomas, she had neither sympathy nor comprehension.

The inherent narrowness of the feminine nature, its unswerving devotion to the traditional dogmas of womanliness, now expressed itself in every line of her face and figure.

"I don't think any woman has any call to talk as you are doing," she said with grave reproof.

Mrs. Thomas exhibited the obstinacy of the meek. "I'd like to know why not," she cried defiantly. "I'd like to know what right you got to judge me, Miss Benson. You don't know the lonesomeness of bein' a widow."

"Do you mean to say you are contemplating a second marriage not two months after your husband's death?" asked the Missionary aghast.

But Mrs. Thomas had endured to the limit. "I don't care," in childish wrath. "You'd be a contemplatin' a second or a third, or any old kind if you knew the lonesomeness of bein' a widow. An' I bet if you was to tell the truth," shrilly and 'mid streaming tears, "you'd want somebody to love you just the same as I do."

The scarlet crept up the Missionary's neck; but compressing her lips she merely looked icily and remotely over the head of this possessor of a soul problem beyond her ken.

"Mrs. Thomas," she said curtly, "your behavior and your sentiments make me ashamed of my sex."

"I don't care," reiterated Mrs. Thomas. "I don't care. It's your sex an' my sex that's talkin'. There ain't no woman that don't want a man to love her." She put her head down on the table and sobbed afresh.

The women exchanged scornful and shocked glances over her head. "I guess we'd best leave you to yourself, Marthy Thomas," said Mrs. Evans, rising. "If you're in such a frame of mind that you've got to sass the Missioner, you'll be throwin' things at the rest of us. An' Thomas hardly cold in his grave yet," she exclaimed virtuously as she closed the door behind the little party of visitors. "Ain't she the limit? Lord save me from an undecided slob that don't know her own mind."

"But she's certainly in the devil of a scrape," remarked Mrs. Nitschkan good-naturedly. "Say the word, girls," rolling up her sleeves and feeling tentatively her swelling muscles, "and I'll go over to Tabor an' do up the Perfessor."

"That would never do, Nitschkan," replied Mrs. Evans hastily. "What we got to do is to work on this end of the line."

The Missionary who had walked silently down the little path leading to the paling gate, now spoke.

"I do not think it is worth while trying to do anything more with Mrs. Thomas. She is completely under that man's influence. As for him," she added grimly, "a good, strong man should deal with him."

"That is so," responded Mrs. Evans, "but I don't know one that's got any call to mix in, unless it's Dan Mayhew. He's her trustee an' he might do something with her."

"Dan's an awful sensible man," said Mrs. Landvetter gloomily. "You go an' tell

him de way she carry on and he won't be trustee no more. Den how she goin' to get along?"

"Goodness only knows," answered Mrs. Evans desperately. "Still, we can't stop to think about that. What we got to do is to try as hard as we can to get her out of this muss. Ain't that so, Miss Benson?"

"I think so," replied the Missionary in a depressed tone.

"She showed me a letter from him last night, women dear," chuckled the irrepressible Nitschkan, "in which he said that she wasn't to hesitate no longer as the danger was at hand, an' he called her his blue-eyed beauty. A big ox like her, with a front tooth gone!"

"My Lord!" sighed Mrs. Evans. "Who'd have any patience? Well, girls, I heard Sile say that Dan was workin' on his prospect, so it's no use stoppin' at his law office. Up we'll have to go."

It was something of a climb, up through a trail bordered with the pink and blue pentstemon all abloom in the sparkling, balsamic June air; but these were hardy mountain women, and it was not long before they reached the prospect where Dan Mayhew was hard at work with pick and shovel in a hole about twenty feet deep.

"Hello, Dan," called the breezy voice of Mrs. Nitschkan as the women peered over the rim of his embryo mine.

"Hello, girls," he answered heartily, throwing down his tools and pushing his hat further back on his head, the better to see his visitors. "Come up to call on me? What's in the wind now? Want a divorce apiece? Wait till I climb up since I ain't got electric elevators running yet. I can entertain you better up there. What do you think o' them for samples?" He threw some bits of quartz into Mrs. Landvetter's lap. "Looks like 'The Marthy' was goin' to have a futur', don't it?"

He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow as he stood among his callers who sat about the yawning hole on convenient boulders. One of the strong men of this earth — a fitting type to stand erect in the stern and savage mountains, and to wrest from them the secret of their hidden treasures.

"Fine," said Mrs Landvetter, leisurely examining the specimens. "Great! Dere's a streak of peacock."

"Le's see." Mrs. Evans scanned the bits of rock professionally. "Good, Dan, if the streak don't pinch. I'm kind o' 'fraid you've struck a pocket though."

"Oh, we all know Mrs. Evans knows more about mining than Sile," commented Mayhew good naturedly. "Now *he* thinks 'The Marthy's 'goin' to be a great mine. Sorry I have no seats but boulders to offer you ladies. When 'The Marthy' pans out you shall all have plush rockers."

The constant iteration of the name, "Marthy," seemed to react upon feminine nerves. Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Landvetter, and the Missionary glanced uneasily at one another. It remained for Mrs. Nitschkan, with her lack of nerves, to solve the problem, for at Mayhew's words she threw her head back with a great burst of laughter, showing every squirrel-white tooth in her head. "The Marthy! The Marthy!" she cried. "Why, Dan, it's the Marthy we've come to see you about."

Mayhew's expression changed. "What's the matter with Mrs. Thomas?" he asked quickly, looking from one to the other.

"Oh, dere ain't nottin' de matter wid her, dat is — " said Mrs. Landvetter, and then paused in embarrassed silence, attempting to extricate her lace work from her pocket.

"Well, what is it then?" asked Mayhew impatiently. "You girls got something on your minds, or you wouldn't be up here."

"That is true, Mr. Mayhew. We have something on our minds and we thought it best to come directly to you," said the Missionary decisively. "We are all very much worried about Mrs. Thomas."

"What's the matter with her?" anxiously. "Is she sick?"

"No, she is quite well; but — " Miss Benson tried to speak kindly. "She has gotten into quite a serious entanglement with this fortune-teller over in Mt. Tabor, Professor Hartshorn."

"What do you mean by your 'serious entanglements'?" growled Mayhew. "Speak plain, Missioner."

"I mean," replied the Missionary, with a tightening of the lips and a heightened color, "that she is completely under the influence of this man, and that he is using that influence to extort money from her. She has promised to give him, day after to-morrow, all that remains of the two thousand dollars her husband left her."

Mayhew's eyes glared from under his brows, but he looked from one woman to another in a dazed fashion.

"It's straight, Dan," corroborated Mrs. Evans. "He's just hypnotized her, an' now she's in this box."

"Well, why wasn't I told before?" asked Mayhew. "What did you let her get into it for? How'd she ever meet him?"

"She went to get her fortune told," began Mrs. Evans.

"She's so lonesome, bein' a widow, an' she wanted somebody to love her," mimicked Mrs. Nitschkan in a small voice, imitating closely Mrs. Thomas's lisp and coy manner.

The women rocked back and forth on their boulders with bursts of laughter.

"Aw, for the Lord's sake!" — exclaimed Mayhew disgustedly. "I wisht women had some sense. Missioner, can you tell me what this is all about?"

"It is just as these ladies say," remarked Miss Benson coldly. She had small sympathy for the culprit and was actuated in her present course solely by a sense of duty. "Mrs. Thomas explained to us that she was lonesome after her husband's death and, with a desire for excitement, went to consult this Professor Hartshorn. He at first made love to her, and now informs her that he sees in his crystals, and his stars, and cards some terrible calamity impending unless she gives him her money. He has so succeeded in frightening her that I do not think she will dare refuse his demand."

PROFESSOR ALEXIS HARTSHORN

"He'll get his head broke before night," threatened Mayhew. "My Lord!" mopping his brow with a blue and white cotton handkerchief and looking desperately at the row of women before him. "What was you women a thinkin' of, sittin' around doin' nothing and lettin' her get into such a scrape?"

"My patience," cried Mrs. Evans, while her sisters gasped and gazed at one another. She sprang to her feet and drew up her tiny figure to the fullest. "You must think we ain't got nothin' to do, Dan Mayhew, but look after that over-grown baby? Maybe you think we ain't got husbands and childern an' houses to mind? Oh, yes, we ought to let them go to look after Marthy Thomas that ain't got sense enough to tend to her own business."

"Is that true?" said Mayhew, surveying her angrily and speaking with icy sarcasm. "Well, I guess there's a good many men in the camp, includin' poor Sile Evans, that wishes there was more like her. You all think you're too smart to mind your own business and got to stick your fingers in everybody else's pie. I guess if the truth was known you drove her to this. It speaks a lot for her friends, don't it, that she got so lonesome that she had to run to some —fakir for consolation?"

"Vy vasn't you around to do some of the consolin', Dan?" asked Mrs. Landvetter hardily.

"She was wantin' to be loved," roared Mrs. Nitschkan. A suppressed giggle ran through the feminine part of the group.

"Well, it's a pity some of the rest of you didn't," he exclaimed doggedly. "Oh, you're Miss Know-it-alls. If she'd a been treated right by you women," he continued accusingly, "she wouldn't a gone traipsin' around to fakirs. You didn't show her no human sympathy. You're a cold-blooded lot. Oh, I know the whole of you. I could read your pedigrees from the beginning. It couldn't be expected that you'd understand her. She ain't made out of the same kind of clay that you are. She's trustin', that's what she is, trustin' and confidin'; but what's the use of trustin' in flint an' confidin' in ice?"

"'Hello, girls,' he answered heartily"

"My Gawd, Dan Mayhew! Air you a jumpin' on us 'cause Marthy Thomas is a D. F.?" asked Mrs. Evans shrilly.

He wheeled on her savagely. "You ought to be scrunched 'twixt a man's thumb and finger like you was a flea, which you are," contemptuously. "I've asked you and you ain't give me any good answer — what did you ever let her get in such a muss for? Oh, yes," interrupting the clamor of voices; "you could a helped it if you'd a wanted to. I know how much she thinks of all of you; but you couldn't lift a finger to help her, could you? That would be putting yourselves out some, wouldn't it? You couldn't do nothing but sit around and knock her behind her back."

"You are not just to us, Mr. Mayhew." The Missionary attempted to speak with dignity, but her lip trembled.

He made a scornful gesture as if renouncing them all; but it was plain from his absorbed gaze bent on the ground, his knotted brow, that he was oblivious to their presence.

Mrs. Evans fidgetted uneasily. "Dan," she said at last, "get over your mad and tell us what had best be done."

"I know what I'm agoing to do," he cried with resolution, picking up his hat and coat from the ground. "I'm goin' to Mt. Tabor to drive that skunk out of the mountains. Then I'm a coming back and ask the best, the most trustin' and confidin' woman in the world to marry me. Good-morning, ladies."

He walked lightly and rapidly down the trail before them.

The faces of the women left behind him were pale and stunned.

With a quick gesture of self-reproach the Missionary laid one hand against her cheek, as with the strange, sad eyes of the mystic she gazed above the swaying pine tops into the depths of the blue, blue sky.

"Oh, I haven't met it right," she cried sorrowfully. "I haven't met it right. This was Mrs. Thomas's soul problem and I didn't help her solve it. I just got mad and quit."

"Such is life," murmured Mrs. Landvetter, with some vague attempt at consolation. "You can't neffer tell."

"Take it back, Landvetter," returned Mrs. Nitschkan practically, brushing a bit of adhering clay from her short skirt. "Take it back. Life ain't nothin' so cantankerous. You mean, 'such is men.'"

MARY

BY

ROSE TRUMBULL

MARY, when that little child
Lay upon your heart at rest,
Did the thorns, Maid-mother, mild,
Pierce your breast?

Mary, when that little child
Softly kissed your cheek benign,
Did you know, O Mary mild,
Judas' sign?

Mary, when that little child
Cooed and prattled at your knee,
Did you see with heart-beat wild,
Calvary?

"'I met some of the fellows that had served time with me, and got back into the old life'"

THE JAILBIRD

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DENMAN FINK

I

NOW it had come, he was not quite sure that he wanted it. For a moment he longed to go back and join the men marching away to the shoe-shop. Inside those walls he had never had to think of what he should eat or drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed.

Over against the gray parapet echoed the buzzing of the electric cars, a strange sound to ears accustomed only to the tramp of marching feet, the harsh voices of wardens, and the clang of iron doors. Below him the harbor waves danced and sparkled, ferry-boats rushed from shore to shore, big ships moved slowly toward the distant islands and the still more distant sea, while near at hand the busy street flowed like a river, which he was compelled to swim but in which he already felt the millstone of his past dragging him down.

His heart sank as he asked himself what life could hold for him. How often, sitting on his prison-bed with his head in his hands, he had pictured joyously the present moment! Now, he felt like a child who has lost its parent's hand in the passing throng.

There had been a day, the year before, when his old mother's letter had not come, and, instead, only a line of stereotyped consolation from the country pastor to the village ne'er-do-well. No one had seen him choke over his bowl of soup and bread, or noticed the tears that trickled down upon the shoe-leather in his hand. She had been the only one who had ever written to him. There was nothing now to take him back to the little cluster of white cottages among the hills where he was born.

As he stood there alone facing the world, he yearned to throw himself once more upon his cot and weep against its iron bars — for three years the only arms outstretched to comfort him.

II

The judge concluded his charge with the usual, "I leave the case with you, gentlemen," and the jury, collecting their miscellaneous garments, slowly retired. The clerk pushed an indictment across the desk whispering:

"Try *him*, he's a *short* one," for it was getting late, and the afternoon sun was already gilding the dingy cornices of the big court-room, now almost deserted save by a lounger or two half asleep on the benches.

"People against Graham," called Dockbridge, the youthful assistant district attorney.

"Fill the box," shouted the clerk: "James Graham to the bar!" and another dozen "good men and true" answered to their names and settled themselves comfortably in their places.

At the rear the door from the pen opened and the prisoner entered, escorted by an officer. He walked stolidly around the room, passed through the gate held open for him, and took his seat at the table reserved for the defendant and his counsel. There appeared, however, to be no lawyer to represent him.

"Have you counsel?" casually inquired the clerk.

"No," answered the prisoner.

"Mr. Crookshanks, please look after the rights of this defendant," directed the judge.

The prisoner, a thick-set man of medium height, half rose from his seat and, turning towards the weazened little lawyer, shook his head rather impatiently. It was obvious that they were not strangers. After a

whispered conversation, Crookshanks stepped forward and addressed the Court.

"The defendant declines counsel and stands upon his constitutional right to defend himself," he said apologetically.

There was a slight lifting of heads among the jury, and a few sharp glances in the direction of the prisoner, which seemed in no wise to disconcert him.

"Very well, then; proceed," ordered the Court.

The prosecutor rapidly outlined his case — one of simple "larceny from the person." The People would show that the defendant had taken a wallet from the pocket of the complaining witness. He had been caught *in flagrante delicto.* There were several eye-witnesses. The case would occupy but a few moments, unless, to be sure, the prisoner had some witnesses. The young assistant, who seemed slightly nervous at the unusual prospect of conducting a trial against a lawyerless defendant (savoring as it did of a hand to hand combat in the days of trial by battle), started to comment upon the novelty of the situation, gave it up, and to cover his retreat called his first witness.

Dockbridge was very young indeed. He was undergoing the process of being "whipped into shape" by the judge, a kind but unrelenting observer of all the technicalities of the criminal branch, and this was one of his first cases. He could work up a pretty fair argument in his office, but he now felt his inexperience and began to wish it was time to adjourn, or that his senior, "Colonel Bob," the stout Nestor of Part I, whose long practice made him ready for any emergency, would return. But "Colonel Bob" could have proved an excellent alibi at that moment, and the battle had to be fought out alone.

The prisoner, meanwhile, was sitting calm but vigilant, pen in hand. His face, square and strong, with firmly marked mouth and chin, showed no sign of emotion, but under their heavy brows his black eyes played uneasily between the Court and jury. He was not more than thirty years of age, and his attitude and expression showed intelligence and alert capacity.

"Go on, Mr. District Attorney," again admonished the judge, and Dockbridge, pulling himself together, commenced to examine the complainant.

The prisoner was now straining eye and ear to catch every look and word from the witness-stand. Hardly had the complainant opened his mouth before the defendant had objected to the answer, the objection had been sustained, and the reply stricken out. He continued to object from time to time, and his exceptions were so well taken that he dominated not only the examination but the witness as well, and the jury presently found themselves listening to a cross-examination as skilfully conducted as if by a trained practitioner.

But, although the defendant showed himself a better lawyer than his adversary, it was apparent that his battle was a losing one. Point after point he contested stubbornly, yet the case loomed clear against him.

The People having "rested," the defendant announced that he had no witnesses, and would go to the jury on the evidence, or, rather, "failure of evidence," as he put it, of the prosecution. It was done with great adroitness, and none of the jury perceived that by refusing to accept counsel he had made it impossible to take the stand in his own behalf, and had thus escaped the necessity of subjecting himself to examination as to his past career.

If the spectators had expected a piteous appeal for mercy or a burst of prison rhetoric they were disappointed. The prisoner summed his case up carefully, arguing that there was a reasonable doubt upon the evidence, to which he was entitled; begged the jury not to condemn him merely because he appeared before them as one charged with a crime; appealed to them for justice; and at the close, for the first time forgetting the proprieties of the situation, exclaimed, "I did not do it, gentlemen! I did not do it! There was an absolute failure of proof! You cannot find that I took the purse from the old gentlemen on such evidence! It is all a lie!"

It was his one false touch. To raise the issue of veracity is usually a mistake on the part of a defendant, and the defiant look in Graham's eyes might well have suggested conscious guilt.

As he paused for a moment after this concluding sentence, an Italian band came marching down Centre Street, playing the dead march. Some patriot was being borne to his last sleep in an alien land. Outside the court-house it paused for a moment with one melancholy crash of funereal chords. It seemed a vibrant echo of the discord of his own fruitless life. At the same moment a

ray from the red sun setting over the Tombs fell upon the prisoner's face.

Dockbridge summed the case up in the stock fashion and then, for half an hour, the judge addressed to the jury in a calm and dispassionate analysis of the evidence, not hesitating to compare the abilities of the prosecutor and prisoner to the disadvantage of the former, saying in this respect: "Neither must you be influenced by any feeling of admiration at the capacity shown by this defendant to conduct his own case. If he has appeared more than a match for the prosecution, it must not affect the weight which you give to the evidence against him."

"More than a match for the prosecution!" That had been rather rough, to be sure, and the fifth juror had looked at Dockbridge and grinned.

The jury filed out, the prisoner was led back to the pen, the judge vanished into his chambers, and the prosecutor, his feet on the counsel table, lit a cigar and indulged in retrospection. The benches were deserted. There was no one but himself left in the court-room. Usually, when a jury retired, there was some mother or wife or daughter with her handkerchief to her eyes, waiting for them to come back, but this fellow had none such. He had fought alone! Well, d—— him! he deserved to! But who the deuce was he? It had been clever on his part not to take the stand. Strange to be trying a man you had never seen before — of whom you knew nothing, who had merely side-stepped into your life and would soon back out of it. "Poor devil!" thought the deputy as he lit another perfecto.

Now the jury, as juries sometimes do, wanted to talk, and had a consuming desire to smoke, so they both smoked and talked, and when O'Reilly came to turn on the lights in the court-room, they were still out, and Dockbridge had fallen fast asleep.

III

At half-past ten o'clock the big court-room still remained almost empty. Inside the rail the clerk and the stenographer, having returned from a short visit to Tom Foley's saloon across the way, were languidly discussing the condition of the stock-market. A nebulous illumination in the vastness above only served to increase the shadowy dimness of the room. The talk of the pair made a scarcely audible whisper in the great silence. Outside, an electric car could be heard at intervals; within, only the slam of iron doors, subdued by distance, echoed through the corridors.

Dockbridge had awakened and, lounging before his table, was trying to get up a case for the morrow. The judge had gone home for dinner. One by one the court attendants had strayed away, coming back to push open the heavy door and, after a furtive glance at the empty bench, as silently to depart.

Below in the stifling pen, alone behind the bars, James Graham sat staring vacantly at the stained cement floor. A savage rage surged through him. Curse them! That infernal judge had not given him half a chance. Once more he recalled that day when he had stepped out into the sunlight a free man. Again he saw his iron bed, his cobbling bench, his coarse food, his hated stripes! He choked at the thought of them: Only two months before, he had been at liberty. Think of it! Good clothes, good food, pleasure! God! What a fool! A dull pain worked through his body; he remembered that he had not eaten since seven that morning.

Outside in the corridor the keeper was smoking a cigar. The fumes of it drifted in and mingled with the stench of the pen. It almost nauseated him. He leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes. The act brought rushing back the memories of his childhood, and of how, every night, he would lay his head upon his mother's knee and say, "Have I been a good boy to-day?" A sob shook him and he pressed closer against the wall.

A sound of moving feet roused him suddenly. A door swung open, shut again, and voices came with a draft of air, from the corridor.

The keeper waiting outside stirred and stood up, looking regretfully at his cigar.

"Get up there, you." The prisoner obeyed perfunctorily, and followed the officer heavily up the stairs and down the dirty passage, to the court-room. Outside, he shrank from entering. Those eyes — those eyes! That hard, pitiless judge! But he was pushed roughly forward. Then his old pugnacity returned; he set his teeth, and entered.

He trudged around the room and stopped at the bar before the clerk. On his right sat the twelve silent men. On the bench the

white-haired judge was gazing at him with sad but penetrating eyes.

It was different from the mellow glow of the afternoon. They were all so still — like ghosts — and all around — all about him! He wanted to shout out at them, "Speak! For God's sake! Speak!" But something stifled him. The overwhelming power of the law held him speechless.

The clerk rose without looking at the prisoner.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," answered the foreman, with his eyes upon the floor.

"The jury will rise: the defendant will rise. Say you, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty of grand larceny in the first degree."

The prisoner involuntarily pressed his hand to his heart. He had weathered that blast before and could do so again. Dockbridge gave him a look full of pity. Graham hated him for it. That child! That snivelling little fool! He wanted none of his sympathy! His breath came faster. Must they all look at him? Was that a part of his trial — to be stared down? He glared back at them. The room swam, and he saw only the stern face on the bench above.

"Name?" broke in the harsh voice of the clerk.

"James Graham."

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Married or unmarried? Temperate?" came the pitiless questions, all answered in a monotone.

"Ever convicted before?"

"No," said the prisoner in a low voice, but the word sounded to him like a roaring torrent. Then came once more that awful silence. The dread eye of the judge searched his soul.

"Graham, is that the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

That merciless question! What had that to do with it? Why should he have to tell them? That was not his crime! He was ready to suffer for what he had done, but not for the past, that was not fair — he had paid for that! He must defend himself.

"Yes, sir."

"Swear him," said the judge.

The officer took up the soiled Bible and started to place it in Graham's hand. But the hand dropped from it.

"No, no! I can't," he faltered. "I can't — I — I — it is no use," he added huskily

"When were you convicted?"

"I served six months for petty larceny in the penitentiary six years ago."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite sure? Think again!"

"Yes, sir," almost inaudibly.

"Swear him."

Again the book was forced toward the unwilling hand and again it was refused.

"Have you no pity — no mercy?" his dark eyes seemed to say. Then they gave way to a look of utter hopelessness.

"I served three years in Charleston for larceny, and was discharged two months ago."

"Is that all?"

"O, God! Isn't that enough?" suddenly groaned the prisoner. "No, no. It isn't all! It's always been the same old story! Concord, Joliet, Springfield, Sing Sing, yes, six times. Twelve years. . . I'm a *jailbird.*" He laughed harshly and rested wearily against the wooden bar.

"Have you anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced against you?"

"Your Honor, will you hear me?" Graham choked back a dry sob.

The judge slightly inclined his head.

"Yes. I'm a jailbird," uttered the prisoner rapidly. "I'm only out two months." There was no defiance in his voice now, and his eyes searched the face of the judge, seeking for mercy. "I had a good home — no matter where — and a good father and mother. My father died and didn't leave anything, and I had to work while my mother kept house. I worked on the farm, winter and summer, summer and winter, early and late. I got sick of it. I quit the farm and went to the city. I worked hard and did well. I learned shorthand and finally got a job as a court stenographer. That's how I know about the rules of evidence. Then I got started wrong, and by and by I took a fifty-dollar note and another fellow was sent up for it. After that I didn't care. I had a good time — of its kind. It was better than a dog's life on the farm, anyway. By and by I got caught and then it was no use.

Each time I got out I swore I'd lead an honest life. But I couldn't. A convict might as well try to eat stones as to find a job. But when I got free this time, I made up my mind to starve rather than get back again. I meant it, too. I tried hard. It was no use in Boston — they're too respectable. All a convict can do there is to get a two weeks' job sawing wood. At the end of that time he's supposed to be able to take care of himself. I had to give it up and come to New York.

"It was August, and I went the rounds of the offices for three weeks, looking for work. No one wanted a stenographer, and there was nothing else to do that I could find. Once I thought I had something on the water-front, but the man changed his mind. A woman told me to go to Dr. Westminster, so I went. He was kind enough, said he was very busy, but would do all he could for me, that there was a special society for just such cases, and he would give me a card. I thanked him and took the card and went to the society. The young woman there gave me two soup tickets, and said she would do all she could for me. Next day she reported that there was nothing doing just then, but if I could come back in about a month they could probably do better. Then she gave me another soup ticket. I drank the soup and then I went back to Dr. Westminster. He was rather annoyed at seeing me again, and said that he had done all that he could, but would bear me in mind — meantime, unless I heard from him, it would be no use to call again. I'd lived on soup for two days.

"I got a meal by begging on the avenue. Then another woman told me to go to Dr. Emberdays, and I went to *him*. By this time I must have been looking pretty tough. He said that he would do what he could, and that there was a society to which he would give me a line. They asked me a devil of a lot of questions, and gave me a flannel undershirt. It made me sick! An undershirt in August, when I wanted bread and human sympathy!

"It was no use. I gave up parsons and tried the river-front again. I didn't get over one meal a day, and my head ached all the time. I heard of a job at One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street, carrying lumber. I got a nickle for holding a horse, and went up. It was a gang of niggers. They got a dollar a day. The boss was a nigger, too, and they didn't want cheap white trash. I almost went down on my knees to him, and finally he said I might come the next day. I slept in a field, under a tree, without anything to eat that night, and started in at seven the next morning. The thermometer went up to ninety-six, and we worked without stopping. I had to lug one end of a big stick, with a nigger under the other end, one hundred yards — then go back and get another. I got so I didn't know what I was doing. At eleven o'clock I fainted, and then I was sick, dreadfully sick. At three the boss nigger kicked me and said I had to stop faking or I wouldn't get paid, and so I got up and lugged until six. But I was so ill I knew it was no use. I couldn't do that kind of work.

"It was an awfully hot night. I got off the 'L' at Thirty-fourth Street and walked through to the Avenue. When I got to the Waldorf I stopped and looked in the windows. There were men and women in there, and flowers and everything to eat — just what I could eat if I chose. And I had been working with niggers, Judge, all day long until I fainted, heaving timber! I just stood and waited, and when a chance came to snatch a roll of bills I took it. They couldn't catch me. I was good for ten of 'em, Judge.

"After that it was easy. I met some of the fellows that had served time with me and got back into the old life. Judge, it's no use. I don't blame you for what you are going to do, nor I don't blame the jury. Any one could see through the bluff I put up. I'm guilty. I'm a jailbird, I say. I'm done. Only I've had no chance, Judge. Give me another, let me go back to the farm. I'll go, I swear I will. It'll kill me to go to prison! I'm a human being! God meant me to live out of doors, and I've spent half of my life inside stone walls. Let me go back to the country. I'll go, Judge. I'm a human being. Give me one more chance."

There was no sound when the prisoner stopped speaking. The judge did not reply for a full minute. His face wore its habitual look of sadness. Then he spoke in a very low tone, but one which was distinctly audible in the silence of the court-room.

"Graham, you have read your own sentence. You have confessed that you cannot lead an honest life. Your fault is that you will not work. There are plenty of towns in this state alone, and a thousand farms within a hundred miles where you could earn a livelihood for the asking. Your intelligence

is of a high order. By ordinary application you could have risen far above your fellows. You are a dangerous criminal — all the more dangerous for your ability. You almost outwitted the jury, and conducted your own case more ably than nine out of ten lawyers would have done. You have ruined your own life, and cast away a pearl of price. You have my pity, but I cannot allow it to affect my duty. Graham, I sentence you to state prison for five years."

The prisoner shivered and covered his face with his hands. Then the officer clapped him on the shoulder and pushed him toward the door.

"Gentlemen, you are excused." The judge bowed to the jury.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" bawled the attendant: "all persons having business with Part I of the General Sessions of the Peace, held in and for the County of New York, may now depart. This Court stands adjourned until to-morrow morning at half-past ten o'clock."

THERE was nobody in the ladies' waiting-room of the Walden station but herself. No one else came in. She waited and waited. Finally, she went over to the ticket-agent's window.

"Will you tell me, please," she asked, "if you happened to notice a young girl waiting here for the 6.15 train?"

"No, lady," the ticket-agent answered promptly; "there wasn't nobody in here."

"I was just wondering—I expected somebody here to meet me, and I thought maybe she missed me—but perhaps nobody came."

"I didn't see nobody," the station-agent reasserted.

The door opened. The girl flashed about with a start and a quick glance of hope, but it was a young man who entered, and she turned again to her informant.

"Can you tell me," she went on, "of any church in Walden where there is to be an entertainment to-night—a sort of church social?"

"No, I haven't heard of anything of the kind." He turned to the opposite window, that looked into the men's waiting-room, and answered the questions that were directed to him. He took from their clamps some tickets, stamped them rapidly, and sold them, continuing his conversation with the pair of men who had bought them.

The girl waited. "Do you know of any way I could find out," she timidly addressed the back that was turned to her, "if there is to be such an affair, and where it's to be held?"

"Well, I should think you'd have to go round to all the churches and see. I don't know of any other way. You can't get them by telephone." He renewed his bantering talk at the other window.

The girl was silent an instant, thinking. Then she walked over to a window and looked out. There was a pathetic droop to her figure and she stared unseeingly up the road. Her lips began to quiver and her eyes, gradually, to fill with tears. She wore a long pongee coat and a straw hat, simply trimmed.

She was a slender creature, of medium height, and delicate proportions. Her skin was white and a little freckled. Her eyes were dark and pensive. Because of the luminous purple stain on their lids, and of supplementing soft shadows under them, they seemed bigger than they really were. Her abundant brown hair was shadowy; the line it made about her forehead and neck was prettily scalloped. Just above each of her temples a feathery spiral of a curl disengaged itself from the rest and hung down in front of her ears. This and her little pointed chin, together with a certain fascinating irregularity of her features, gave her a look that was quaintly witch-like.

"I beg your pardon," a voice at her elbow interrupted her reflections; "I wonder if I can be of any assistance to you?"

She turned immediately. It was the young man who had just come in. She stood for a few seconds trying, by biting her lips, to stop their trembling. Gradually she forced the tears back.

"You are very kind," she said at last. "I don't know what to do. I—I—You see I'm going to take part in an entertainment to-night in a church here in Walden. There was to be a girl here at the train to meet me. Nobody came and I'm afraid there's some mistake about it. I don't know what to do. I don't know the names of any of the people who are getting up the entertainment, and I don't know what church it is—or anything." She stopped and bit her lips again. "You see," she went on, "they have hired me to come to-night. That's why I feel so badly about disappointing them. But I guess the best thing for me to do is to go home."

"Oh, no," he protested; "don't do that. You mustn't do that. I'm very sure we can find out what church is celebrating to-night. But I don't understand. How did it happen that they didn't write you anything about it?"

"Oh, you see," she explained further, "they—she—it was a woman—engaged me over the telephone. Her voice was a little indistinct at times and somebody kept interrupting her. All I got was that it was an entertainment to be given at a church at Walden, and that somebody would meet me at the station and take me there."

"Did she give you her name?" the young man asked.

"No, she forgot, I guess—and it never occurred to me to ask for it. Bob—my brother—says that's just the way women do business."

Perhaps the young man thought so. In spite of palpable efforts towards self-control, a smile forced itself to his lips, and his eyes twinkled. The girl herself was smiling a little by this time.

"Well, now, I'll tell you exactly what we'll do," he said briskly; "my automobile is outside, and I'll take you around to all the churches until we find the one that you belong to."

"Oh, that's very good of you. I—I don't think I ought. I'm afraid it's bothering you too much."

"Not a bit. I shall enjoy it very much. I haven't a thing to do. In fact, I think it will be something of a lark. And it won't take more than an hour, you know—the distances here are very short. Excuse me a moment; I'll get the necessary information from the ticket-agent."

The girl watched him as he stood talking. There was an air of quiet strength about his

tall figure, a look of physical cleanness, that was in some odd way moral, too, about his irregular bright face. He had steady gray eyes and close-cropped bright brown hair. His long automobile coat and his visored cap gave him a distinguished look.

"By the way, my name is Arden Bennett," he said, when he rejoined her, "and I am more than pleased to make your acquaintance." He opened the door and they walked up the platform to where the automobile awaited them."

"My name is Fredericka Gaston," she announced simply, "and I'm rendering up

thanks to heaven that I've made your acquaintance."

"Thank you," he returned smilingly; "this is the 'Secret Service' at your disposal — now christened for the first time — and in deference to its most pleasing adventure. You'll sit in the front seat with me — thank you, yes—I sit at the right."

They started forward at a smart pace. The brown dusty road rolled itself up like a ribbon under them, and the green of the woods on either side massed itself into a continuous soft hedge. The hill, that they began presently to climb, ran fairly straight upwards and imprinted a smooth, clean-cut line of road and the serrated outline of contiguous bunches of fir-trees on the banks of golden cloud that the approaching sunset had exorcised.

"I find," he said, "that this town is long on churches; no less than six. Isn't that like New England? I'll give you odds that there isn't a billiard-room or a bowling alley. There's the Catholic, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Orthodox, and Unitarian. We'll cut the Catholic Church out at the start. They don't have church festivals—do they—to their credit, I think. Now, why can't we do some Sherlock Holmes work over this matter, Miss Gaston? Let's see what we can deduce, in regard to the denomination of the church, from the character of the entertainment they're giving. What are they going to do?"

"Why, you see I—I—I—" she faltered. "I don't know—it never occurred to me to ask."

He smiled down at her amusedly. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm a story-teller. I'm going to tell stories."

"Why, it must be a children's party."

"No; she especially stipulated that I have stories suitable for grown people. I'm going to tell a fairy-story and a fable, two adventures, and two ghost-stories."

"Ghost-stories!" He pounced upon the words triumphantly. "Did you tell her you were going to tell ghost-stories?"

"Yes, and she was very much amused and pleased."

"Now let me see who'd be likely to stand for ghost-stories," he meditated; "the Orthodox couldn't, the Baptists and Methodists wouldn't, the Episcopalians might——"

"Would the Unitarians stand for them, do you think?"

"The Unitarians! My child, they'll stand for anything. I ought to know. I'm a Unitarian myself. That settles it. And I might as well tell you that the search is as good as over with. Unitarian it is. Hurrah for Sherlock Holmes! The Adventure of the Mislaid Church."

"Of course," she agreed happily, "it couldn't be any other."

"And this is the month of June. They're giving a strawberry festival. Oh, this is too easy. It's like magic. It's like stealing rattles from babies. It's like getting money from popper. Say, I'm almost ashamed."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you," she burst out. "You see," she said suddenly, as if propelled into confidence by an overpowering impulse, "my brother Bob and I—we're all alone in the world. My father and mother are both dead. Bob supports me and takes care of me. I keep house, but I have a great deal of time on my hands—time that I don't know what to do with. Two

years ago we came down from Horton—that's in the middle of the state. I don't know anybody in Boston, and often I am very lonely. It occurred to me over a year ago that I might do something with story-telling. I've always told stories to children, and rather successfully, and then, besides, I like it. Well, I had some circulars printed, and I sent them out to newspapers and women's clubs and churches and kindergartens, and every place and thing I could think of. And then I waited. And I waited. And I waited. And, do you know, I never heard a solitary thing from one of them until that woman called me up on the telephone the other day. That's why I was so silly in the station. I do so want to make a success of it. I do want to help Bob—he's so good to me. My heart went down into my boots when I found there was nothing for me to do but to go home. Really, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness."

"Please, please don't say that again. The gratitude is all mine. You've rescued me from the boredom of a whole evening alone. I don't know so very many people myself. I'm from the West. I'm taking a graduate course at Harvard."

"It's great fun for me to be going about like this in search of my church," she remarked, "because I never have been in an automobile before. After I've told lots and lots of stories, and have become famous, I'm going to buy one to put in Bob's Christmas stocking."

"Do you mean to say you never have been in an automobile before?" he asked, with a great appearance of solemnity.

"Never."

"Why, you haven't told me any of the three stock automobile stories yet."

"I don't know them. What are they?"

"And you've refrained from calling it my automobubble. You haven't referred to it as my 'fiery steed.' You haven't said 'See how it champs its bit.'"

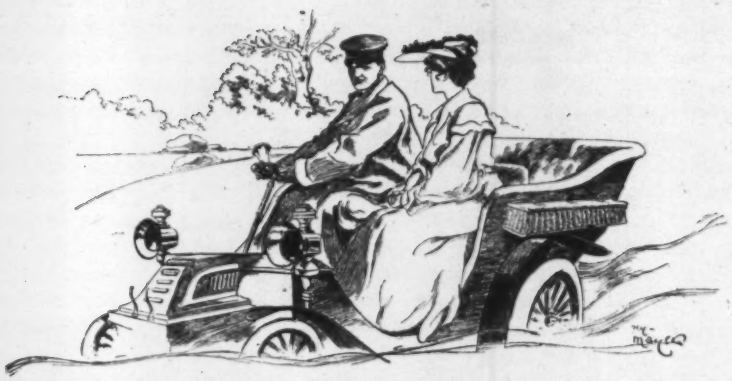
"What are the stories?"

"And you haven't even asked me if I hadn't better get out and give it a pailful of water and a bucket of oats."

"What are the stories?"

"Well, story number one, people *always* tell. It's as inevitable as 'You wouldn't believe that sunset if you saw it in a painting,' or 'I'd rather have a tooth pulled than have my picture taken.' I mean everybody tells it except you. I've never known a case before when it didn't happen. I'm afraid now I'm dreaming. Don't wake me. Oh, I've been driven to keeping tabs on it. In the last three months I've heard it—and in this very machine—exactly thirty-nine times. I've worked up a mechanical ha-ha that makes the welkin ring. It frightens people. They don't tell me any more stories. Well, here goes for the fortieth time. Three children were playing on a street when an automobile went by. 'Let's play automobile,' one of them said. 'I'll be the automobile and you'll be the driver.' 'What'll I be?' asked the third. "Oh, you, you can be the — Hi, here we are. Mademoiselle, I have the honor to present the Unitarian Church at your service."

The girl looked up eagerly. Just ahead, set in a trim lawn, was a yellow stone church.



A huge ivy softened its angles and those of the building, evidently the parsonage, adjoining it.

"I should think it would be lighted," she said, and her voice was a little troubled.

"It is lighted dimly. It's only seven o'clock now. They're not wasting their gas, you see. Ah, what did I tell you? Here they come—they're expecting you."

From the parsonage door there emerged a little, dumpy, kindly-faced clergyman. He came directly towards them. Bennett steered the auto neatly up to the sidewalk. Then he jumped out and helped Fredericka to alight. Fredericka moved up the concrete walk. Her companion followed and they met the clergyman half way.

"I am so glad to see you," the latter said, holding out his hand. "I am Mr. Wharton. My wife was so sorry that she could not meet you. She wished me to say that only an unavoidable complication prevents her from being here."

"Oh, please don't apologize," Fredericka said sunnily; "there is nothing to apologize for. You see I was in good hands. I, too, regret the loss of the pleasure of a meeting," she concluded quaintly.

"Now, I suppose," the reverend gentleman went on, "like all young people, you'd like it over and done with as soon as possible—even if there were not the other reasons."

"Well, I did think I would like to take the 9.15 train home if I could," Fredericka said frankly; "you see there will be somebody there to meet that train and, though he's perfectly willing to wait over, still if I could ——"

"You could go even earlier than that—as it happens," Mr. Wharton said affably. "Shall we go into the church?"

"Yes; I'd like to see what it's like," Fredericka said. "I'm not quite sure that my voice will carry. Perhaps I ought to rehearse a little."

"Oh, that's not necessary. Don't think of it. Now, suppose you both go in by the front entrance and I'll get the two maids, Mary and Ann. We shall need their assistance, you know. It's dark there, but I'll light the church as I come along."

"Very well," Fredericka agreed. She and Bennett turned where the walk branched away and shot forward in front of the church door. "Oh, it's such a load off my mind," she said fervently to her rescuer, as they stood within the dimly-lighted edifice; "and isn't he pleasant and nice? I'm sure I'm going to like him ever so much. You can't fancy how I dreaded it. I'm so afraid of strange people. But if all my experiences are going to be as pleasant as this—Here he comes."

"Also Mary and Ann."

"I'm wondering why they don't hold it in the vestry."

"And I'm wondering," he meditated dreamily, "how old is *Ann*?"

The circles of pin-point light leaped into brilliant flame.

"Why," Fredericka exclaimed surprisedly, "it isn't a Unitarian church after all. He's in the gown of the Episcopalian clergyman."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it," Bennett commented; "however, if they're satisfied why should we complain? Why look

a gift church in the mouth? And as for that, I'll settle the matter for posterity—I'll ask Ann."

They advanced leisurely up the broad central aisle. Mr. Wharton, followed by two neatly-uniformed Irish girls, met them at the angle made by the junction of their two paths.

"Now," he commanded pleasantly, "if you two will stand about where you are and Mary and Ann back, we're all ready to begin." His hand emerged from under one of his big sleeves. It held a little book. He opened it and began to read.

"Dearly beloved brethren," he said in tones suddenly sonorously ecclesiastical, "we are gathered here," etc., etc.

Fredericka listened for a moment surprisedly. Then her face grew puzzled, then serious, then alarmed, then terrified.

"Mr. Bennett, Mr. Bennett," she shrieked; "stop him! stop him! Don't you understand what he's doing? He's marrying us."

"Marrying us!" Bennett repeated. "What do you mean?"

"Marrying you!" Mr. Wharton echoed. "Of course I am. Isn't that what you're here for?"

Fredericka started back aghast. "Oh, there's some dreadful mistake," she said piteously; "I came here because there was, or I thought there was, to be a church social here this evening. I am a story-teller. They engaged me to tell stories."

Mr. Wharton stared at her. "Aren't you Dorothy Stone?" he asked immediately.

"No, my name is Fredericka Gaston, and this is Mr. Bennett—a—a friend of mine."

"My dear young lady, let me apologize with all my heart," Mr. Wharton said seriously. "I have made—we both have made a great mistake. But you will see when I explain, how easy it was to do so. The daughter of a dear old friend of mine—a young woman whom I have never seen—wrote me a week ago, asking me if I would perform the marriage ceremony for her here to-night at seven. It is her mother who was my friend. Her father I had never met. He disapproves of the match very strongly. The mother looks upon it favorably. From all I have been able to gather, there was no reason why the young people should not be united, and I agreed to do it. When you drove up, I jumped to the conclusion that you were the bride and groom. It's a curious coincidence—very."

Bennett sat down in one of the pews and laughed until he coughed. "This beats all records up to date," he said; "only nobody'll believe it when I tell them."

Fredericka was still pale and trembling from her fright, but she hurriedly explained her plight to the clergyman.

He considered the situation carefully. "No, I've heard of no church social to-night," he said thoughtfully. "The only thing for you to do is exactly what you are doing—to visit all the churches and find out from the people in authority. Only," he ended smilingly, "don't let them marry you."

"I'll take care of that." Fredericka was

beginning to smile too. "I'll announce the very first thing that——"

She was interrupted. Two men dashed into the church and made their way up the aisle.

"There they are now," the foremost one said. He was a tall, heavily-built man. His upright white hair seemed to be bristling angrily away from his red, excited face. "If you've married those two children, sir," he thundered at Mr. Wharton, "I'll see what the law can do about it, if it takes every cent I have in the world. Why, it's not Dorothy," he ended in a surprised voice.

His companion seemed nonplussed. He was a legal-looking person, thin and pale, with lantern jaws and eagle features.

"Come, Miss Gaston, we'll get out of here," Mr. Bennett said, a note of quiet determination in his voice; "you've got nothing to do with this. Good-night, Mr. Wharton."

He hurried her out of the church into the automobile. They started briskly forward. For a few moments they were both silent.

"Do you realize that it's only by the grace of God and your speedy interruption that we're not husband and wife at this moment?" he asked her suddenly.

"Realize!" Fredericka repeated quaveringly. "I can't get it out of my mind. It gives me the queerest feeling just to think of it. Can you imagine anything more awful?"

"It's harder to think of anything more pleasant," he said, after reflection. "Mrs. Arden Bennett, Fredericka Bennett," he murmured under his breath.

Fredericka blushed, but she laughed, too, after a pause. "Now, when you return to the West," she complained, "you'll tell your friends that the female majority in Massachusetts is so large that the women are fairly desperate. You will say that a girl took you into a church one day and nearly married you before you realized what was happening."

"I shall tell them some things about the girls in Massachusetts but not that," he apprised her briefly.

"Where are we going now?" she demanded.

"To the real Unitarian Church this time. That information bureau at the station was a misinformation bureau. But at the same time our Sherlock Holmes method of research is vindicated. I think we'll strike it right this time. Only, if they take me for a baby and want to christen me, will you promise to stop them?"

"I don't think anything else will happen to us," Fredericka prophesied grimly. "Where do you suppose the real bride and groom are?" she queried curiously.

"Search me!" he permitted cheerfully. "They're probably in some other of the wonderful churches in this town, being buried by mistake."

"I'm awfully sorry for them," she sighed. "They may never have another chance to elope. Do you know I have a great deal of sympathy with runaway marriages. I'd do anything in my power to help them." She was quiet for a few moments, her downcast lids and drooping lips indicating the compassionate tenor of her thoughts. "I hope I shall tell my stories well to-night," she said, rousing herself with a sigh. "Would you mind if I told you one for practice?"

"Mind! It would be more fun than a bag of snakes. Please do."

"You see, I want to be sure of telling one story that will take, a story that will make a hit; a story they'll all repeat to their families when they go home; something that's original, that they can't get in books anywhere. All my other stories are second-hand. Don't you see, that's the way to get known? If I tell one winning story, people will tell it, and tell it, and tell it. And when they want somebody to address the women's club or the kindergarten, they'll think of me. Oh, yes, I must be sure to have a story that will take."

"I tell you what you do, Miss Gaston; you come out to Colorado, and when the

boys want a smoke-talk some night, I'll get them to hire you. See here, I'll guarantee you a hundred dollars and expenses."

Fredericka's gay laugh rang out like a chime of bells. "What a delicious suggestion," she said. "I wish you might see Bob's face when I tell him about it."

"Well, if you scorn my aid, go on with your story."

"Oh, what a pretty girl!" Fredericka exclaimed suddenly.

Bennett stared up the road. A man and a girl were walking swiftly towards them. The man was nondescript. The girl was tall and blond. She wore a gray walking-skirt and a pink shirt-waist. She was carrying

her hat in her hand. The level rays of the setting sun were reveling in the gold of her hair. She had clean-cut features and a decided almost haughty expression. Her cheeks mimicked the pink of the bunch of roses at her waist. Neither she nor her escort payed the slightest attention to the automobile. And even less, apparently, did they notice the rapid pounding of the hoofs of the horses that were approaching from farther back. Fredericka turned idly. The carriage had just made a bend in the road. In it were two men, one heavily-built, with thick, white hair, bristling angrily away from a red, excited face.

"I'm so sorry we tried to come by electric," the pretty blond girl was saying in clear thin tones. "You see we're over half an hour late and there's no knowing how many engagements Mr. Wharton has for the evening. He may have had to go somewhere—and then there's always father to think of."

"Oh, stop, stop," Fredericka cried, laying her hand on her companion's arm. She leaned over the side of the automobile. "Are you Miss Dorothy Stone?" she asked earnestly.

The girl jumped. "Why, yes," she said, "I am, but how—what——"

"Your father is behind us in a carriage," Fredericka interrupted. "Don't you see them? Get into the automobile and we'll take you to another minister's. We know all about it—we've just left Mr. Wharton Your father had come there to prevent the marriage. You will help them, won't you?" she appealed strenuously to Bennett.

"Of course I will," Bennett said promptly. "Here, get in, get in. Quick! They're on to us back there. Hear how much faster they're driving. Well, we'll show them what we can do. I'm sorry for them, but I'm afraid they'll have to take our dust."

The race was an exciting one. But the automobile won, as Mr. Irwin, the prospective bridegroom, said, "hands down." It leaped forward and, gradually acquiring its greatest speed, it shot straight through the town to its farthest end. At first there was, between the two girls, some sort of broken conversations, confused explanations, suggestions, and advice. But as their gait waxed almost terrific, and the tiny stones of the road pelted their faces, they became silent, bending over and burying their heads in their arms.

"We win," Bennett said briefly as they drew up in front of another church. They rushed into the parsonage and explained matters to the bewildered clergyman they found there busy with his next Sunday's sermon. How he came ever to consent to perform the ceremony is a matter for wondering conjecture. Perhaps it was their evident distress and sincerity that won him, perhaps he was, as much as Fredericka and Bennett, charmed with the romance of the situation. Perhaps the suddenness of their onslaught upon him deprived him of any conscious volition in the matter. In any case, the look, common to them all, of birth and breeding, and their use of Mr. Wharton's name must have helped their cause materially. Whatever the influences urging him

to it, however, consent he did, and the runaway pair were united. The last word was said just as panting horses, wet with sweat and foam, drove up, dragging a buggy containing two angry men.

Fredericka and Bennett waited only for hasty farewells, to exchange good wishes and addresses. Then, as before, Bennett hurried his companion into the automobile.

"There's no need of our getting into that fuss," he said sagely; "it's their funeral—I mean wedding. It isn't as if we could do anything further. Well, what do you suppose will happen next?" he asked tranquilly, when they were moving along at a respectable speed. "There are three more churches you know. I bet you two to one they try to divorce us next."

"Oh, I can't think of anything," Fredericka declared joyously; "but how happy I am that those two young people are safely married. Isn't it romantic? Isn't it charming? Don't you positively glow with the consciousness of a worthy action done, and all that sort of thing? I just do. Wasn't she sweet and dear?"

"Very charming girl," Bennett said perfunctorily.

"And I like him quite as well, too. They're married. They're married. Think of that! They're married."

"Of course, they're married," Bennett asserted morosely. "Everybody's married but me. Nobody'll marry me. Nobody wants me. They repudiate me at the very altar. They take me away to all the churches in town and flash these runaway matches before my eyes, but, marry me—never. I know I'm doomed to die a lonely old bachelor."

"I'm still trying to think up a story," Fredericka announced demurely; "a story that will take. Don't you know one? A perfect love of a story, a little jewel of a story, a delicious *bon bouche* of a story. Didn't you ever have some sort of romantic adventure? Didn't you ever see a ghost? Didn't you——"

"See here," he interrupted, "you were going to tell me a story just before the wedding—the last one—not ours. Won't you tell it now? That's a good child."

"If ever anybody deserved a story," Fredericka said sweetly. "Well listen! Once upon a time——"

She told the story to the very end. During the process, they visited all of the remaining churches, *and not one of them was to have an entertainment that night.*

"Well, the situation does look serious," Bennett admitted. "Now, let me see. Everybody we've asked swears that there are only six churches in the town. There's no reason why they should deceive us. There's nothing to be ashamed of in a church. It isn't like a family skeleton. Are you sure you didn't hear the woman's name?"

Fredericka shook her head.

"Are you sure she said Walden?" Bennett pursued her. "Wasn't it Malden?"

Fredericka thought a minute. Then she hung her head. "I don't know," she faltered. "I'm an awful goose," she acknowledged meekly; "but it's taught me a lesson. I'll be businesslike enough in the future, you may be sure."

"Perhaps they're sending down to the station to every train," Bennett suggested suddenly; "there's one due about 7.55. Suppose we get down there in time to meet it, and then if there's nobody there——"

"I can catch the 8.15 back to Boston," Fredericka finished for him.

"No, we'll auto back to town and get something to eat, shall we?"

"Oh, no," Fredericka demurred faintly; "I couldn't do that."

"We'll auto into town," he promulgated sternly, "pick up Bob, and get something to eat. Remember, you're almost my wife. You came very near to promising to love, honor, and obey. You owe me something for throwing me down like that before Mary and Ann." He waited. She did not again dissent. "Here—here's a road that will take us to the station. It looks like a pretty road too." They turned into it.

It was a pretty road. There were on it big comfortable houses, set at comfortable intervals from each other. There were lawns of velvet in front and beautiful gardens at the back. Behind these there were groves of trees running up to the top of a low range of hills. People were coming out of all the houses, the men in cool-looking ducks and flannels, the women in fluffy muslins and delicate, rustling silks. They were all going in the same direction and they laughed and talked with each other as they went.

"I think there must be some merry-making round here somewhere," Fredericka observed sadly.

"A dance, I fancy," Bennett said. "Oh, there it is."

The curve in the road had slunk away. In front of them was a big house, set in stately horse-chestnuts. It looked as if a conflagration were proceeding within; every one of its many windows was bursting with light. The broad piazzas, the paths and driveway were strung with Japanese lanterns; and circles and squares and triangles of them made geometric treasures-trove of the trees. Boys, mounted on ladders, were lighting them. They looked like bubbles of fire, smeared, in patches of strange color, with the stranger symbols of the Orient. Even the vivid splendors of the afterglow could not pale them. The lawns were dotted with people. There was a steady stream of

them proceeding up the driveway. A very pretty woman, in a floating ruffled gown, walking briskly down a side path to meet a group of young people, reached the gate as Fredericka and Bennett approached.

"Is that you, Hilda?" she asked, leaning her round bare arms on the wall top. "Only fancy that Miss Gaston has not come. I sent over to the train, but she wasn't there. Edna said she was a little late in getting to the train, but she was sure she could not have missed her because she met nobody walking from the station. Isn't it strange? We've telephoned her, and telephoned her, but we can't get anybody. We're awfully disappointed."

Fredericka involuntarily gripped Bennett's arm. "I am Miss Gaston," she said in her clear little voice.

"Oh, Miss Gaston, how glad I am to see you. I am Miss French. Do come right in.

You didn't come on that 6.15 train, did you?"

"Oh, yes, I came then." Fredericka plunged into her explanation. "And we've been all this time trying to find out at what church the affair was to be held," she concluded.

"Oh, I see what the trouble is," Miss French said. "I didn't say a church. I said at the home of Mrs. Church. This is Mrs. Church's house. Oh, I am so sorry. You must have had a dreadful time. Come right into the house. Won't you come too, Mr. Bennett? Mrs. Church will be delighted to have you stay, I know. There's going to be dancing afterwards. You must be nearly starved, both of you. I'll get you some coffee and sandwiches immediately. You've plenty of time. You needn't feel worried one atom, Miss Gaston. It's not eight yet, and you shall have a half an hour to rest. There is to be a violin solo and a trio of songs before you begin anyway."

"I'm going to stay," Bennett whispered in Fredericka's ear, after he had formally accepted the invitation. "I simply must go home with you now. You've got my expectations up so about meeting Bob."

"Very well," Fredericka murmured bewilderedly; "do whatever you wish. I'm prepared for anything now."

Later, however, when she had had a chance to wash her face and comb her hair, she recovered her poise. She rejoined Bennett in the big dining-room. They sat cozily alone, opposite each other, at a tiny tête-à-tête table. The room was dimly lighted. The sound of the violin came from outside, plaintively piercing the ripples of laughter and murmurous talk.

Fredericka had taken her long cloak off. Her cheeks had turned pink under the vigor of her toweling. Her eyes shone happily. The light changed the curls at the ears to little spirals of bronze. She was wearing a yellow mull gown that stopped just above her elbows and rounded away from her slender neck, displaying with perfidious cunning the distracting dimples that lurked in every coign of vantage.

"Did you ever taste such sandwiches?" she asked suddenly. "I've eaten six already."

"That's nothing," he announced serenely. "I've eaten thirty. But that isn't as bad as it sounds. It takes two to make a bite."

"There's only one thing that troubles me," she said sadly, "and that is that I haven't a story that will take."

But after all there was a story that took. Bennett, standing at the further end of the huge glassed-in piazza, had a chance to realize this. They were all well told and well received. Fredericka had the sympathy of her audience from the moment the first clear word fell from her lips until she concluded, softly, "And so they lived happily ever after." But there was one story that made a pronounced hit, a story whose narration was punctuated with smiles and bursts of laughter, and whose close was greeted with mirth-ridden applause. It took with the very young. It took with the middle-aged. It took even with the old. This is it.